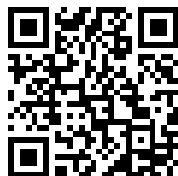

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Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DURING the whole year of Lady Arundel's imprisonment, neither her husband, nor her sister, nor her most close friends, such as my poor unworthy self, had tidings from her, in the shape of any letter or even message, so sharply was she watched and hindered from communicating with any one. Only Sir Thomas Shirley wrote to the earl her husband to inform him of his lady's safe delivery, and the birth of a daughter, which, much against her will, was baptised according to the Protestant manner. My Lord Arundel, mindful of her words in the last interview he had with her before her arrest, began to haunt Mr. Wells's house in a private way, and there I did often meet with him, who being resolved, I ween, to follow his lady's example in all things, began to honour me with so much of his confidence, that I had occasion to discern how true had been Sir Henry Jerningham's forecasting that this young nobleman, when once turned to the ways of virtue and piety, should prove himself by so much the more eminent in goodness as he had heretofore been distinguished for his reckless conduct. One day that he came to Holborn, none others being present but Mr. and Mrs. Wells and myself, he told us that he and his brother Lord William having determined to become Catholics, and apprehending great danger in declaring themselves as such within the kingdom, had resolved secretly to leave the land, to pass into Flanders, and there to remain till more quiet times.

"What steps," Mr. Wells asked, "hath your lordship disposed for to effect this departure?"

"In all my present doings," quoth the earl, "the mind of my dear wife doth seem to guide me. The last time I was with her she informed me that my secretary, John Mumford, is a Catholic, and I have since greatly benefited by this knowledge. He is gone to Hull, in Yorkshire, for to take order for our passage to Flanders, and I do wait tidings from him before I leave London."

Then, turning to me, he inquired in a very earnest manner if my thinking agreed with his, that his sweet lady should be con-

tented he should forsake the realm, for the sake of the religious interests which moved him thereunto, joined with the hope that when he should be abroad and his lands confiscated, which he doubted not would follow, she would be presently set at liberty, and with her little wench join him in Flanders. I assented thereunto, and made a promise to him that as soon as her ladyship should be released I would hasten to her, and feast her ears with the many assurances of tender affection he had uttered in her regard, and aid her departure; which did also Mr. Wells. Then, drawing me aside, he spoke for some time, with tears in his eyes, of his own good wife, as he called her.

"Mistress Sherwood," he said, "I do trust in God that she shall find me henceforward as good a husband, to my poor ability, by His grace, as she has found me bad heretofore. No sin grieves me any thing so much as my offences against her. What is past is a nail in my conscience. My will is to make satisfaction; but though I should live never so long, I can never do so further than by a good desire to do it, which, while I have any spark of breath, shall never be wanting."

And many words like these, which he uttered in so heartfelt a manner that I could scarce refrain from weeping at the hearing of them. And so we parted that day: he with a confident hope soon to leave the realm; I with some misgivings thereon, which were soon justified by the event. For, a few days afterwards, Mr. Lacy brought us tidings he had met Mr. Mumford in the street, who had told him—when he expressed surprise at his return—that before he could reach Hull he had been apprehended and carried before the Earl of Huntingdon, president of York, and examined by him, without any evil result at that time, having no papers or suspicious things about him; but being now watched, he ventured not to proceed to the coast, but straightway came to London, greatly fearing Lord Arundel should have left it.

"He hath not done so?" I anxiously inquired.

"Nay," answered Mr. Lacy, "so far from it, that I pray you to guess how the noble earl—much against his will, I ween—is presently employed."

"He is not in prison?" I cried.

"God defend it!" he replied. "No; he is preparing for to receive the Queen at Arundel House; upon notice given him that her Majesty doth intend on Thursday next to come thither for her recreation."

"Alack!" I cried, "her visits to such as be of his way of thinking bode no good to them. She visited him and his wife at

the Charterhouse at the time when his father was doomed to death, and now when she is a prisoner, her highness doth come to Arundel House. When she set her foot in Euston, the whole fabric of my happiness fell to the ground. Heaven shield the like doth not happen in this instance; but I do greatly apprehend the issue of this sudden honour conferred on him."

On the day fixed for the great and sumptuous banquet which was prepared for the Queen at Arundel House, I went thither, having been invited by Mrs. Fawcett to spend the day with her on this occasion, which minded me of the time when I went with my cousins and mine own good Mistress Ward for to see her Majesty's entertainment at the Charterhouse, wherein had been sowed the seeds of a bitter harvest, since reaped by his sweet lady and himself. Then pageants had charms in mine eyes; now, none—but rather the contrary. Howsoever, I was glad to be near at hand on that day, so as to hear such reports as reached us from time to time of her Majesty's behaviour to the earl. From all I could find, she seemed very well contented; and Mr. Mumford, with whom I was acquainted, came to Mrs. Fawcett's chamber, hearing I was there, and reported that her Highness had given his lordship many thanks for her entertainment, and showed herself exceeding merry all the time she was at table, asking him many questions, and relating anecdotes which she had learnt from Sir Falke Greville, whom the maids-of-honour were wont to say brought her all the tales she heard; at which Mrs. Fawcett said that gentleman had once declared that he was like Robin Goodfellow; for that when the dairy-maids upset the milk-pans, or made a romping and racket, they laid it all on Robin; and so, whatever gossip-tales the Queen's ladies told her, they laid it all upon him, if he was ever so innocent of it."

"Sir," I said to Mr. Mumford, "think you her Majesty hath said aught to my lord touching his lady or his lately-born little daughter?"

"Once," he answered, "when she told of the noble trick she hath played Sir John Spencer touching his grandson, whom he would not see because his daughter did decamp from his house in a baker's basket for to marry Sir Henry Compton, and her Majesty invited him to be her gossip at the christening of a fair boy to whom she did intend to stand godmother, for that he was the first-born child of a young couple who had married for love and lived happily; and so the old knight said, as he had no heir, he should adopt this boy, for he had disinherited his daughter. So then, at the font, the Queen names him Spencer, and when she leaves the church, straightway reveals to Sir John that his godson is his grandson, and deals

so cunningly with him, that a reconciliation doth ensue. Well, when she related this event, my lord said in a low voice, 'Oh, madame, would it might please your Majesty for to place another child now at its mother's breast, a first-born one also, in its father's arms! and as by your gracious dealing your highness wrought a reconciliation between a father and a daughter, so likewise now to reunite a parted husband from a wife which hath too long languished under your royal displeasure.'

"What answered her grace?" I asked.

"A few words, the sense of which I could not catch," Mr. Mumford answered; "being placed so as to hear my lord's speaking more conveniently than her replies. He said again, 'The displeasure of a prince is a heavy burthen to bear.' And then, methinks, some other talk was ministered of a lighter sort. But be of good heart, Mistress Sherwood; I cannot but think our dear lady shall soon be set at liberty."

Mr. Mumford's words were justified in a few days; for, to my unspeakable joy, I heard Lady Arundel had been released by order of the Queen, and had returned to Arundel Castle. It was her lord himself who brought me the good tidings, and said he should travel thither in three days, when his absence from court should be less noted, as then her Majesty would be at Richmond. He showed me a letter he had received from his lady, the first she had been able to write to him for a whole year. She did therein express her contentment, greater, she said, than her pen could describe, at the sight of the gray ivied walls, the noble keep, her own chamber and its familiar furniture, and mostly at the thought of his soon coming; and that little Bess had so much sense already, that when she heard his name, nothing would serve her but to be carried to the window, "whence, methinks," the sweet lady said, "she doth see me always looking towards the entrance-gate, through which all my joy will speedily come to me. When, for to cheat myself and her, I cry, 'Hark to my lord's horse crossing the bridge!' she cooes, so much as to say she is glad also, and stretcheth her arms out, the pretty fool, as if to welcome her unseen father, who methinks, when he doth come, will be no stranger to her, so often doth she kiss the picture which hangeth about her mother's neck."

But, alas! before the Queen went to Richmond, she sent a command that my Lord Arundel should not go any whither out of his house (so Mr. Mumford informed me), but remain there a prisoner; and my Lord Hunsdon, who had been in former times his father's page, and now was his great enemy, was given commission to examine him about his religion, and also touching Dr. Allen and the

Queen of Scots. Now was all the joy of Lady Arundel's release at an end. Now the sweet cooings of her babe moved her to bitter tears. "In vain," she wrote to me then, "do we now look for him to come! in vain listen for the sound of his horse's tread, or watch the gateway which shall not open to admit him! I sigh for to be once more a prisoner, and he, my sweet life, at liberty. Alas! what kind of a destiny does this prove, if one is free only when the other is shut up, and the word 'parting' is written on each page of our lives?"

About a month afterwards, Mr. Mumford was sent for by Sir Christopher Hatton, who asked him divers dangerous questions concerning the earl, the countess, and Lord William Howard, and also himself—such as, if he was a priest or no; which indeed I did not wonder at, so staid and reverend was his appearance. But he answered he never knew nor ever heard any harm of these honourable persons, and that he himself was not a priest, nor worthy of so great a dignity. He hath since told me, that on the third day of his examination the Queen, the Earl of Leicester, and divers others of the Council came into the house for to understand what he had confessed. Sir Christopher told them what answers he had made; but they, not resting satisfied therewith, caused him, after many threats of racking and other tortures, to be sent prisoner to the Gate-house, where he was kept for some months so close that none might speak or come to him. But by the steadfastness of his answers he at last so cleared himself, and declared the innocence of the earl, and his wife, and brother, that they were set at liberty.

Soon after her lord's release, I received this brief letter from Lady Arundel:

"MINE OWN GOOD CONSTANCE,—I have seen my lord, who came here the day after he was set free. He very earnestly desires to put in execution his reconciliation to the Church, now that his troubles are a little overpast. I have bethought myself that, since Father Campion hath left London, diligence might be used for to procure him a meeting with Father Edmonds, whom I have heard commended for a very virtuous and religious priest, much esteemed both in this and other countries. Prithee, ask Mr. Wells if in his thinking this should be possible, and let my lord know of the means and opportunities thereunto. I shall never be so much indebted, nor he either, to any one in this world, my dear Constance, as to thee and thy good friends, if this interview shall be brought to pass, and the desired effect ensue.

"My Bess doth begin to walk alone, and hath learned to make the sign of the Cross; but I warrant thee I am sometimes frightened

that I did teach her to bless herself, until such time as she can understand not to display her piety so openly as she now doeth. For when many lords and gentlemen were here last week for to consider the course her Majesty's progress should take through Kent and Sussex, and she, sitting on my knee, was noticed by some of them for her pretty ways, the clock did strike twelve; upon which, what doth she do but straightway makes the sign of the Cross before I could catch her little hand. Lord Cobham frowned, and my Lord Burleigh shook his head; but the Bishop of Chichester stroked her head, and said, with a smile, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*;' for which I pray God to bless him. Oh, but what fears we do daily live in! I would sometimes we were beyond seas. But if my lord is once reconciled, methinks I can endure all that may befall us.

"Thy true and loving friend,

"ANN, ARUNDEL AND SURREY."

I straightway repaired to Mr. Wells, and found him to be privy to Father Edmonds' abode. At my request, he acquainted Lord Arundel with this secret, who speedily availed himself thereof: and after a few visits to this good man's garret, wherein he was concealed, was by him reconciled, as I soon learnt by a letter from his lady. She wrote in such perfect contentment and joy thereunto, that nothing could exceed it. She said her dear lord had received so much comfort in his soul as he had never felt before in all his life, and such directions from Father Edmonds for the amending and ordering of it as did greatly help and further him therein. Ever after that time, from mine own hearing and observation, his lady's letters, and the report of such as haunted him, I learnt that he lived in such a manner that he seemed to be changed into another man, having great care and vigilance over all his actions, and addicting himself much to piety and devotion. He procured to have a priest ever with him in his own house, by whom he might frequently receive the Holy Sacrament, and daily have the comfort to be present at the Holy Sacrifice, whereto, with great humility and reverence, he himself in person many times would serve. His visits to his wife were, during the next years, as frequent as he could make them and as his duties at the court and the Queen's emergencies would allow of; who, albeit she looked not on him with favour as heretofore, did nevertheless exact an unremitting attendance on his part on all public occasions, and jealously noted every absence he made from London. Each interview between this now loving husband and wife was a brief space of perfect contentment to both, and a respite from the many cares and troubles which did continually increase

upon him; for the great change in his manner of life had bred suspicion in the minds of some courtiers and potent men, who therefore began to think him what he was indeed, but of which no proof could be alleged.

During the year which followed these haps mine aunt died, and Mr. Congleton sold his house in Ely Place, and took a small one in Gray's Inn Lane, near to Mr. Wells's and Mr. Lacy's. It had no garden, nor the many conveniences the other did afford; but neither Muriel nor myself did lament the change, for the vicinity of these good friends did supply the place of other advantages; and it also liked me more, whilst Basil lived in poverty abroad, to inhabit a less sumptuous abode than heretofore, and dispense with accustomed luxuries. Of Hubert I could hear but scanty tidings at that time—only that he had either lost or resigned his place at court. Mr. Hodgson was told, by one who had been his servant, that he had been reconciled; others said he did lead a very disordered life, and haunted bad persons. The truth or falsity of these statements I could not then discern; but methinks, from what I have since learnt, both might be partly true; for he became subject to fits of gloom, and so uncomfortable a remorse, as almost unsettled his reason; and then, at other times, plunged into worldly excesses for to drown thoughts of the past. He was frightened, I ween, or leastways distrustful of the society of good men, but consorted with Catholics of somewhat desperate character and fortunes, and such as dealt in plots and treasonable schemes.

Father Campion's arrest for a very different cause—albeit his enemies did seek to attach to him the name of traitor—occurred this year, at Mrs. Yates' house in Worcestershire, and consternated the hearts of all recusants; but when he came to London, and speech was had of him by many amongst them which gained access to him in prison, and reported to others his great courage and joyfulness in the midst of suffering, then, methinks, a contagious spirit spread amongst Catholics, and conversions followed which changed despondency into rejoicing. But I will not here set down the manner of his trial, nor the wonderful marks of patience and constancy which he showed under torments and rackings, nor his interview with her Majesty at my Lord Leicester's house, nor the heroic patience of his death; for others with better knowledge thereof, and pens more able for to do it, have written this martyr's life and glorious end. But I will rather relate such events as took place, as it were, under mine own eye, and which are not, I ween, so extensively known. And first, I will speak of a conversation I held at that time with a person then a stranger, and therefore of no great significancy when it occurred, but

which later did assume a sudden importance, when it became linked with succeeding events.

One day that I was visiting at Lady Ingoldsby's, where Polly and her husband had come for to spend a few weeks, and much company was going in and out, the faces and names of which were new to me, some gentlemen came there, whose dress attracted notice from the French fashion thereof. One of them was a young man of very comely appearance and pleasant manners, albeit critical persons might have judged somewhat of the bravado belonged to his attitudes and speeches, but withal tempered with so much gentleness and courtesy, that no sooner had the eye and mind taken note of the defect than the judgment was repented of. What in one of less attractive face and behaviour should have displeased, in this youth did not offend. It was my hap to sit beside him at supper, which lasted a long time; and as his behaviour was very polite, I freely conversed with him, and found him to be English, though, from long residence abroad, his tongue had acquired a foreign trick. When I told him I had thought he was a Frenchman, he laughed, and said if the French did ever try to land in England, they should find him to be a very Englishman for to fight against them; but in the matter of dinners and beds, and the liking of a clear sunny sky over above a dim cloudy one, he did confess himself to be so much of a traitor as to prefer France to England, and he could not abide the smoke of coal fires which are used in this country.

"And what say you, sir," I answered, "to the new form of smoke which Sir Walter Raleigh hath introduced since his return from the late discovered land of Virginia?"

He said he had learnt the use of it in France, and must needs confess he found it to be very pleasant. Monsieur Nicot had brought some seeds of tobacco into France, and so much liking did her Majesty Queen Catharine conceive for this practice of smoking, that the new plant went by the name of the Queen's herb. "It is not gentlemen alone who do use a pipe in France," he said, "but ladies also. What doth the fair sex in England think on it?"

"I have heard," I answered, "that her Majesty herself did try for to smoke, but presently gave it up, for that it made her sick. Her highness is also reported to have lost a wager concerning that same smoking of tobacco."

"What did her grace bet?" the gentleman asked.

"Why, she was one day," I replied, "inquiring very exactly of the various virtues of this herb, and Sir Walter did assure her that no one understood them better than himself, for he was so well acquainted with all its qualities, that he could even tell her Majesty

the weight of the smoke of every pipeful he consumed. Her highness upon this said, 'Monsieur Traveller, you do go too far in putting on me the license which is allowed to such as return from foreign parts;' and she laid a wager of many pieces of gold he should not be able for to prove his words. So he weighed in her presence the tobacco before he put it into his pipe, and the ashes after he had consumed it, and convinced her Majesty that the deficiency did proceed from the evaporation thereof. So then she paid the bet, and merrily told him 'that she knew of many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but he was the first who had turned smoke into gold.'"

The young gentleman being amused at this story, I likewise told him of Sir Walter's hap when he first returned to England, and was staying in a friend's house: how a servant coming into his chamber with a tankard of ale and nutmeg toast, and seeing him for the first time with a lighted pipe in his mouth puffing forth clouds of smoke, flung the ale in his face for to extinguish the internal conflagration, and then running down the stairs, alarmed the family with dismal cries that the good knight was on fire, and would be burnt into ashes before they could come to his aid.

My unknown companion laughed, and said he had once on his travels been taken for a sorcerer, so readily doth ignorance imagine wonders. "Near unto Metz, in France," quoth he, "I fell among thieves. My money I had quilted within my doublet, which they took from me, howsoever leaving me the rest of my apparel, wherein I do acknowledge their courtesy, since thieves give all they take not; but twenty-five French crowns, for the worst event, I had lapped in cloth, and whereupon did wind divers-coloured threads, wherein I stuck needles, as if I had been so good a husband as to mend mine own clothes. Messieurs the thieves were not so frugal to take my ball to mend their hose, but did tread it under their feet. I picked it up with some spark of joy, and I and my guide (he very sad, because he despaired of my ability to pay him his hire) went forward to Chalons, where he brought me to a poor ale-house, and when I expostulated, he replied that stately inns were not for men who had never a penny in their purses; but I told him that I looked for comfort in that case more from gentlemen than clowns; whereupon he, sighing, obeyed me, and with a dejected and fearful countenance brought me to the chief inn, where he ceased not to bewail my misery as if it had been the burning of Troy; till the host, despairing of my ability to pay him, began to look disdainfully on me. The next morning, when, he being to return home, I paid him his hire, which he neither asked nor expected, and likewise mine host for lodgings

and supper, he began to talk like one mad for joy, and professed I could not have had one penny except I were an alchemist or had a familiar spirit."

I thanked the young gentleman for this entertaining anecdote, and asked him if France was not a very disquieted country, and nothing in it but wars and fighting.

"Yea," he answered; "but men fight there so merrily, that it appears more a pastime than aught else. Not always so, howsoever. When Frenchman meets Frenchman in the fair fields of Provence, and those of the League and those of the Religion—God confound the first and bless the last!—engage in battle, such encounters ensue as have not their match for fierceness in the world. By my troth, the sight of dead bodies doth not ordinarily move me; but the Valley of Allemagne on the day of the great Huguenot victory was a sight the like of which I would not choose to look on again, an I could help it."

"Were you, then, present at that combat, sir?" I asked.

"Yea," he replied; "I was at that time with Lesdiguières, the Protestant general, whom I had known at La Rochelle, and beshrew me if a more valiant soldier doth live, or a worthier soul in a stalwart frame. I was standing by his side when Tourves the butcher came for to urge him, with his three hundred men, to ride over the field and slay the wounded Papists. 'No, sir,' quoth the general, 'I fight men, but hunt them not down.' The dead were heaped many feet thick on the plain, and the horses of the Huguenots waded to their haunches in blood. Those of the Religion were mad at the death of the Baron of Allemagne, the general of their Southern Churches, brave Castellane, who, when the fight was done, took off his helmet for to cool his burning forehead; and lo, a shot sent him straight into eternity."

"The Catholics were then wholly routed?" I asked.

"Yea," he answered; "mowed down like grass in the hay-harvest. De Vins, however, escaped. He thought to have had a cheap victory over those of the Religion; but the saints in heaven, to whom he trusted, never told him that Lesdiguières on the one side and D'Allemagne on the other were hastening to the rescue, nor that his Italian horsemen should fail him in his need. So, albeit the Papists fought like devils, as they are, his pride got a fall, which well-nigh killed him. He was riding frantically back into the fray for to get himself slain, when St. Cannat seized his bridle, and called him a coward, so I have heard, to dare for to die when his scattered troops had need of him; and so carried him off the field. D'Oraison, Janson, Pontmez, hotly pursued them, but in vain; and all the Pro-

testant leaders, except Lesdiguières, returned that night to the Castle of Allemagne for to bury the baron."

A sort of shiver passed through the young gentleman's frame as he uttered these last words.

"A sad burial you then witnessed?" I said.

"I pray God," he answered, "never to witness another such."

"What was the horror of it?" I asked.

"Would you hear it?" he inquired.

"Yea," I said, "most willingly; for methinks I see what you describe."

Then he. "If it be so, peradventure you may not thank me for this describing; for I warrant you it was a fearful sight. I had lost mine horse, and so was forced to spend the night at the castle. When it grew dark I followed the officers, which, with a great store of the men, also descended into the vault, which was garnished all round with white and warlike sculptured forms on tombstones, most grim in their aspect; and amidst those stone images, grim and motionless, the soldiers ranged themselves, still covered with blood and dust, and leaning on their halberds. In the midst was the uncovered coffin of the baron, his livid visage exposed to view,—menacing even in death. Torches threw a fitful red-coloured light over the scene. A minister which accompanied the army stood and preached at the coffin's head, and when he had ended his sermon, sang in a loud voice, in French verse, the psalm which doth begin,

'Du fond de ma pensée,
Du fond de tous ennuis,
A toi s'est adressé
Ma clameur jour et nuit.'

When this singing began two soldiers led up to the tomb a man with bound hands and ghastly pale face, and when the verse ended, shot him through the head. The corpse fell upon the ground, and the singing began anew. Twelve times this did happen, till my head waxed giddy, and I became faint. I was led out of that vault, with the horrible singing pursuing me, as if I should never cease to hear it."

"Oh, 'tis fearful," I exclaimed, "that men can do such deeds, and the while have God's name on their lips."

"The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," he answered, "hath driven those of the Religion mad against the Papists."

"But, sir," I asked, "is it not true that six thousand Catholics in Languedoc had been murdered in cold blood, and a store of them in other places, before that massacre?"

"May be so," he answered, in a careless tone.

"The shedding of blood, except in a battle or a lawful duel, I abhor; but verily I do hate Papists with as great a hate as any Huguenot in France, and most of all those in this country—a set of knavish traitors, which would dethrone the Queen and sell the realm to the Spaniards."

I could not but sigh at these words, for in this young man's countenance a quality of goodness did appear which made me grieve that he should utter these unkind words touching Catholics. But I dared not for to utter my thinking or disprove his accusations, for being ignorant of his name, I had a reasonable fear of being ensnared into some talk which should show me to be a Papist, and he should prove to be a spy. But patience failed me when, after speaking of the clear light of the Gospel which England enjoyed, and to lament that in Ireland none are found of the natives to have cast off the Roman religion, he said :

"I ween this doth not proceed from their constancy in religion, but rather from the lenity of Protestants, which think that the conscience must not be forced, and seek rather to touch and persuade than to oblige by fire and sword, like those of the South, who persecute their own subjects differing from them in religion."

"Sir," I exclaimed, "this is a strange thing indeed, that Protestants do lay a claim to so great mildness in their dealings with recusants, and yet such strenuous laws against such are framed, that they do live in fear of their lives, and are daily fined and tormented for their profession."

"How so?" he said, quickly. "No Papist hath been burnt in this country."

"No, sir," I answered; "but a store of them have been hanged and cut to pieces whilst yet alive."

"Nay, nay," he cried, "not for their religion, but for their many treasons."

"Sir," I answered, "their religion is made treason by unjust laws, and then punished with the penalties of treason; and they die for no other cause than their faith, by the same token that each of those which have perished on the scaffold had his life offered to him if so be he would turn Protestant."

In the heat of this argument, I had forgot prudence; and some unkindly ears and eyes were attending to my speech, which this young stranger perceiving, he changed the subject of discourse—I ween with a charitable intent—and merrily exclaimed, "Now I have this day transgressed a wise resolve."

"What resolve?" I said, glad also to retreat from dangerous subjects.

• "This," he answered: "that after my return I would sparingly, and not without entreaty, relate my journeys and observations."

"Then, sir," I replied, "methinks you have contrariwise observed it, for your observations have been short and pithy, and withal uttered at mine entreaty."

"Nothing," he said, "I so much fear as to resemble men—and many such I have myself known—who have scarce seen the lions of the Tower and the bears of Parish Garden, but they must engross all a table in talking of their adventures, as if they had passed the Pillars of Hercules. Nothing could be asked which they could not resolve of their own knowledge."

"Find you, sir," I said, "much variety in the manners of French people and those you see in this country?"

He smiled, and answered, "We must not be too nice observers of men and manners, and too easily praise foreign customs, and despise our own,—not so much that we may not offend others, as that we may not be ourselves offended by others. I will yield you an example. A Frenchman, being a curious observer of ceremonious compliments, when he hath saluted one, and begun to entertain him with speech, if he chance to espy another man, with whom he hath very great business, yet will he not leave the first man without a solemn excuse. But an Englishman discoursing with any man—I mean in a house or chamber of presence, not merely in the street—if he spy another man with whom he hath occasion to speak, will suddenly, without any excuse, turn from the first man and go and converse with the other, and with like negligence will leave and take new men for discourse; which a Frenchman would take in ill part, as an argument of disrespect. This fashion, and many other like niceties and curiosities in use in one country, we must forget when we do pass into another. For lack of this prudence I have seen men on their return home tied to these foreign manners themselves, and finding that others observe not the like towards them, take every thing for an injury, as if they were disrespected, and so are often enraged."

"What think you of the dress our ladies do wear?" I inquired of this young traveller.

He smiled, and answered:

"I like our young gentlewomen's gowns, and their aprons of fine linen, and their little hats of beaver; but why have they left wearing the French sleeves, borne out with hoops of whalebone, and the French hood of velvet, set with a border of gold buttons and pearls? Methinks English ladies are too fond of jewels and diamond rings. They scorn plain gold rings, I find, and chains of gold."

"Yea," I said, "ladies of rank wear only rich chains of pearl,

and all their jewels must needs be oriental and precious. If any one doth choose to use a simple chain or a plain-set brooch, she is marked for wearing old-fashioned gear."

"This remindeth me," he said, "of a pleasant fable, that Jupiter sent a shower, wherein whosoever was wet became a fool, and that all the people were wet in this shower, excepting one philosopher, who kept his study; but in the evening coming forth into the market-place, and finding that all the people marked him as a fool, who was only wise, he was forced to pray for another shower, that he might become a fool, and so live quietly among fools rather than bear the envy of his wisdom."

With this pleasant story our conversation ended, for supper was over, and the young gentleman soon went away. I asked of many persons who he should be, but none could tell me. Polly, the next day, said he was a youth lately returned from France (which was only what I knew before), and that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton had written a letter to Lady Ingoldsby concerning him, but his name she had forgot. O what strange haps, more strange than any in books, do at times form the thread of a true history! what presentiments in some cases, what ignorance in others, beset us touching coming events!

The next pages will show the ground of these reflections.

CHAPTER XXV.

ONE day that Mrs. Wells was somewhat disordered, and keeping her room, and I was sitting with her, her husband came to fetch me into the parlour to an old acquaintance, he said, who was very desirous for to see me. "Who is it?" I asked; but he would not tell me, only smiled; my foolish thinking supposed for one instant that it might be Basil he spoke of, but the first glance showed me a slight figure and pale countenance, very different to his whom my witless hopes had expected for to see, albeit without the least shadow of reason. I stood looking at this stranger in a hesitating manner, who perceiving I did not know him, held out his hand, and said,

"Has Mistress Constance forgotten her old playfellow?"

"Edmund Genings!" I exclaimed, suddenly guessing it to be him.

"Yea," he said, "your old friend Edmund."

"Mr. Ironmonger is this reverend gentleman's name nowadays," Mr. Wells said; and then we all three sat down, and by degrees in Edmund's present face I discerned the one I remembered in former years. The same kind and reflective aspect, the pallid hue, the up-

ward-raised eye, now with less of searching in its gaze, but more, I ween, of yearning for an unearthly home.

"O dear and reverend sir," I said, "strange it doth seem indeed thus to address you, but God knoweth I thank Him for the honour He hath done my old playmate in the calling of him unto His service in these perilous times."

"Yea," he answered, with emotion, "I do owe Him much, which life itself should not be sufficient to repay."

"My good father," I said, "some time before his death gave me a token in a letter that you were in England. Where have you been all this time?"

"Tell us the manner of your landing," quoth Mr. Wells; "for this is the great ordeal which, once overpassed, lets you into the vineyard, for to work for one hour only sometimes, or else to bear many years the noontide heat and nipping frosts which labourers like unto yourself have to endure."

"Well," said Edmund, "ten months ago we took shipping at Honfleur, and wind and weather being propitious, sailed along the coast of England, meaning to have landed in Essex; but for our sakes the master of the bark lingered, when we came in sight of land, until two hours within night, and being come near unto Scarborough, what should happen but that a boat with pirates or rovers in it comes out to surprise us, and shoots at us divers times with muskets. But we came by no harm; for the wind being then contrary, the master turned his ship and sailed back into the main sea, where in very foul weather we remained three days, and verily I thought to have then died of sea-sickness; which ailment should teach a man humility, if any thing in this world can do it, stripping him as it does of all boastfulness of his own courage and strength, so that he would cry mercy if any should offer only to move him."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Wells, laughing, "Topcliffe should bethink himself of this new torment for Papists, for to leave a man in this plight until he acknowledged the Queen's supremacy should be an artful device of the devil."

"At last," quoth Mr. Genings, "we landed, with great peril to our lives, on the side of a high cliff near Whitby, in Yorkshire, and reached that town in the evening. Going into an inn to refresh ourselves, which I promise you we sorely needed, who should we meet with there but one Radcliff?"

"Ah! a noted pursuivant," cried Mr. Wells, "albeit not so topping a one as his chief."

"Ah!" I cried, "good Mr. Wells, that is but a poor pun, I promise you. A better one you must frame before night, or you will

lose your reputation. The Queen's last effort hath more merit in it than yours, who when she was angry with her envoy to Spain, said, 'If her royal brother had sent her a goose-man,* she had sent him in return a man-geese.' "

Mr. Genings smiled, and said :

"Well, this same Radcliff took an exact survey of us all, questioned us about our arrival in that place, whence we came, and whither we were going. We told him we were driven thither by the tempest, and at last, by evasive answers, satisfied him. Then we all went to the house of a Catholic gentleman in the neighbourhood, which was within two or three miles of Whitby, and by him were directed some to one place, some to another, according to our own desires. Mr. Pladen and I kept together; but for fear of suspicion, we determined at last to separate also, and singly to commit ourselves to the protection of God and His good angels. Soon after we had thus resolved, we came to two fair beaten ways, the one leading north-east, the other south-east, and even then and there, it being in the night, we stopped and both fell down on our knees and made a short prayer together that God of His infinite mercy would vouchsafe to direct us, and send us both a peaceable passage into the thickest of His vineyard."

Here Mr. Genings paused, a little moved by the remembrance of that parting, but in a few minutes exclaimed :

"I have not seen that dear friend since, rising from our knees, we embraced each other with tears trickling down our cheeks; but the words he said to me then I shall never, methinks, forget. 'Seeing,' quoth he, 'we must now part through fear of our enemies, and for greater security, farewell, sweet brother in Christ and most loving companion. God grant that, as we have been friends in one college and companions in one wearisome and dangerous journey, so we may have one merry meeting once again in this world, to our great comfort, if it shall please Him, even amongst our greatest adversaries; and that as we undertake, for His love and Holy Name's sake, this course of life together, so He will of His infinite goodness and clemency make us partakers of one hope, one sentence, one death, and one reward. And also as we began, so may we end together in Christ Jesus.' So he; and then not being able to speak one word more for grief and tears, we departed in mutual silence; he directing his journey to London, where he was born, and I northward."

"Then you have not been into Staffordshire?" I said.

"Yea," he answered, "later I went to Lichfield, in order to try

* Guzman.

if I should peradventure find there any of mine old friends and kins-folks."

"And did you succeed therein?" I inquired.

"The only friends I found," he answered, with a melancholy smile, "were the gray cloisters, the old cathedral walls, the trees of the Close; the only familiar voices which did greet me were the chimes of the tower, the cawing of the rooks over mine head as I sat in the shade of the tall elms near unto the wall where our garden once stood."

"Oh, doth that house and that garden no more exist?" I cried.

"No, it hath been pulled down, and the lawn thereof thrown into the Close."

"Then," I said, "the poor bees and butterflies must needs fare badly. The bold rooks, I ween, are too exalted to suffer from these changes. Of Sherwood Hall did you hear aught, Mr. Genings?"

"Mr. Ironmonger," Mr. Wells said, correcting me.

"Alas!" Edmund replied, "I dared not so much as to approach unto it, albeit I passed along the high road not very far from the gate thereof. But the present inhabitants are famed for their hatred unto recusants, and like to deal rigorously with any which should come in their way."

I sighed, and then asked him how long he had been in London.

"About one month," he replied. "As I have told you, Mistress Constance, all my kinsfolk that I wot of are now dead, except my young brother John, whom I doubt not you yet do bear in mind—that fair, winsome, mischievous urchin, who was carried to La Rochelle about one year before your sweet mother died."

"Yea," I said, "I can see him yet galloping on a stick round the parlour at Lichfield."

"'Tis to look for him," Edmund said, "I am come to London. Albeit I fear much inquiry on my part touching this youth should breed suspicion, I cannot refrain, brotherly love soliciting me thereunto, from seeking him whom report saith careth but little for his soul, and who hath no other relative in the world than myself. I have warrant for to suppose he should be in London; but these four weeks, with useless diligence, I have made search for him, leaving no place unsought where I could suspect him to abide; and as I see no hopes of success, I am resolved to leave the city for a season."

Then Mr. Wells proposed to carry Edmund to Kate's house, where some friends were awaiting him; and for some days I saw him not again. But on the next Sunday evening he came to our house, and I noticed a paleness in him I had not before perceived. I asked him if any thing had disordered him.

"Nothing," he answered; "only methinks my old shaking malady doth again threaten me; for this morning, walking forth of mine inn to visit a friend on the other side of the City, and passing by St. Paul's Church, when I was on the east side thereof, I felt suddenly a strange sensation in my body, so much that my face glowed, and it seemed to me as if mine hair stood on end; all my joints trembled, and my whole body was bathed in a cold sweat. I feared some evil was threatening me, or danger of being taken up, and I looked back to see if I could perceive any one to be pursuing me; but I saw nobody near, only a youth in a brown-coloured cloak; and so, concluding that some affection of my head or liver had seized me, I thought no more on it, but went forward to my intended place to say Mass."

A strange thinking came into mine head at that moment, and I doubted if I should impart to him my sudden fancy.

"Mr. Edmund," I said, unable to refrain myself, "suppose that youth in the brown cloak should have been your brother?"

He started, but shaking of his head, said:

"Nay, nay, why should it have been him rather than a thousand others I do see every day?"

"Might not that strange effect in yourself betoken the presence of a kinsman?"

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Constance," he cried, half kindly, half reprov-ingly; "this should be a wild fancy lacking ground in reason."

Thus checked, I held my peace, but could not wholly discard this thought. Not long after,—on the very morning before Mr. Genings proposed to depart out of town,—I chanced to be walking homeward with him and some others from a house whither we had gone to hear his Mass. As we were returning along Ludgate Hill, what should he feel but the same sensations he had done before, and which were indeed visible in him, for his limbs trembled and his face turned as white as ashes.

"You are sick," I said, for I was walking alongside of him.

"Only affected as that other day," he answered, leaning against a post for to recover himself.

I had hastily looked back, and, lo and behold! a youth in a brown cloak was walking some paces behind us. I whispered in Mr. Genings's ear:

"Look, Edmund; is this the youth you saw before?"

"O my good Lord!" he cried, turning yet more pale, "this is strange indeed! After all, it may be my brother. Go on," he said quickly; "I must get speech with him alone to discover if it should be so."

We all walked on, and he tarried behind. Looking back, I saw him accost the stranger in the brown cloak. And in the afternoon he came to tell us that this was verily John Genings, as I had with so little show of reason guessed.

"What passed between you?" I asked.

He said:

"I courteously saluted the young man, and inquired what countryman he was; and hearing that he was a Staffordshireman, I began to conceive hopes it should be my brother; so I civilly demanded his name. Methought I should have betrayed myself at once when he answered Genings; but as quietly as I could, I told him I was his kinsman, and was called Ironmonger, and asked him what had become of his brother Edmund. He then, not suspecting aught, told me he had heard that he was gone to Rome to the Pope, and was become a notable Papist and a traitor both to God and his country, and that if he did return, he should infallibly be hanged. I smiled, and told him I knew his brother, and that he was an honest man, and loved both the Queen and his country, and God above all. 'But tell me,' I added, 'good cousin John, should you not know him if you saw him?' He then looked hard at me, and led the way into a tavern not far off, and when we were seated at a table, with no one nigh enough to overhear us, he said: 'I greatly fear I have a brother that is a priest, and that you are the man,' and then began to swear that if it was so, I should discredit myself and all my friends, and protested that in this he would never follow me; albeit in other matters he might respect me. I promise you that whilst these harsh words passed his lips I longed to throw my arms round his neck. I saw my mother's face in his, and his once childish loveliness only changed into manly beauty. His young years and mine rose before me, and I could have wept over this new-found brother as Joseph over his dear Benjamin. I could no longer conceal myself, but told him truly I was his brother indeed, and for his love had taken great pains to seek him, and begged of him to keep secret the knowledge of my arrival; to which he answered: 'He would not for the world disclose my return, but that he desired me to come no more unto him, for that he feared greatly the danger of the law, and to incur the penalty of the statute for concealing of it.' I saw this was no place or time convenient to talk of religion; but we had much conversation about divers things, by which I perceived him to be far from any good affection towards Catholic religion, and persistent in Protestantism, without any hope of a present recovery. Therefore I declared unto him my intended departure out of town, and took my leave, assuring him that within a month or little more

I should return and see him again, and confer with him more at large touching some necessary affairs which concerned him very much. I inquired of him where a letter should find him. He showed some reluctance for to give me any address, but at last said if one was left for him at Lady Ingoldsby's, in Queen Street, Holborn, he should be like to get it."

After Mr. Genings had left, I considered of this direction his brother had given him, which showed him to be acquainted with Polly's mother-in-law, and then remembering the young gentleman I had met at her house, I suspected him to be no other than John Genings. And called back to mind all his speeches for to compare them with this suspicion, wherein they did all tally; and some days afterwards, when I was walking on the Mall with Sir Ralph and Polly, who should accost them but this youth, which they presently introduced to me, and Polly added, she believed we had played at hide-and-seek together when we were young. He looked somewhat surprised, and as if casting about for to call to mind old recollections; then spoke of our meeting at Lady Ingoldsby's; and she cried out,

"Oh, then, you do know one another?"

"By sight," I said, "not by name."

Some other company joining us, he came alongside of me, and began for to pay me compliments in the French manner.

"Mr. John Genings," I said, "do you remember Lichfield and the Close, and a little girl, Constance Sherwood, who used to play with you, before you went to La Rochelle?"

"Like in a dream," he answered, his comely face lighting up with a smile.

"But your brother," I said, "was my chiefest companion then; for at that age we do always aspire to the notice of such as be older than condescend to such as be younger than ourselves."

When I named his brother a cloud darkened his face, and he abruptly turned away. He talked to Polly and some other ladies in a gay, jesting manner, but I could see that ever and anon he glanced towards me, as if to scan my features, and, I ween, compare them with what memory depicted; but he kept aloof from me, as if fearing I should speak again of one he would fain forget.

On the 7th of November Edmund returned to London, and came in the evening to Kate's house. He had been labouring in the country, exhorting, instructing, and exercising his priestly functions amongst Catholics with all diligence. It so happened that his friend Mr. Pladen, a very virtuous priest, which had landed with him at Whitby, and parted with him soon afterwards, was there also; and several other persons likewise which did usually meet at Mr. Wells's

house; but owing to that gentleman's absence, who had gone into the country for some business, and his wife's indisposition, had agreed for to spend the evening at Mr. Lacy's. Before the company there assembled parted, the two priests treated with him where they should say Mass the following day, which was the Octave of All Saints. They agreed to say their matins together, and, by Brian's advice, to celebrate it at the house of Mr. Wells, notwithstanding his absence; for that Mistress Wells, who could not conveniently go abroad, would be exceeding glad for to hear Mass in her own lodging. I told Edmund of my meeting with his brother on the Mall, and the long talk ministered between us some weeks ago, when neither did know the other's name. Methought in his countenance and conversation that night there appeared an unwonted consolation, a sober joy, which filled me almost with awe. When he wished me good-night, he added, "I pray you, my dear child, to lift up your soul to Heaven ere you sleep and when you wake, and recommend to Heaven our good purpose, and then come and attend at the Holy Sacrifice with the crowd of angels and saints which do always assist thereat." When the light faintly dawned in the dull sky, Muriel and I stole from our beds, quietly dressed ourselves, and slipping out unseen, repaired as fast as we could, for the ground was wet and slippery, to Mr. Wells's house. We found assembled in one room Mr. Genings, Mr. Plasden, another priest Mr. White, Mr. Lacy, Mistress Wells, Sydney Hodgson, Mr. Mason, and many others. Edmund Genings proceeded to say Mass. There was so great a stillness in the room, a pin should have been heard to drop. Albeit he said the prayers in a very low voice, each word was audible. Mine ears, which are very quick, were stretched to the utmost. Each sound in the street caused me an inward flutter. Methought, when he was reading the Gospel, I discerned a sound as of the hall-door opening, and of steps. Then nothing more for a little while; but just at the moment of the Consecration there was a loud rush up the stairs, and the door of the chamber burst open. The gentlemen present rose from their knees. Mistress Wells and I contrariwise sunk on the ground. I dared not for to look, or move, or breathe, but kept inwardly calling on God, then present, for to save us. I heard the words behind me: "Topcliffe! keep him back!" "Hurl him down the stairs!" and then a sound of scuffling, falling, and rolling, followed by a moment's silence.

The while the Mass went forward, ever and anon noises rose without; but the gentlemen held the door shut by main force all the time. They kept the foe at bay, these brave men, each word uttered at the altar resounding, I ween, in their breasts. O my God, what a store of suffering was heaped into a brief space of time! What a

viaticum was that Communion then received by Thy doomed priest ! " Domine, non sum dignus " he thrice said, and then his Lord rested in his soul. " Deo gratias ! " None could now profane the Sacred Mysteries ; none could snatch his Lord from him. " *Itē missa est.* " The Mass was said, the hour come, death at hand. All resistance then ceased. I saw Topcliffe hastening in with a broken head, and threatening to raise the whole street. Mr. Plasden told him that, now the Mass was ended, we would all yield ourselves prisoners, which we did ; upon which he took Mr. Genings as he was, in his vestments, and all of us men and women, in coaches he called for, to Newgate. Muriel and I kept close together, and, with Mrs. Wells, were thrust into one cell. Methinks we should all have borne with courage this misfortune but for the thinking of those without,—Muriel of her aged and infirm father ; Mistress Wells of her husband's return that day to his sacked house, robbed of all its church furniture, books, and her the partner of his whole life. And I thought of Basil, and what he should feel if he knew of me in this fearful Newgate, near to so many thieves and wicked persons ; and a trembling came over me lest I should be parted from my companions. I had much to do to recall the courageous spirit I had heretofore nurtured in foreseeing such a hap as this. If I had had to die at once, I think I should have been more brave ; but terrible forebodings of examinations—perchance tortures, long solitary hours in a loathsome place—caused me inward shudderings ; and albeit I said with my lips over and over again, " Thy will be done, my God," I passionately prayed this chalice might pass from me, which often before in my presumption—I cry mercy for it—I had almost desired to drink. Oh, often have I thought since of what is said in David's Psalms, " It is good for me that Thou hast humbled me." From my young years a hot glowing feeling had inflamed my breast at the mention of suffering for conscience' sake, and the words " to die " had been very familiar ones to my lips ; " rather to die," " gladly to die," " proudly to die ; " alas, how often had I uttered them ! O my God, when the foul smells, the faint light of that dreadful place struck on my senses, I waxed very weak. The coarse looks of the jailers, the disgusting food set before us, the filthy pallets, awoke in me a loathing I could not repress. And then a fear also, which the sense of my former presumption did awaken. " Let he that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," kept running in mine head. I had said, like St. Peter, that I was ready for to go to prison and to death ; and now, peradventure, I should betray my Lord if too great pain overtook me. Muriel saw me wringing mine hands ; and sitting down by my side on the rude mattress, she tried for to comfort me.

Then, in that hour of bitter anguish, I learnt that creature's full worth. Who should have thought, who did not then hear her, what stores of superhuman strength, of heavenly knowledge, of divine comfort should have flowed from her lips? Then I perceived the value of a wholly detached heart surrendered to God alone. Young as she was, her soul was as calm in this trial as that of the aged resigned woman which shared it with us. Mine was tempest-tossed for a while. I could but lie mine head on Muriel's knee and murmur, "Basil, O Basil!" or else, "If, after all, I should prove an apostate, which hath so despised others for it!"

"'Tis good to fear," she whispered, "but withal to trust. Is it not written, mine own Constance, 'My strength is sufficient for thee;' and who saith this but the Author of all strength? He on whom the whole world doth rest. He permitteth this fear in thee for humility's sake, which lesson thou hast need to learn. When that of courage is needed, be not affrighted; He will give it thee. He bestoweth not graces before they be needed."

Then she minded me of little St. Agnes, and related passages of her life; but mostly spoke of the Cross and the Passion of Christ, in such piercing and moving tones, as if visibly beholding the scene on Calvary, that the storm seemed to subside in my breast as she went on.

"Pray," she gently said, "that, if it be God's will, the extremity of human suffering may fall on thee, so that thy love for Him should increase. Pray that no human joy may visit thee again, so that heaven may open its gates to thee and thy loved ones. Pray for Hubert, for the Queen, for Topcliffe, for every human soul which thou hast ever been tempted to hate; and I promise thee that a great peace shall steal over thy soul, and a great strength shall lift thee up."

I did what she desired, and her words were prophetic. Peace came before long, and joy too, of a strange unearthly sort. A brief foretaste of heaven was showed forth in the consolations then poured into mine heart. When since I have desired for to rekindle fervour and awaken devotion, I recall the hours which followed that great anguish in the cell at Newgate.

Late in the evening an order came for to release Muriel and me, but not Mistress Wells. When this dear friend understood what had occurred, she raised her hands in fervent gratitude to God, and dismissed us with many blessings.

The events which followed I will briefly relate. When we reached home Mr. Conleton was very sick; and then began the illness which ended his life. Kate was almost wild with grief at her husband's

danger, and we fetched her and her children to her father's house for to watch over them. On the next day all the prisoners which had been taken at Mr. Wells's house (we only having been released by the dealings of friends with the Chief Secretary) were examined by Justice Young, and returned to prison to take their trials the next session. Mr. Wells, at his return finding his house ransacked and his wife carried away to prison, had been forthwith to Mr. Justice Young for to expostulate with him, and to demand his wife and the key of his lodgings; but the justice sent him to bear the rest company, with a pair of iron bolts on his legs. The next day he examined him in Newgate; and upon Mr. Wells saying he was not privy to the Mass being said that day in his house, but wished he had been present, thinking his name highly honoured by having so divine a sacrifice offered in it, the justice told him "that though he was not at the feast he should taste of the same."

The evening I returned home from the prison a great lassitude overcame me, and for a few days increased so much, joined with pains in the head and in the limbs, that I could scarcely think, or so much as stand. At last it was discerned that I was sickening with the small-pox, caught, methinks, in the prison; and this was no small increase to Muriel's trouble, who had to go to and fro from my chamber to her father's, and was forced to send Kate and her children to the country to Sir Ralph Ingoldsby's house; but methinks in the end this proved for the best, for when Mr. Lacy was, with the other prisoners, found guilty and condemned to death on the 4th of December, some for having said, and the others for having heard, Mass at Mr. Wells's house, Kate came to London but for a few hours, to take leave of him, and Polly's care of her afterwards cheered the one sister in her great but not very lasting affliction, and sobered the other's spirits in a beneficial manner, for since she hath been a stayer at home, and very careful of her children and Kate's also, and, albeit very secretly, doth I hear practise her religion. Mr. Congleton never heard of his son-in-law and his friend Mr. Wells's danger, the palsy which affected him having numbed his senses so that he slowly sunk in his grave without suffering of body or mind. From Muriel I heard the course of the trial. How many bitter words and scoffs were used by the judges and others upon the bench, particularly to Edmund Genings, because of his youth, and that he angered them with his arguments! The more to make him a scoff to the people, they vested him in a ridiculous fool's coat which they had found in Mr. Wells's house, and would have it to be a vestment. It was appointed they should all die at Tyburn, except Mr. Genings and Mr. Wells, who were to be executed before Mr. Wells's own door in

Gray's-inn-fields, within three doors of our own lodging. The judges, we were told, after pronouncing sentence, began to persuade them to conform to the Protestant religion, assuring them that by so doing they should obtain mercy, but otherwise they must certainly expect to die. But they all answered "that they would live and die in the true Roman and Catholic faith, which they and all antiquity had ever professed, and that they would by no means go to the Protestant churches, or for one moment think that the Queen could be head of the Church in spirituals." They dealt most urgently with Edmund Genings in this matter of conformity, giving him hopes not only of his life, but also of a good living, if he would renounce his faith; but he remained, God be praised, constant and resolute; upon which he was thrust into a dark hole within the prison, where he remained in prayer, without food or sustenance, till the hour of his death. Some letters we received from him and Mr. Wells, which have become revered treasures and almost relics in our eyes. One did write (this was Edmund): "The comforts which captivity bringeth are so manifold that I have rather cause to thank God highly for His fatherly dealings with me than to complain of any worldly misery whatsoever. Custom hath caused that it is no grief to me to be debarred from company, desiring nothing more than solitude. When I pray, I talk with God—when I read, He talketh with me; so that I am never alone." And much more in that strain. Mr. Wells ended his letter thus: "I am bound with gyves, yet I am unbound towards God, and far better I account it to have the body bound than the soul to be in bondage. I am threatened hard with danger of death; but if it be no worse, I will not wish it to be better. God send me His grace, and then I weigh not what flesh and blood can do unto me. I have answered to many curious and dangerous questions, but I trust with good advisements, not offending my conscience. What will come of it God only knoweth. Through prison and chains to glory. Thine till death." This letter was addressed to Basil, with a desire expressed we should read it before it was sent to him.

On the day before the one of the execution, Kate came to take leave of her husband. She could not speak for her tears; but he, with his usual composure, bade her be of good comfort, and that death was no more to him than to drink off the caudle which stood there ready on his table. And methinks this indifferency was a joint effect of nature and of grace, for none had ever seen him hurried or agitated in his life with any matter whatsoever. And when he rolled Topcliffe down the stairs and fell with him—for it was he which did this desperate action—his face was as composed when he rose up again, one of the servants who had seen the scuffle said, as if he had

never so much as stirred from his study; and in his last speeches before his death it was noticed that his utterance was as slow and deliberate, and his words as carefully picked, as at any other time of his life. Ah me! what days were those, when, hardly recovered from my sickness, only enough for to sit up in an armed-chair and be carried from one chamber to another, all the talk ministered about me was of the danger and coming death of these dear friends. I had a trouble of mine own, which I be truly ashamed to speak of; but in this narrative I have resolved above all things to be truthful; and if I have ever had occasion, on the one hand, to relate what should seem to be to mine own credit, on the other also I desire to acknowledge my weaknesses and imperfections, of which what I am about to relate is a notable instance. The small-pox made me at that time the most deformed person that could be seen, even after I was recovered; and the first time I beheld my face in a glass, the horror which it gave me was so great that I resolved Basil should never be the husband of one whom every person which saw her must needs be affrighted to look on; but, forecasting he would never give me up for this reason, howsoever his inclination should rebel against the kindness of his heart and his true affection for me, I hastily sent him a letter, in which I said I could give him no cause for the change which had happened in me, but that I was resolved not to marry him, acting in my old hasty manner, without thought or prudence. No sooner had I done so than I grew very uneasy thereat, too late reflecting on what his suspicions should be of my inconstancy, and what should to him appear faithless breach of promise.

It grieved me, in the midst of such grave events and noble sufferings, to be so concerned for mine own trouble; and on the day before the execution I was sitting musing painfully on the tragedy which was to be enacted at our own doors as it were, weeping for the dear friends which were to suffer, and ever and anon chewing the cud of my wilful undoing of mine own, and it might prove of Basil's, future peace by my rash letter to him, and yet more rash concealment of my motives. Whilst I was thus plunged in grief and uneasiness, the door of my chamber of a sudden opened, and the servant announced Mr. Hubert Rookwood. I hid my face hastily with a veil, which I now did generally use, except when alone with Muriel. He came in, and methought a change had happened in his appearance. He looked somewhat wild and disordered, and his face flushed, as one used to drinking.

"Constance," he said abruptly, "tidings have reached me which would not suffer me to put off this visit. A man coming from France hath brought me a letter from Basil, and one directed to you, which

he charged me to deliver into your hands. If it tallies with that which he doth write to me—and I doubt not it must be so, for his dealings are always open and honourable, albeit often rash—I must needs hope for so much happiness from it as I can scarce credit to be possible after so much suffering.”

I stretched out mine hand for Basil's letter. Oh, how the tears gushed from mine eyes on the reading of it! He had received mine, and having heard some time before from a friend he did not name of his brother's passion for me, he never misdoubted but that I had at last yielded to his solicitations, and given him the love which I withdrew from him.

Never was the nobleness of his nature more evinced than in this letter; never grief more heartfelt, combined with a more patient endurance of the overthrow of his sole earthly happiness; never a greater or more forgiving kindness towards a faithless creature, as he deemed her, with a lingering care for her weal, whom he must needs have thought so ill deserving of his love. So much sorrow without repining, such strict charges not to marry Hubert, if he was not a good Catholic and truly reconciled to the Church. But if he was indeed changed in this respect, an assent given to this marriage, which had cost him, he said, many tears and many prayers for to write, more than if with his own heart's blood he had traced the words; but which, nevertheless, he freely gave, and prayed God to bless us both, if with a good conscience we could be wedded; and God forbid he should hinder it, if I had ceased for to love him, and had given to Hubert—who had already got his birthright—also a more precious treasure, the heart once his own.

“What doth your brother write to you?” I coldly said; and then Hubert gave me his letter to read.

Methinks he imagined I concealed my face from some sort of shame; and God knoweth, had I acted the part he supposed, I might well have blushed deeper than can be thought of.

This letter was like unto the other—the most touching proof of love a man could give for a woman. Forgetting himself, my dearest Basil's only care was my happiness; and firm remonstrances were blended with touching injunctions to his brother to treasure every hair of the head of one who was dearer to him than all the world besides, and to do his duty to God and to her, which if he observed, he should, mindless of all else, for ever bless him.

When I returned the missive to him, Hubert said, in a faltering voice, “Now you are free—free to be mine—free before God and man.”

“Yea,” I answered; “free as the dead, for I am henceforward dead to all earthly things.”

"What!" he cried, startled; "your thinking is not, God shield it, to be a nun abroad?"

"Nay," I answered; and then laying my hand on Basil's letter, I said, "If I had thought to marry you, Hubert; if at this hour I should say I could love you, I ween you would leave the house affrighted, and never return to it again."

"Is your brain turned?" he impatiently cried.

"No," I answered quietly, lifting my veil, "my face only is changed."

I had a sort of bitter pleasure in the sight of his surprise. He turned as pale as any smock.

"Oh, fear not," I said, "my heart hath not changed with my face. I am not in so merry a mood, God knoweth, as to torment you with any such apprehensions. My love for Basil is the same; yea, rather at this hour, after these noble proofs of his love, more great than ever. Now you can discern why I should write to him I would never marry him."

Hiding his face in his hands, Hubert said, "Would I had not come here to embitter your pain!"

"You have not added to my sorrow," I answered; "the chalice is indeed full, but these letters have rather lightened than increased my sufferings."

Then concealing again my face, I went on, "O Hubert, will you come here to-morrow morning? Know you the sight which from that window shall be seen? Hark to that noise! Look out, I pray you, and tell me what it is."

He did as I bade him, and I marked the shudder he gave. His face, pale before, had now turned of an ashy hue.

"Is it possible?" he said; "a scaffold in front of that house where we were wont to meet those old friends! O Constance, are they there to die?—that brave joyous old man, that kind pious soul his wife?"

"Yea," I answered; "and likewise the friend of my young years, good holy Edmund Genings, who never did hurt a fly, much less a human creature. And at Tyburn, Bryan Lacy, my cousin, once your friend, and Sydney Hodgson, and good Mr. Mason, are to suffer."

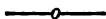
Hubert clenched his hands, ground his teeth, and a terrible look shot through his eyes. I felt affrighted at the passion my words had awakened.

"Cursed," he cried, in a hoarse voice, "cursed be the bloody Queen which reigneth in this land! Thrice accursed be the tyrants which hunt us to death! Tenfold accursed such as lure us to damnation by the foul baits they do offer to tempt a man to lie to God and

to others, to ruin those he loves, to become loathsome to himself by his mean crimes ! But if one hath been cheated of his soul, robbed of the hope of heaven, debarred from his religion, thrust into the company of devils, let them fear him, yea, let them fear him, I say. Revenge is not impossible. What shall stay the hand of such a man ? What shall guard those impious tempters if many such should one day league for to sweep them from earth's face ? If one be desperate of this world's life, he becomes terrible. How should he be to be dreaded who doth despair of heaven ?”

With these wild words, he left me. He was gone ere I could speak.

St. Columhill's Farewell to the Isle of Arran,
ON SETTING SAIL FOR IONA.*



FAREWELL to Arran Isle,† farewell !
I steer for Hy :‡ my heart is sore :—
The breakers burst, the billows swell
'Twixt Arran Isle and Alba's§ shore.

Thus spake the Son of God, " Depart !"
O Arran Isle, God's will be done !
By angels thronged this hour thou art :
I sit within my barque alone.

O Modan, well for thee the while !
Fair falls thy lot, and well art thou !
Thy seat is set in Arran Isle :
Eastward to Alba turns my prow.

O Arran, Sun of all the West !
My heart is thine ! As sweet to close
Our dying eyes in thee as rest
Where Peter and where Paul repose !

O Arran, Sun of all the West !
My heart in thee its grave hath found :
He walks in regions of the blest
The man that hears thy church-bells sound !

O Arran blest, O Arran blest !
Accursed the man that loves not thee !
The man that slumbers in thy breast—
No demon scares him : well is he.

* From the prose translation in vol. i. of the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society*, Dublin, 1808.

† In the Bay of Galway. It was one of the chief retreats of the Irish monks and missionaries, and still abounds in religious memorials.

‡ Iona,

§ Scotland.

Each Sunday Gabriel from on high
 (For so did Christ our Lord ordain)
Thy masses comes to sanctify,
 With fifty Angels in his train.

Each Monday Michael issues forth
 To bless anew each sacred fane :
Each Tuesday cometh Raphael
 To bless pure hearth and golden grain.

Each Wednesday cometh Uriel,
 Each Thursday Saniel, fresh from God ;
Each Friday cometh Ramael
 To bless thy stones and bless thy sod.

Each Saturday comes Mary,
 Comes Babe on arm, 'mid heavenly hosts !
O Arran, nigh to heaven is he
 That hears God's Angels bless thy coasts !

AUBREY DE VERE.

Railway Reform.

WE live in a blundering world, and there are few things that would not be the better for a little reform. Even railways, the joy and boast of our age, have as yet, we are now told, fulfilled but half their promise. We might be spared so many collisions; fewer lives might be lost, fewer bones broken. We might reap the fruits of the victory of steam over horseflesh by arriving at our journey's end with two-thirds of the fare we now pay still in our pockets. While we have been battling for free-trade, we are the victims of a great monopoly. Thirteen large companies and above sixty smaller ones engross the railway traffic of the country, fix arbitrary tariffs, and convey a score of passengers, where they could, without any further outlay, speed three or four times that number on the path of business or pleasure.

Government is aware of our grievance, and has taken the initiative in our redress. It has appointed a Commission "to inquire into the cost of conveyance on railways, and into the charges which are made by railway companies to the public."* We may be sure we shall travel cheaply at last, if cheapness is within the bounds of possibility. With Mr. Gladstone in the House and Mr. Galt in the book-club, the national blindness will be couched, and the monopolising companies shamed.

The cost of transport is now vastly less to proprietors than in the days of coaches; to proprietors, observe, but not to passengers. A pound of coke burned in an engine will evaporate five pints of water; and in this evaporation a mechanical force is developed sufficient to draw two tons' weight on the railway a distance of one mile in two minutes. The same weight in a stage-coach would require four horses, and occupy six minutes. The result of this difference is, that railway companies can convey passengers for one-twentieth—or, as some calculate, one thirty-third—part of what it cost formerly; yet the average fares are more than one-half of what they would have been by coach. First- and second-class passengers, indeed, pay three-fourths of what their fathers paid in the days of turnpikes. The great steam era, therefore, is still at fault. The tariffs are very various, and appear to be directed by caprice,—for

* Circular in the *Times* of April 5.

in general the lines with the lowest fares are those which were the most expensive to construct; while others, which cost least in making, charge double the fares of those which cost the most. The railway system, in short, is out of joint, and it needs a notable bone-setter. Private and public interests must be reconciled; and the hand which can effect this must be skilful and strong.

I do not wish to set up other countries above England, particularly as our system of management is in some respects better than the Continental system; yet there are other points in which they have the advantage. Their second-class carriages are well cushioned, and made nearly as comfortable as our first-class; their *cuisine* is far superior to any thing you can find at an English station; their trains move slowly in comparison with ours, and stop more frequently; but, on the other hand, you have a better chance of reaching home safe and sound there than here. Then as to the cheapness of travelling, which is the main point at issue, the following table will best show on which side of the Channel the advantage lies.

AVERAGE FARES FOR ONE HUNDRED MILES.

COUNTRIES.	First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	Fourth Class.
	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
The United Kingdom . .	18 9	12 6	8 4	
Russia	14 5	10 10	6 6	
Austria	13 0	7 6	5 9	
Switzerland	13 6	9 4	6 9	
Prussia	13 0	10 0	6 6	4 0
France	13 4	10 0	7 0	
Italy	10 6	7 11	4 0	
Spain	11 9	8 10	5 9	
Belgium	6 6	5 6	3 0	

In Belgium, then, above all countries of Europe, the luxury of travelling costs least, and in our own fortunate island it costs the most. On some of the Belgian lines the first-class fares are so low as a halfpenny a mile, while with us they are on an average twopence-farthing.

It is evident at a glance how much cheap travelling would contribute to our prosperity and pleasure. If one shilling would take us as far as we now get for three or six, the trader would go and select his own goods in person at the best market; the mechanic and

labourer, with whom work is dull at home, would seek it where it is brisk; the sick would resort to the hills or the sea-shore; and many minds now stagnating would be refreshed and instructed by new scenes; doctors would be kept at a distance from our homes; and friends would meet more frequently. Till these happy improvements are attained, the vast labour and expense of boring through mountains, carrying viaducts over deep valleys and rapid streams, and consolidating the treacherous masses which once a sheep could scarcely cross, will have failed in producing their legitimate results.

For arriving at these, various measures have been proposed; and notwithstanding the antipathy of the English mind to the idea of the State gradually purchasing all our railways constructed since 1844, it may well be questioned whether the advantages that would accrue to the public from such a plan would not more than overbalance any sacrifice of private interests here and there. If railway fares were systematically reduced by one presiding body,—say of a general board composed of twenty-four members chosen from the chief local boards, and of a president to change with the ministry,—it is morally certain that the result would be similar to that which took place after the reduction of postage on letters. As more letters are written now that their transmission costs less, and the postal revenue is consequently increased, so would the transport of persons and goods augment in proportion to the diminished expense attending it. It has been shown satisfactorily* that railway fares may very well be reduced on an average two-thirds, and a bonus of fifteen per cent be given to shareholders by Government in the event of its buying up railways according to the provisions of an Act which may soon come into operation.

We are chiefly indebted to this Act for parliamentary trains at a penny a mile. It also reserved to the State the right of revising all the charges of railways whose average profits should at any time reach ten per cent, and gave it the power of purchasing from companies all future lines at the close of twenty-one years from the passing of the Act for their construction respectively, and on the payment to these companies of twenty-five years' purchase upon the last three years' average amount of their clear annual divisible profits.† This average the Government has, it may be presumed, been ascertaining during the last two years and a half. The money sunk in making the railways has been fully taken into account in all the calculations to which I allude, as well as the additional expenses

* See Galt on Railway Reform. Longmans: 1865.

† Ibid. p. 161.

which might arise from more numerous carriages and a larger staff. As to the dangers of railway travelling, they would be very much lessened by a general board, uniform regulations, and more perfect mutual understanding. There is little fear of first-class fares ever being too small for any *class* of the community; but if it should so happen that individuals very exclusive, or needing more than ordinary protection, insisted on a reserved carriage, it would be very easy to keep one for them at a higher fare. Aristotle tells us that to attain a medium in virtue we should aim at an extreme; so in railway reform, we should agitate for very low fares, that we may obtain moderate ones.

The Act passed under Mr. Gladstone's auspices in 1844 was wise in what it enforced, and in the precaution it took for the time to come. It remains to be seen how far it will influence future legislation, and what advantage will be taken of the liberty of action it leaves to the State, when, in January 1866, it will, under certain conditions, be in the power of Government to act upon it.

I do not profess to combat in this place the political and commercial objections which may be raised against a scheme of State purchase; my only object is to call attention to the fact, that very important improvements may be made, and that great facility for making them is at hand. Nothing can be more reasonable than to desire that, in some way or other, our railways, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and from the Land's End to John O'Groat's, should be placed under one uniform system, with a reduced tariff of mileage charges; nor can any one doubt that separate companies are far less likely to unite in producing such results than a strong and paternal government, raised above petty interests, and seeking only to promote general welfare and content. The great depreciation in the value of railway property, compared with that which it could boast twenty years ago, is owing in large measure to causes that would be obviated by central and uniform control. The most baneful of these is competition, and numerous companies have complained of it bitterly in their reports. The public in general is a gainer by competition, but in this case it loses. A speculating engineer, a lawyer, and a financial discount-company, are all that is wanted to start a new line, which has little or no local support and no substantial basis, yet causes the leading company great expense in opposing it, and by injuring it, injures the public also indirectly. By such means many a railway shareholder has had to mourn over the reduction of an interest, which promised at one time to be the most flourishing and permanent in the kingdom; and many a board of directors is struggling to overcome insurmountable difficulties, and

sinking its investments, year by year, lower and lower, without prospect of steady revival.

Only last year, ten "attacks" on the London and North-Western Railway were made in Parliament; and the Midland was threatened not long ago with a fourth line from Derby to Leeds. Of the new projects before Parliament at the opening of this session, about one hundred proposed to do something or other with the Midland. The contest for the Brighton line, which occurred many years ago, will long be remembered. There were four rival companies, whose parliamentary expenses alone in one year amounted to 100,000*l*. Twenty counsel were engaged, headed by serjeants-at-law and queen's counsel; there was a regiment of twenty eminent solicitors, flanked by a whole brigade of parliamentary agents; and an army of surveyors and engineers, contradicting each other. In this way money circulated, no doubt; but public travelling was neither the cheaper nor the better for such litigation.

Organisation is the secret of strength. What the Church would be without a supreme Ruler, the navy without an Admiralty Board, the army without a Horse-Guards, or the beehive without a queen,—that is the railway system without central management: disorganised, a prey to rivalries, inoperative or over-active, and producing faulty or imperfect results. "Trust to competition," say the advocates of things as they are; but, to use Mr. Gladstone's words,* "I would no more trust the railway proprietors on railway matters than I would Gracchus speaking of sedition! I know of nothing more chilling than the hope which the directors of these railways hold out from competition."

But how, it may be asked, will it ever be possible for the proprietors of railways—whether they be companies or the nation itself—to reduce the fares to one-third of their present amount, and fix it at three farthings per mile for first-class passengers, one half-penny for second-class, and one farthing per mile for third-class, with a proportionate reduction on merchandise and parcels? To this it is replied—by the enormous increase of traffic and travelling which would follow such a diminution. In almost every instance where low fares have been tried, the company's receipts in consequence have been augmented rather than lessened. Can any criterion be more exact? The South-Western at one time conveyed passengers between London and Reading at the rate of 2*s*. 3*d*. per hundred miles first-class, and 1*s*. 6*d*. second. Nor did the company lose any thing by the change in the fares, neither were the dividends de-

* In his speech on July 8, 1844.

creased. Ten years ago, the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, as well as the Caledonian, lowered the fares between Edinburgh and Glasgow to one-eighth of the ordinary charge by all trains; yet after their rivalry had continued a year and a half, so great was the additional traffic created by the low fares, that they lost only one per cent on the dividend in the case of the former company, and one-half per cent in that of the latter.

It may be well to represent in a tabular form the loss of profits incurred by reduction of fares in particular instances. It will be seen that very high, moderate, and extremely low fares, make little difference in the annual dividends, and do not in any case exceed one per cent.

Original Fares for Return Tickets.			Miles.	RAILWAYS.	Reduced Fares for Return Tickets.			Loss on Divi- dends per cent per ann.
<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>			<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	
60 0	40 0	380	London & North- Western	7 6	5 0	10 0
60 0	40 0	410	Great Northern ..	7 6	5 0	10 0
10 0	7 6	134	South-Eastern...	3 0	2 0
8 0	6 0	4 0	46	Edinburgh & Glas- gow	1 0	0 9	0 6	20 0
8 0	6 0	4 0	55	Caledonian	1 0	0 9	0 6	10 0

There is a remarkable statement in connection with the reduction here mentioned on the South-Western line, to which I wish to draw particular attention. During the time it was in force, that line and the Great Western were charging on one part about *ten times* as much as on another; and on those parts where they carried at the lowest rate their profits amounted to about 250 per cent in the cost of conveyance by each train!

It should also be borne in mind that the cost of constructing new railways is vastly diminished, and that this circumstance would operate in favour of lower charges. In the earlier days of railway enterprise they cost about 35,000*l.* per mile; they can now be made for about 12,000*l.*, and sometimes for 6000*l.* or 8000*l.* a mile. The Finn-Valley line, in county Donegal—opened two years ago—is said to have cost only 5160*l.* per mile. Taking these things into consideration, it is amazing that railway directors have not yet discovered that their true interest lies in making transit from place to

place as easy as possible to every class of the community. If the system were altered, some temporary sacrifice might be unavoidable, but in a short time this would be amply compensated; and if private companies cannot make such sacrifices through lack of capital, this inability could not exist in the State, more especially when its clear annual revenue shall have been swollen by an addition of four millions.

It would also be an advantage to have one competent authority, to which we might appeal in case of incidental grievances or special requirements. It is well known that the accidents occurring on railways are not so numerous as those which befel travellers in the time of stage-coaches; yet this is no reason why we should not be spared to the utmost. Traction by steam is both a science and an art, and in each of its branches it is capable of indefinite improvement. To judge of its future, we have only to look back upon its past,—to remember the day when, some fifty years ago, a poor mechanic, named Thomas Gray, in the town of Nottingham, first broached the idea of a great national scheme for railroads, and steam as the motive power. In that plan, which was then treated as an “effusion of insanity,” all the stupendous realities of modern travelling

“Lay hidden, as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.”

There is at this moment an outcry for communication with the guard, as a means of safety and protection. Shall we adopt the American carriage, or shall some other method be devised? These are questions which at present are left to individual companies to decide or *shelve* as they please.

As Thomas Gray was mocked as a visionary when he projected the railway system, so Mr. Rowland Hill's scheme of a low and uniform rate of postage was, when first introduced, denounced as “a most preposterous plan, utterly unsupported by facts, and resting entirely on assumption.” “The revenue cannot afford it,” was the stereotyped answer to the proposal. “If the postage were reduced to a penny,” said Colonel Maberly, when examined before the Parliamentary Committee, “it would not recover itself for forty or fifty years.” Were these gloomy forebodings realised? Just the reverse. The revenue decreased, it is true, nearly a million during three years. Then the tide turned, and the predictions of Mr. Cobden were fulfilled. Letters poured into the letter-boxes faster and faster, and in twenty-five years the new system overtook and passed the old, with every prospect of the distance between them being annually increased. Thus the Government gained, and will gain, in the long-run, while

the public gained from the first. In 1839, 75,000,000 letters passed through the Post-office; in 1863, 700,000,000—more than nine-fold! Many interested parties made a great outcry about the temporary loss to the revenue, and half exulted over the alleged failure of the financial part of Rowland Hill's scheme. They affected to regard the deficit as a loss to the nation; but in the meanwhile the joy of being able to correspond freely had circulated through the kingdom, and tradesmen and commercial houses were reaping the fruits of their numerous and wide-spread circulars.

I have dwelt the more on the penny-postage precedent, because it appears to be strictly parallel with that of reduction on railway fares; but there is one objection to the latter scheme to which I have not sufficiently adverted. We have, as a people, a great dislike to monopoly and centralisation. We are apt to dread any alteration on a large scale of railway charges, even in our own favour, if purchased at the expense of our losing local, or, in other words, popular control. We like to have the construction and management of railways, as it were, in our own hands, independently of the State. But this view of the matter, though apparently sound, is really faulty. All monopolies are not bad, though some are. Centralisation is not always an evil, though sometimes it is a great one. The Post-office, for example, is a vast monopoly and a highly centralised system; but will the most ardent advocate of free-trade maintain that it is not also a great good, or that any private company would convey his letters, books, and papers quite as well? Monopoly and free-trade have their separate spheres of labour; and when there is a public industrial work to be done, the first thing to be ascertained should be, to which of these two departments it properly belongs. The English people have shown that in the case of the Post-office they are not opposed to monopoly, when placed under the strict control of the Legislature; why then should they feel any hesitation in declaring that railway travelling belongs properly to the department of monopoly in the governmental sense, and that it will never be attended with due success until all its details are submitted to a central control, created or approved by Parliament?

Supposing the tables were turned, and that letters, like railway travellers, were left to shift for themselves, and trust to the tender mercies of self-constituted companies,—what would be the result? Clearly this, that each company would charge whatever rate of postages paid it best, from one penny to one shilling. There would no doubt be a hundred of them battling for business, and very loudly they would talk. They would “repel invasion,” and assert their “territorial rights;” they would not submit to be “robbed of their

postal traffic," and would "take measures to defeat their opponents." They would combine, in short, against each other and the public; the well-paying districts would be well supplied, and the ill-paying neglected. There would be no control or combined action, no tribunal to which we might appeal for redress.

But the tables, happily, are not going to be turned in this way. Instead of giving over the postage to private companies, we are more likely to take the railways out of their hands, unless they manage them better. Let no one, at all events, deride the scheme as Utopian. Our friends the railway reformers threaten us with the charge of having contracted minds, incapable of great ideas, if we oppose them. If we say it is mere dreaming to talk of reducing railway fares to one-third, they reply, that it is well for the world there are some dreamers, for otherwise it would never make progress. They are afraid we should have been among those who imprisoned Solomon de Caus as a madman, because he insisted that he could construct a carriage which would propel itself by steam,* if we had lived in Paris in 1641; or should have chimed in with that famous article in the *Quarterly Review* of March 1825, which scouted the idea of general railroads as "altogether impracticable" and "unworthy of notice," and declared that it would "back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum."

The progress of society may be traced by comparing the Reviews of different periods. The *Quarterly*, which spoke so wittily and so blindly of railways in 1825, had, of course, in 1844 completely changed its tone. In the July number for that year it said: "It is impossible not to see that the system is developing itself to such an extent, penetrating all districts, superseding all other communications, affecting every species of public and private interests, and acting as the life-blood arteries of the empire, as to render it probable, almost to certainty, that the time must come when this great public trust can no longer be left to the management of private companies scattered over the face of the country. In truth, it seems only a question of time; railways must be made subject to some unity of management, and, through whatever intermediate process it may pass, that management must finally be vested in the Government of the country."

Twenty-one years have passed since these words were penned, and, if truth admits of degrees, they are truer than ever now. If England is a richer country than Belgium, that is no reason why Englishmen should pay the railway companies more than is needful, or forego advantages which Belgians enjoy. The experiment of the

* *Century of Inventions*, by the Marquis of Worcester.

greatest possible cheapness has been tried among them with great success, but it will never be tried among us under the present system. The companies are, unfortunately, much more inclined to try how high they can raise their tariffs than how low they can reduce them; and notwithstanding the banter and bluster with which they may oppose a sweeping change, we may in this matter have full confidence in the superior wisdom of our rulers.

If all that is said be true, it is strange that so few attempts should have been made to rouse the public from its state of contentment on this subject. It would form an exciting topic in an election speech. "If we do not wish cheap travelling," the candidate might say, "to be confined to particular days, but extended to every day in the year—if we should like to keep our birthdays oftener in the spot where we first saw the light, to explore at will the scenery and the wonders of our native isle, to see whole schools travelling about in the vacation, as they do in Germany, and learning to love their fatherland the more, because they know it better—if we would have the mails carried with the utmost safety and despatch to the remotest districts, and book ourselves through from any one station to another however distant, because all our railways, extending over more than 12,000 miles, are amalgamated—if in time of invasion, riot, or revolt, it would comfort us to know that troops and warlike stores are conveyed without delay to any part of the kingdom—if in seasons of difficulty, such as have lately been experienced in Lancashire, we might hope to ward off much of the distress by friendly visits to the scene of dearth, or by receiving the sufferers to the homes of their youth or the factories of their earlier employers—if by freer intercourse between those who live widely apart we might in time drive out from the corners in which they still linger the languages and dialects which impede civilisation—if we would suffer no extra steam power to go to waste, by drawing much less than it might—if we would have the very best machinery at work, and tested constantly by vigilant inspectors—if we should hail as a boon the readier conveyance of furniture, horses, carriages, the labours of the loom and the treasures of the mine, exports, imports, and every article of trade,—then most certainly we must absolutely refuse to be satisfied with any thing less than the full development of railway economy; we must coöperate with the benevolent designs of the Royal Commission to inquire into railroad charges, and express our convictions with becoming earnestness. The marvels already achieved by steam are the best guarantee for the attainment of still greater triumphs and rewards. We have made travelling expeditions; be it ours also to make expeditious travelling cheap."

Art and Beauty.

It is exceedingly difficult to write intelligibly on art. Not, indeed, from the inherent difficulty and intricacy of the subject, though it is difficult, but from the impatience of readers, who do not care to be forced to the labour of reasoning when they seek to be pleased. Every one takes pleasure, more or less intelligent, in art, and it is not always agreeable to be called to account for likes and dislikes where the object is simply to receive pleasure.

Now it is quite true that this love of art ought not to stand in need of rules. If the intelligence and the affections of every beholder were rightly informed and truly balanced, a right and true pleasure would be produced by good art, in exact proportion to its goodness—that is, its attainment of its proper object. But it is by no means true that every lover of art is informed in his affection or balanced as to his judgment. And yet we live in days in which art is widely pursued and sought after by many admirers.

The very quantity of pictures, and in a less degree of sculptures, is perplexing, and the diversity of them is evidence enough of the loose state of principles, the want of recognition of fixed laws, and of marked character of originality proper to the age. The immense activity in house-building, church-building, the spread of museums and galleries, the general increase of luxury, is marked by a degree of discordance in artistic aim unknown heretofore. Efforts, indeed, have been made to plant a style of architecture. We have seen them carried to the ordeal of battle in the House of Commons, and sustaining defeat. The confusion spreads in this matter; for as old monuments and cities are studied, drawn, and published with minutest details, and as the use of photography puts before our architects an increasing range of old materials, it becomes the chief object of ambition to work them up in a novel manner.

Sculpture and painting, arts in the more proper meaning of the word, cannot be pursued in this mechanical way, but must of necessity command devotion and skill, if any kind of excellence is to be reached.

There is not, perhaps, here all the perplexing variety alluded to; but still the want of definite aim and marked type or style makes it difficult for any general judgment to be soundly established.

The very safety which a good system or a sound tradition of art has given to the people who lived under its influence, all feeling secure in the general instinct, is turned into danger when this tradition is either not generally received, or full of opposing voices, or of feeble and vicious tendency. Instead of a sound tradition, we then fall under the rule of a fashion, and that liable to endless change. The argument, sound enough in itself, that what gives pleasure to so many must be right in art, takes for granted faith in their capacity to judge it. Where this does not exist, submission to mere fashion on the part of ignorant persons is fatal to a right feeling, for then no one is at the pains of learning for himself.

A greater difficulty, perhaps, than this lies in the apparent ease of judging the kind of art most popular at present—homely passages of common life and landscape. In proportion as the subjects of pictures, from their own nature, relieve us of any need of thought or reflection, ordinary observation will be considered sufficient to give us a right judgment concerning them. And where a loose, easy attention is the limit that works of art claim from the beholder, the mind becomes enfeebled in its powers of perception, it becomes fatigued with art of a deeper kind, it fails to keep up any high standard of beauty before it, and cannot see any that lies below the surface.

This homeliness of aim and poverty of thought in the artist react upon the public, and save it the trouble, and even discourage the desire, of observing more carefully what is really beautiful in nature, and deepening and refining its perception of art. Hence the very suggestion of laws and principles with which our judgment should agree sounds like pedantry. People ask why, so long as they are themselves pleased by a picture or any other work of art, it should signify why they are pleased? How can taste, for instance, which is involuntary, and takes pleasure in different things of opposite flavour, according to the natural diversity of men's palates, be subjected to rule? And how can the eye, which also takes a natural and quite involuntary delight in opposite objects in different people,—how can the eye be blamed or praised for its diversity in this respect?

Now, to write at all on the principles of art is to imply the justice of such praise and such blame. It is to maintain that art has laws; that taste ought to be schooled; that there are standards of comparison.

Beginning with the subject of the taste, we might lay it down as certain that, whatever natural diversity there is in palates, yet that some objects and some flavours are better than others, that those are certainly the better which please the greatest number—that is, the greatest number of instructed persons. Those that study the sub-

ject, whatever their likes or dislikes, come, after repeated trial, to certain conclusions. First impressions grow weak, or repeated trials exhaust the pleasure of certain coarser preferences, and those which on trial have been most widely approved maintain their ground.

Here we speak only of the lower kind of relish of what is good or agreeable. The palate retains its relish for the most refined and studied flavours the longest, but even these pall by repetition. At last they destroy the palate itself, unless the rule of moderation is observed. The pleasures of taste being given to serve one useful and needful end, can afford but a low measure of enjoyment, and, moreover, are destructive of the capacity of enjoyment if more than a restricted use is made of them.

The fact, however, is acknowledged, that as nations and people themselves lose their coarser and less cultivated habits, they come to acknowledge standards and rules of taste of this kind, and that for each person some measure of cultivation of the taste is needed to enable him to understand and allow of these rules.

If these lower tastes are capable of training, and if training is needed to fit them for the full enjoyment of which they have the capacity, much more is this true of the higher enjoyments of which the eye is capable. The eye is the instrument by which light finds its way not to the brain only, but through the brain into ourselves. The awe, wonder, delight, which the creation around us, and the drama of life acted before us, bear in upon our brain and heart, is reflected in through the instrumentality of the eye. Images and scenes that come to us in the way of reading, or of report, or conversation, convey their meaning to the brain through notions and images which the past experience of the eye enables us to picture within.

If we read or hear of history, of a great event, a battle, a death, or a remarkable scene, more or less quickly these communications fit into some image or combination of images we have stored in the memory through its former acquisitions, all of which have been brought to it by the powers of the eye. We do not conceive of any thing but by some use, or some deduction from images of this kind.

What may be the mental conceptions of the blind by birth we cannot say. How, *e.g.*, they can conceive of the colours red and blue, or of the visible beauty of the world. These are exceptions altogether beyond our understanding. We are concerned now with the general law.

The eye is the light of the body. That which gives it its own proper enjoyment is beauty. Beauty is the delight of the eyes. The beauty of all external objects is what draws us towards them.

The organ through which this special attraction has its hold on us is the eye.

Now, art may be called the produce of a special energy resulting from this power of sight. It is the representation of ideas engendered in the mind by the contemplative or theoretic faculty. Its representations are addressed to the eye.

If we admit that the lower and sensual enjoyments of taste can in a measure be refined and cultivated, and that mere natural relish is often deceptive, and would become palled after a time with flavours that please it at the outset, it is much more in reason to acknowledge that the eye also requires training, and that its first impressions are often deceptive—that patience and study will give it a deeper insight and more discerning powers.

In other words, we may be certain that, beautiful as the creation is, its full beauty is not at once to be recognised, and that a careless or untrained sight is liable to be deceived, and to take that for beauty which on longer examination is found to be no beauty by comparison with other objects or aspects, or beauty of so inferior an order as to lose its attraction.

And this training of the eye not only teaches it to discover new beauty or more beauties, but immeasurably increases its powers and the delight of which it is capable.

There have been times, as there may be places or societies now, in which this training was, or is, general. This is what we mean by a good tradition. There are many Oriental nations amongst whom this tradition prevails, and prevails unconsciously. Within narrow limits they see aright, and their art is admirable in consequence. The combination of colours in shawls and stuffs, and the use of certain kinds of metal work, are arts of artistic powers lost to Europeans, and preserved by tradition amongst many Asiatic races.

If from childhood we were thus trained, never seeing what we did see in nature but with a formed power of perception, and never leaving the guidance of corresponding principles in art, we should see nature, judge and value art rightly, without any effort or study. The training in such cases is unconscious. It is right from the beginning, and this right judgment seems born with us. But its continued prevalence is rare, and rare in proportion to the activity and range of the perceptible powers.

The art of the Oriental nations is very confined in range. From the natural quietude of their character, and their aversion to change, these perceptive powers, confined to very few classes of objects, have remained unchanged along with their manners and habits of life.

But as nations have more activity of mind and body, and, as

regards sight, look more and desire a wider range of observation, and as they observe more complicated and difficult objects, so their liability to move onwards and their impatience of traditionary restraints are sure to increase.

This is the character of Europeans with regard to perceptive powers, as to all other faculties they possess. They are averse to rest. They have observed and loved what the Orientals observe and love; but a thousand things besides. Hence their art has ranged also immeasurably further; they have examined into far more complicated objects and phenomena; they have therefore sought after greater and more subtle beauty.

This must be remembered as one reason why traditions that have prevailed long in nations inactive by comparison and unchanging have changed or come to an end more rapidly in Europe.

If, then, we come to times in which this love of movement and change has gone on, till it is the most remarkable phenomenon of the day, we must expect that traditions regarding what is most excellent or most beautiful, and informing us in the way of looking out for this true and genuine attractiveness, will have become altogether powerless, and that a proportionately more intricate system of cultivation will be wanted to straighten vague or vicious habits of observation, and to set them on a right track once more.

Theories of art, which are so many efforts to meet this want, are mostly of modern production. The Indian weavers and embroiderers have no theories, and could not explain how or why they work as they do. And from the days of the Greeks downwards, while art-traditions prevailed, however they may have changed, Europe has invented and produced, rather than argued on the how or the why of its productions, till modern times.

Now the case is different. Not only is art in a great measure in a condition of revival, which implies a previous decay, but the most discordant opinions are held; and as in the case of discordance, all cannot be right opinions, it is necessary to determine those that are so.

So we come round to the position we assumed at first, that where there is great restlessness of mind, and great variety of objects of preference in art, it is not possible that art can be fairly judged without cultivation of the perceptive powers, and more pains must be taken in proportion to greater general activity of the mind of the day. And though art is really popular, and the spread of wealth places works of art of one kind or another in the possession of increasing numbers, this is not always a sign even of a disposition to go right in choice or judgment.

Art is loved, and works of art are prized, in two ways. One is from perception of its beauty, and consequently an irrepressible attraction towards its productions. This is the real love of it, and the capacity of refinement which it calls forth.

But art is also popular, and is prized, or at least patronised, for other reasons—mainly, the pride of possession. This may be conceived to have been the principle that led the Romans of imperial times to execute enormous, and only sometimes beautiful, works, and to surround themselves with innumerable pieces of sculpture and painting as a part of their magnificence. While we know, without further discussion, how different was the Greek love of art.

Hence it cannot be assumed as certain that the purchase of pictures, or the furnishing of houses and palaces—one room in the Greek style, another in the Pompeian, another in the French, and so on, or that galleries opening out of these, filled “with the choicest specimens of art,” &c.—are a proof of more than a determination to be at the top of the social scale, and the employment of sufficient wealth as a matter of ostentation. These things are not necessarily a sign of real love for art.

Of this abundant employment of wealth on art, and of the effect on it of very easy and luxurious habits, we may have to say more later on. All that need be insisted on now is that to understand art is not exactly easy, even when it surrounds us, unless there is some sense of the serious demand it makes on the reflective faculty; and that the sudden and easy acquisition of works of art tends as often to vulgarity as to refinement.

With these prefatory remarks, we proceed to the question, What is Art? And we may say, in explanation, that it is a methodical way of producing or making. In a general way we apply the term to production of any kind, as the art of writing, of speaking, or of cooking. In all of which cases it is taken for granted that what is done rudely, and without knowledge of what is excellent in the thing done or the object sought for, might also be done *secundum artem*, according to clear and reliable rules. The Greeks expressed it by a word that means production, or bringing into being—in a certain sense, creation; while the Latins borrowed the term *art*, expressive of method; the one language speaking of it as of a kind of inborn faculty, the other borrowing a word, but a word expressive of the nicety and exactness of methodical work. Both races meant the same thing; but as one understood more vividly the deeper springs that set first the thoughts and hearts, and then the hands, of men to work; so to that one the faculty for art was as a kind of gift, and reached its end completely and with ease; in the other race, the

wonder of the process, the triumph of skill, the conquest of difficulty, were the special phenomena in art that attracted its admiration. And as in productions of art there will be always both the inventive energy and the wonderful ways in which it reaches its end, and perception of the end itself—two separate aspects, if we look separately at them—so there will always be seen a broad difference between two classes of artists and of critics; one taking delight in the means, the other absorbed in the end.

The vivid image of the end or object of any exertions, and the power of clearly seeing or understanding this image, are most important to the right attainment of that object. Unless we clearly know what we want, we are not very likely to get it. The more complicated or mysterious the object, the greater will be the power required to see it, to master it, and to keep it before the mind till possession of it is obtained.

In art, therefore, this faculty is clearly the foundation on which any great success must of necessity be laid. And, on the other hand, the rank and excellence of men's energies must be measured by the importance of the end to which they are directed, and the difficulty, first of rightly understanding this end, then of attaining it.

It is to manual production of this high kind that we give the special name of Art. Methods, or, in the wider sense, arts, of which the object is to supply some bodily want, begin and end with such wants and uses, whatever the nicety and skill required in the pursuit of them. If that want or use is a mere sensual or bodily gratification, we know that such a gratification is as temporary as the want. It is either gratified of necessity, or if by choice, still the satisfaction it affords is but for a time; for what ministers only to our weaknesses, or supplies only wants that mark our liability to hunger, pain, and death, cannot be expected to rank high in our estimation. Those pleasures and yearnings, on the contrary, which are not connected with bodily wants, not liable to pall by indulgence, or to destroy the sense that they gratify, or lower us by increasing the urgency of human weakness, must needs be the highest.

The noblest enjoyments we can have are those proper to us as the noblest creatures in the world; enjoyments which lower animals cannot share with us, as they do share bodily wants and the satisfaction of those wants. Now, to confine ourselves within the limits which are imposed by our subject, we may say that what distinguishes us from the brute creation is our reasoning, thinking, meditative faculty. While all creatures reap the abundance of the natural world so far as it is made for them, men alone walk upright upon the earth, see, know, and understand. They only can raise their

perceptions from the rank of mere impressions of sense, such as we may conceive to pass through the minds of the beasts, succeeding one another without coherence or relation, giving pleasure, but suggesting nothing. And if we knew it from no other sources, we could not recognise this fact without the consciousness that these powers of reason have their true end and object in this theoretic exercise, and the delight, not liable to change, not growing less or less clear, but greater and more absorbing the longer we indulge it.

It is this power in man that takes delight in art, and works of art—productions not useful or necessary, but beautiful. Man only is capable of enjoying objects for the sake of their beauty. If this be so, it is clear that no productive energy can be better employed, and no productions be more admirable, than such as furnish matter for this kind of enjoyment. We do not refer now to any abuses to which the study and production of beautiful objects may be liable, but only to the proper dignity and right contemplation of the objects and the powers employed in the study of them. As art thus addresses itself to man through the eyes, its proper object is the production of beauty.

In this way, indeed, many objects made for necessary uses are decorated or made beautiful, this beauty being altogether additional and for its own sake. In this case, or in this sense, art has often been devoted to furniture-utensils and necessary things, which become works of art on this account. But whatever the work on which art is employed, its end and object is to make that beautiful.

To understand art, then, and to be able to form a right judgment of it, what we need is to understand what we mean by beauty in itself, and as it is and can only be perceived by the eye.

Art has no source from which to learn beyond the creation spread round the artist's eyes. He can produce nothing beautiful but what has its type and all its details in this teeming creation, so full, so varied, so inexhaustible.

True, however, to nature as art must be, it is so under the guidance of certain laws—laws not always easy to read in the face of nature, but such as man, to whom the dominion of nature has been given, can by careful meditation read and understand.

Hence art is not a mere transcript of nature, such as we get from the photograph, but a certain reading of the phenomena of nature such as they appear to man; that is, beauty as it is indeed, and as we know it to be, but represented on a certain principle of selection, and under certain unavoidable limitations.

Thus we might *know* that a certain tree or plant was of such a size, the leaves of such a shape, the branches springing right and left

at such and such intervals; and a certain kind of representation of the tree might be so attempted which would nowise resemble the real tree, though all these notions of it were faithfully kept to.

Such an object would, in real nature, appear different at every step we took to or from it; it would be full of unexpected changes. And again, in representing complicated objects, there are limitations, first to our power of sight, and then to our faculty of representing their endless variety and minuteness, this faculty again having reference to the means at hand, colours, canvas, marble, and so on.

We ought, then, first to settle what we mean by beauty, and know how to look for it in nature, so as to be able to judge whether the artist has had the same knowledge, and has followed up the search for it with a just measure of faithfulness; and next, to teach ourselves what his materials are, and how far he has or can have power over them, and what limitations these impose on his exertions; we shall then be able to form some sound judgment of his work.

All we can do in the present paper is to examine into the question, what we mean by "beauty;" and as very false definitions or descriptions have been given of it, we must take notice of these in the first instance, and proceed afterwards to give some explanation of the term itself.

1. "The beautiful" has been called "the true." Truth has been said to be beauty. Now, truth is good, and, as opposed to falsehood, which is morally hideous, it may be called morally the reverse—beautiful; but with reference to art, and to our perception of visible things, it can mean nothing to say that because a work of art truly represents what it professes to represent, or that because an object is all that it appears to be, it is therefore beautiful; neither, if we are mistaken in the appearance of an object, and take, *e.g.*, a cloud for a mountain, is it, *on that account*, less beautiful.

Deceit is morally bad, and deceptions in art, such as imitations of graining, professing to be real, are unworthy pieces of deceit; but there might be beauty notwithstanding, as the very imitation would be made in order to delude the beholder by some inherent beauty in the thing imitated.

2. Neither, again, is usefulness the source of beauty. Neither bread, meat, nor wool have beauty to boast of, or can be taken in any sense as types of beauty. We have already proved that, with regard to the necessary uses of life, implements and tools have no need of beauty, but are complete if they fulfil their purpose, beauty being properly set as superior to, if not identical with, usefulness. And where beauty is superadded to objects of use, that addition is altogether independent, and does nothing to increase, but rather

takes from their usefulness, as we are inclined to spare the free use of such objects.

3. Custom is sometimes said to be the cause of our seeing beauty in things that would not otherwise attract us. That we love things ugly, or even repulsive in themselves, from long familiarity, is true; but this does not mean more than that use has deadened repulsion, and that it has taught us to see redeeming moral qualities, which win our regard or affection for persons or objects not otherwise attractive. But we cannot make ugly things otherwise, nor can the longest familiarity make the old, *e.g.*, more beautiful than the young, or old persons, when we love them most, more attractive than the same persons when in the prime of life, granting that remains of beauty may still distinguish them. On the other hand, custom may teach us to see beauty that we did not see in an object or person at first. But the effect of familiarity in these cases is only to make us examine more closely and to learn to distinguish beauty (if there be beauty) which escaped us at first. But here we presuppose that beauty has existed all along, only unseen. This is no more than the position we have maintained before—that beauty does require study, and that things at first not valued *may* be real standards of excellence in this respect, while often that is taken for beauty which a more refined taste will teach us to disallow. But it *may* also happen that we admire the right object the very first time we see it. In this case, familiarity, far from deadening our sense, as in the case of ugliness, quickens it, and we come to see more and more of beauty in beautiful objects the more we study them; but, as in the case of the palate, long experience teaches us to understand laws that have been generally established, though we have not understood them at first, and to lay aside and dislike what seems good at first, but palls on repetition. So it is with the taste for beauty. We may get rid of repulsions, and may acquire insight into sources of attraction, but familiarity cannot confer beauty, nor does it do more than reconcile us to, or perhaps lead us to give preference to, ugly objects on moral grounds. No love of a costermonger for his donkey would make its beauty equal that of Breadalbane, nor would a man equally fond of both from companionship be at a loss to decide which was the most beautiful.

4. The most specious error on the subject, however, is that of supposing “association” to cause beauty; the association of stirring memories or exciting and pleasing thoughts with the objects that attract us. And there is the famous quotation from Alison: “There are scenes undoubtedly more beautiful than Runnymede; yet to those who recollect the great event that passed there, there is no scene,

perhaps, which so strongly seizes on the imagination." "Of which sentence," says Ruskin, "the only logical conclusion is, that imagination is *not* the source of beauty; for although no scene seizes so forcibly on the imagination, yet there are scenes 'more beautiful than Runnymede.'"

Imagination of this kind may add interest to beauty; but the two are not identical, nor are they cause and effect. The forests, rivers, mountains of the New World, or of countries wholly out of our historical knowledge, may, and often do, exhibit sights more magnificent than any connected with the history of Europe. Besides, to those unread in history, the beauty of beautiful scenes to which this association may add interest may still be just as attractive for its actual beauty, the other attraction being an element wholly superadded.

That association gives intense interest to what we love already; that special memories or unconscious predilections from some forgotten cause do really attract us to some things, and cause us to treat others with comparative disregard, is most true.

In this way it will affect our individual judgment of beauty, and attach us to one kind in preference to another, and that when we do our very best to judge all kinds fairly. Such bias or attraction, however, is not, on the whole, more than a bias, from which no one can expect to be absolutely free, and which need not in the main affect our judgment.

Beauty, then, is independent of all these connections and moral considerations. They may be asserted or not of beautiful objects; but beauty itself is a certain attractiveness—"a sweet aspect," "a smile that we aspire to"—spread out on the natural world, and clothing it with a charm indescribable. It is the expression of some hidden type, or rather of endless types, of some hidden original, added to the creation by an overflowing Goodness, above and beyond all actual necessities of its living inhabitants. Man is the crowning of the natural creation, and he is the image of his Creator. But all that creation was made with this masterpiece in view and for his sake, since he alone can read it; and to him it is made to manifest, by its outward appearance, the desirableness, that can be conceived only through types and images, of its Author. It is this mysterious correspondence of beauty to some inborn sense in man that gives beauty its power. The sense or desire would not have been implanted without some object to correspond to it; and immensely as a consciousness of this correspondence and continued meditation on this truth will increase our perception of beauty, yet as the disposition is inherent more or less in men, so, one way or

another, more or less, beauty has a natural attraction, even when men are found to reject the notion of its having an Eternal Source. How much more when it is referred to the perfection of its Author, who must be perfect, as in every other way, so to sight, and could not create what was created to be good and to testify of Himself, and to draw men towards Himself, without imparting to it the seal of His desirableness; that is, a certain visible perfection which the eye and the reason might recognise at once!

All that has ever been said of beauty which stops short of this may be true as describing the relation in which we stand towards it, or may be notions regarding it, or moral considerations connected with our habits of observation. But beauty can only be matter of judgment in the belief that there is a standard and source of beauty, and that the beauty of visible things has in it some reflection of this perfect Source.

And with these remarks we take leave, for the present, of the subject.

J. H. P.

St. Catharine at Florence.

(*Sketches from the History of Christendom.* No. IV.)

THE history of every race, every institution, every community, and even every family, has facts, phenomena, and characteristics of its own, which are the necessary results of the operation of certain elements or influences that belong to the subject of the history, or bear upon it with a peculiar force. It is the province of the philosophical historian to seize upon these characteristic features in each case, and to give them their due prominence; and an intimate acquaintance with them and a due estimate of them is essentially necessary to any one who undertakes the work of such an historian. To be deficient in this point is enough to ruin the attempt. Thus, we might have a rationalistic writer on Church-history free from every prejudice, and endowed with literary powers of the highest kind—candid, impartial, industrious, judicious, full of generous sympathies, and large-minded and clear-sighted enough to take rank by the side of Thucydides or Tacitus—and yet he would fail even ludicrously as a Christian historian, because he did not recognise the ever-living supernatural agency by which the fortunes of the Church are ordinarily guided,—the force of prayer, the power of sanctity, the softening and restraining influences of faith, charity, and conscience, even on men or masses of men but imperfectly masters of their own passions, and by no means unstained by vice.

It is our object in these papers to give prominence to some of what may be conceded to be the more characteristic features of Christian history, which may nevertheless be left in the shade by those to whom it is little more than the history of Greece or Rome. Thus, a philosophical historian might see in the return of the Holy See from its long sojourn at Avignon a stroke of profound policy, by which its emancipation from the straitening influences of nationalism was cheaply purchased, even at the cost of the great scandals which followed, and which a calculating politician might have foreseen. But to such a writer the manner in which the step was brought about would seem to be a riddle; for nothing is clearer than that it was consciously no stroke of policy at all. The wisest heads and the most powerful influences at the Pontifical court were united against it; it was the work of an irresistible impulse on the conscience of a gentle and peace-loving Pope, the subject of a secret vow, a design conceived under the personal influence of one saintly woman—of princely race indeed, and reverend age, and

large experience—but carried out under that of another in whom these last qualities were wanting; young, poor, the daughter of an artisan, yet who was able to succeed in her mission when success seemed hopeless, and to become the instrument of strengthening the successor of St. Peter in an emergency that might have taxed the courage of the great Apostle himself.

Catholic art has sometimes represented St. Catharine of Siena as taking a part in the triumphal procession with which Gregory XI. entered Rome, and so terminated the long exile of the Holy See at Avignon. These representations, although true in idea, are false as to the historical fact; for St. Catharine never entered Rome in the lifetime of Gregory. After having seen him embark from Genoa on his voyage towards the Holy City, she betook herself, with her company of disciples, to her own home at Siena, where she seems to have remained, with occasional excursions into the neighbouring country, for nearly a year. She then reappears in public, having been sent once more by the Pope to Florence, in the hope that her presence there might strengthen the hands of the better party in the republic, and bring it round again to peace with the Church. In the interval she resumed her usual occupations, exerting herself in every possible way for the good of souls. Her letters at this time show great anxiety for the peace, which had not yet been obtained in Italy; for the crusade, which was always in her heart; and, perhaps more than all, for the most difficult, yet most necessary of the objects that were so dear to her—the reform of the clergy, and especially of the prelacy. It would be a thankless task to inquire into the many causes which had fostered worldliness among churchmen at that time, and so prepared all the elements for the great scandal that was so soon to follow in the “schism” of the West. The best interests of the Church had, in reality, more deadly enemies than Barnabo Visconti or the “Eight Saints” at Florence, in men who wore the robes of priests and even the mitre of bishops.

There is every reason to suppose that the corruption was not widely spread; but it had infected many in high station and authority, and even a few bad and ambitious prelates can at any time do incalculable mischief. The illuminated eye of Catharine had become familiar with the evil that was thus gnawing at the very heart of the Church, manifesting its presence already by the pride, ambition, and luxury of ecclesiastics, and ready, when the moment came to give it full play, to break out into excesses still more deplorable than these. She saw passion and vice enough to produce the worst of the evils by which the providence of God permits the Church to be afflicted, if only the provocation came that would fan into full blaze

the fire that was already kindled. The B. Raymond tells us that, so far back as the beginning of the troubles in the Pontifical States, when the news came of the revolt of Perugia, he went to her in the deepest affliction to tell her what had happened. She grieved with him over the loss of souls and the scandal given in the Church; but, seeing him almost overwhelmed with sorrow, she bade him not begin his mourning so soon. "You have far too much to weep for: what you see now is as milk and honey to that which is to follow."

"How can any evil be greater than this," he replied, "when we see Christians cast away all devotion and respect to Holy Church, show no fear of her censures, and by their actions publicly deny their validity? Nothing remains for them now to do but to renounce entirely the faith of Christ."

"Father," said Catharine, "all this the laity do: soon you will see how much worse that is which the clergy will do."

Then she told him that there would be rebellion among them also, when the Pope began to reform their bad manners, and that the consequence would be a widespread scandal in the Church; "not exactly a heresy, but which would divide it and afflict it much in the same way as if it were." This prophecy was made about two years before the time of which we are now speaking. It is no wonder that, with this clear view of the existing elements of evil before her, Catharine should have urged upon Gregory XI. the apparently impossible project of a reform of the clergy. It was apparently impossible, partly from the circumstances of the time, partly from the character of the Pontiff himself. The troubles of Italy still continued: all attempts at pacification failed, and the fortune of the war was by no means favourable to the cause of the Church. Moreover, at Rome, the *banderesi*, or bannerets, who had for some time had possession of the chief power in the city, had laid, indeed, their rods of office at the feet of Gregory at his entrance, but they still exercised their authority without regard to his orders or his wishes, and he found himself, therefore, not even master in his own capital. This was not a time to undertake that most difficult of all tasks, which was yet imperatively required for the welfare of the Church. Nor was Gregory, with his feeble health, with the hand of death already upon him, and with his gentle and patient disposition, fitted rather for suffering than for action, the natural instrument for a work that called for sternness and severity. Nevertheless, Catharine urged it upon him with a firmness that shows at once the influence she had acquired, and her burning sense of the necessity of the measure. In one of the three letters to him that belong to this time, she tells him that the Supreme Truth demands this of him:

that he should punish the multitude of iniquities committed by those who feed themselves in the garden of the Holy Church : " Beasts ought not to feed themselves on the food of men. Since this authority has been given to you, and you have accepted it, you ought to use your power : if you will not use it, it were better to renounce it, for the honour of God and the salvation of souls." She insists also upon the necessity of granting peace to the revolted cities on any terms that were consistent with the honour of God and the rights of the Church. " If I were in your place, I should fear that the judgment of God might fall on me ; and therefore I pray you most tenderly, on the part of Jesus Christ crucified, that you obey the will of God—though I know that you have no other desire than to do His will ; so that that hard rebuke may never be made to you, ' Woe to thee, for that thou hast not used the time and the power that were committed to thee ' " (Lett. xiii.). These were strong words. Catharine sent Father Raymond about the same time to Rome with a number of practical proposals for the good of the Church. It appears from a letter to Raymond himself that Gregory XI. was displeased with her, either for her great liberty of speech, or, as is more probable, for the ill-success that seemed to have followed the step that he had taken at her advice. Nothing can be more beautiful or more touching than her humble apology for herself,—she is ready to believe that all the calamities of the Church were occasioned by her own sins.

Gregory had in fact continually occupied himself with endeavours for peace with Florence and the other confederated cities ; but there had been the usual insincerity on the other side, and besides, the barbarities committed by the Breton troops at Cesena had produced their natural effect of alienating still more his revolted subjects. Negotiations had been recommenced even before the departure of the Pope from Avignon, at least so far that the Florentines had been desired to send ambassadors to meet him at Rome. He did not arrive there by the time appointed, and wrote again from Corneto to fix a later time. The negotiation failed, as we have said, not from any lack of a desire for peace on the part of Gregory, but on account of the bad faith of the rulers of Florence, who really wished the war to continue. Their cause seemed to gain strength with time ; for Visconti now took their side, regardless of the treaty that had been made with him, and the English company under Sir John Hawkwood entered their service. A gleam of hope came when one of the revolted leaders, the Lord of Viterbo, made his peace with the Church. Gregory immediately despatched two envoys to Florence ; but their efforts were in vain ; and in the autumn of 1377 the Eighth, who still held the supreme power, ventured on a step which gave

still greater scandal than any of their former excesses, and seemed to widen still further the breach between the Republic and the Holy See.

Florence had now been for nearly a year and a half under an interdict. The churches were closed—the sacred offices could not be performed, nor the sacraments administered, except in private. This weighed heavily on the mass of the population. There were probably but few, beside the Eight and their immediate followers, who regarded it with indifference. The Italian character is in many respects unintelligible to those who have not studied it in Italy itself. We can hardly understand how nine-tenths of the population of a city or a duchy can submit quietly to be governed by a handful of usurpers, who proclaim themselves the representatives of the people—the great majority of whom have abstained from the nominal voting that has conferred that character upon them—and let things take their course under the tyranny of their new masters, though that course lead to financial ruin, burthensome taxation, and the spoliation of the best institutions of the country, as well as to open persecution of religion and deliberate attacks on morality. An Anglo-Saxon population would either have brought public opinion and general feeling to bear irresistibly upon the magistrates, or would have taken the matter into its own hands, and sent the “Eight Saints” floating down the Arno if they had not conformed their policy to the all but universal desire for peace. But the Florentines waited and suffered, showing their attachment to the Church and to the services from which they were debarred in many touching ways, some of which have been specially recorded by the historians of the time. It was forbidden, for instance, that the divine office—at which, at that time, it was the custom of the laity to assist—should be sung publicly in the churches; but pious persons could not be forbidden from practising such devotions as might occur to them in place of the regular services; and we find that in consequence they organised themselves into confraternities, and went about in processions singing hymns in praise of God. Many of these seem to have been composed by followers or disciples of St. Catharine. There was a movement of popular devotion to make up for the solemn ecclesiastical worship which was suspended. No doubt it was a symptom of an irrepressible feeling in the public mind which frightened the “Eight Saints.” At length the feast-day of S. Reparata approached—Oct. 8th. She was the titular saint of the cathedral,* and her feast was usually celebrated

* The Duomo of Florence, as is signified by its name—S. Maria del Fiore—is dedicated in honour of our Blessed Lady; but it was originally called after S. Reparata, an early martyr in Palestine, in gratitude for the

with splendour and popular devotion. Were the people to be shut out of the church again on the day of their patron saint? The Eight had, as we have seen, just concluded their league with the lord of Milan, and strengthened their arms by the accession of Hawkwood, and their envoys had returned from Rome without terms of peace. They determined to brave the Pope still further, and to plunge the city into still more flagrant rebellion against his authority, by ordering the violation of the interdict. They would indulge the religious wishes of the people, making them, at the same time, partners in a gross insult to religion. They would force the clergy themselves to the alternative of taking part against the Church, or of suffering civil penalties and persecution if they refused to do so.

St. Catharine, in one of her letters about this time, blames certain members of the clergy, and some of the mendicant friars, as having either counselled this outrage, or as having been induced by worldly motives to justify and defend it in the pulpit. In a numerous clergy, connected by countless ties with every party and every class, it is far more surprising that so few should ordinarily be found to help on tyranny and persecution such as that of the Eight, than that some should be weak enough to yield to its threats or its bribes. But the scandal was very great, and it would seem that the great body of the clergy, notwithstanding heavy fines levied on those who did not obey the order of the Government, stood firm. The Bishop—a Ricasoli—had already left the city rather than expose himself to the danger of coercion. But there was the greatest danger for the better party both among the people and among the ecclesiastics; and the state of things called for the most vigorous exertions on the part of the Pope to provide a remedy before matters grew still worse. It may seem very strange to the ideas of our century to say that the remedy adopted by Gregory was the most fitting that could have been found, and the same of which the Florentines had bethought themselves when they had wished to make their own peace at Avignon. It had failed indeed, then, on account of their bad faith; but it had produced another great result for which Providence had destined it. The odious Government that had plunged the Florentine republic into so many excesses was to be overthrown by the better and sounder part among the citizens themselves, who still might have been too timid to exert themselves on the side of peace and order if

deliverance of the city from a horde of Huns that besieged it in the fifth century; which deliverance took place on the day of the Saint—Oct. 8th. The feast was kept as one of the first class, with an octave. The epithet “del Fiore,” added to our Lady’s name in the present title, signifies Florence itself, the emblem of the city being a lily.

they had not had a Saint among them to encourage and direct them. We should all think ourselves foolish if we were to deny that such results are the natural and lawful consequences of the exertion of personal influence: it is only that we cannot bring ourselves to conceive that the personal influence of great and recognised sanctity may be more powerful than any other.

Father Raymond, the friend and biographer of St. Catharine, tells us that he was then in Rome, governing the great Convent of the Minerva. He had had some conversation, before leaving Siena, with Niccolo Soderini, a noble Florentine, who had told him that the great majority of the citizens wished for peace with the Holy See, and that it might easily be brought about if some of the present magistrates were deprived of their offices. He even pointed out the way in which it might be done. One morning the Pope sent for Father Raymond, and told him he had received letters suggesting that peace might be made if Catharine were sent to Florence to use her influence there; and he bade him, accordingly, prepare a paper stating with what powers it would be expedient to invest her. The bulls were at once drawn up, and Catharine received orders to go to Florence as legate of the Holy See. She was joyfully received, and at once set to work to confer with the most influential persons in the State. The first fruit of her exhortations was, that the Interdict was again observed, and the first great scandal thus removed. The next step was a more difficult one. How were the obnoxious magistrates to be removed without a revolution? The friends of peace were obliged to have recourse to a curious institution, belonging to that long-established party organisation which had been the fruit of the division of the Italian cities, and of each city, more or less, within itself, into the hostile factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines. Florence had always been Guelph, and it appears that certain elected leaders of the dominant party had obtained a recognised right, in order to maintain the government of the city on their own side, to object to persons of the opposite party, and remove them from any post that they might chance to hold. A power like this was of course liable to great abuse: it has reappeared now and then in history in some of the worst times, and been the instrument of the greatest injustice and wrong. In Florence it seems to have been exercised with more moderation than in many modern instances; still it had sometimes been used unscrupulously, and made the means of satisfying private malice and personal revenge or ambition. It was therefore very unpopular, and seems to have been practically disused at the time of which we speak. Catharine, however, thought that it might now be put in use with advantage, to take the reins of government out of

the hands of the Eight, and break down their pernicious influence; and it is certain that a fairer use of such a power could never have been made. The plan seems to have been suggested by her friend Niccolo Soderini, whom we lately mentioned. It was urged on the Guelph officials by Catharine; and one of the Eight was accordingly "admonished," as the phrase was, that he was not to occupy himself with public affairs for the future. He was a man of much influence, but he does not seem to have resisted the admonition.

Unfortunately, the leaders of the Guelph party were willing to make peace with the Holy See, but their dominant idea was to restore themselves to power and ruin their enemies. They began to "admonish" on all sides, and to use the name and authority of Catharine as vouchers for the purity of their motives and the wisdom of their policy. It is said that in the space of eight months they either removed as many as ninety citizens from posts of authority, or prevented them from acquiring them. It may easily be imagined that this could not be done without exciting furious passions; a storm soon began to gather, which did not wait long to burst. Catharine protested and entreated, and, to some extent, checked the evil. She had already prevailed on the Government to entertain seriously the project of peace. It was agreed that a congress should assemble at Sarzano for the settlement of the troubles that agitated Italy. The Pope sent a Cardinal and the Bishop of Narbonne as his representatives; France, Naples, Florence, Genoa, and Venice, were to send others; and Barnabo Visconti was to be present in person to arbitrate between the Pope and Florence. A strange position for that inveterate plotter against the Church; but one which shows, at all events, that Gregory XI. was willing to do a great deal for the sake of peace. Every thing seemed to promise well; but while the congress was deliberating, Gregory died, and nothing could therefore be concluded. His death took place in March 1378. Catharine was still at Florence, and seems to have had good hopes of bringing matters to a favourable issue, notwithstanding the failure of the congress. The new "gonfaloniere" seems to have been elected on the first of May. He bore a name afterwards destined to become connected with the later splendours of his country—Salvestro dei Medici—and he was a man of firmness and standing sufficient to enable him to defy and check the extravagances of the Guelph officials. It was agreed between them that there should be no more "admonitions," except in the case of persons really tainted with Ghibelline principles; and that in no case should the "admonition" be valid after the third time. He was, moreover, bent on carrying out the peace with the Pope, and, as it seems at the entreaty of St. Catharine, sent fresh

ambassadors to Urban VI, who had now succeeded Gregory on the Pontifical throne.

These fair prospects were soon clouded over by the mischievous obstinacy of the Guelph party. The time came on, very soon after the instalment of the new gonfaloniere, for the selection of new "chiefs," into whose hands would pass the obnoxious power of "admonishing." The new men did not consider themselves bound by the promises made by their predecessors; they were not friends of Catharine, as some of the others had been, and they began to use their power in the former reckless manner. They especially threw down the gauntlet to Salvestro and to the other magistrates, by their exclusion of two men of distinction, which showed their determination to carry things to extremities. Here, again, we meet with the historic name of Ricasoli. One of that family was among the captains of the Guelphs, and is said to have forced this exclusion on his less willing colleagues. The strain became at length too great, and Salvestro himself sanctioned a popular outbreak against the Guelph officials; a movement over which he soon lost all control, and which led in a few months to a still more terrible outbreak, known as the affair of the Ciompi. The fury of the people, led by the Ammoniti—those who had been excluded from office by the exercise of the power lately mentioned—and unchecked by any attempt on the part of the legitimate authorities to restrain it, was irresistible. Many lives were sacrificed; the leaders of the Guelphs saved themselves by flight, leaving their houses to be sacked and burnt. Niccolo Soderini, and other friends of Catharine, were among the fugitives, though they had not taken part in the excesses that provoked the rising. As the tumult gathered strength, and the people became blinder in their fury, ominous voices were heard calling for the death of Catharine herself. Her name had been freely used by the Guelph officials, though she had protested publicly against their violent acts, and had entreated them repeatedly to be guided by justice and prudence. The scene that followed, a kind of turning-point in her life, shall be told in the words of her simple biographer. When the rumour of the intended attack on Catharine spread, "the people of the house in which she dwelt with her companions bade them depart, for they did not wish to have the house burnt down on their account. She meanwhile, conscious of her own innocence, and willingly suffering any thing for the cause of the Holy Church, did not lose a jot of her wonted constancy, but smiling and encouraging her followers to emulate her Spouse, she went out to a certain place where there was a garden, and first gave them a short exhortation, and then set herself to pray. At last, while she was thus praying

in the garden, after the example of Christ, those satellites of the devil came to the place, a tumultuous mob armed with swords and staves, crying out, 'Where is this cursed woman? Where is she?' Catharine, when she heard this, as if she had been called to a delightful banquet, made herself ready at once for the martyrdom which for a long time she had desired, and placing herself in the way of one who had his sword drawn, and was crying louder than the rest, 'Where is Catharine?' she cast herself with a joyous countenance on her knees, and said, 'I am Catharine; do therefore with me all that which our Lord permits you to do; but I command you, on the part of Almighty God, not to hurt any of my companions.' When she said these words, the wretch was so terrified and deprived of all strength, that he did not dare either to strike her or to remain in her presence. Though he had so boldly and eagerly sought for her, when he found her he drove her away, saying, 'Depart from me.' But Catharine, wishing for martyrdom, answered, 'I am well here, and where should I go? I am ready to suffer for Christ and for His Church, because this it is that I have long desired and sought with all my prayers. Ought I to fly now that I have found what I have longed for? I offer myself a living victim to my dearest Spouse. If thou art destined to be my sacrificer, do at once whatever thou wilt, for I will never fly from this spot; only do no harm to any of mine.' What more? God did not permit the man to carry his cruelty any further against her, but he went away in confusion with all his companions." And then Fr. Raymond goes on to tell us how, when all her spiritual children gathered round her full of joy at her escape, she alone was overwhelmed with sorrow, and lamented that she had lost through her sins the crown of martyrdom.

She was reserved for further labours, and for a martyrdom of another kind in the same cause; and she had soon the consolation of seeing that her mission to Florence had not been fruitless. The death of Gregory XI. dispersed the congress of Sarzona; but the Florentines remained, amid all their intestine troubles, firm in their resolution to make peace with the Holy See. Before the outbreak of which we have just spoken, they had arranged terms with Catharine, and ambassadors had been chosen to go to Rome to treat with the new Pope. Catharine, who had known Urban VI. when she was at Avignon, now wrote to him earnestly entreating him to accept the terms; she was afraid lest the scenes of violence and bloodshed that had lately taken place might make him less inclined to peace. Her entreaties were successful. The terms of peace were honourable to the Holy See. Every thing was to return to the state

in which it had been before the war; the Florentines were to pay 150,000 florins—a very moderate indemnity for the mischief they had caused in the Papal States; and two legates were to be sent to absolve the city from the censures it had incurred. Catharine, full of joy, returned to Siena. She had refused to leave the Florentine territory after the outbreak in which her life was threatened, saying that she was there by order of the Pope; but she had withdrawn for a while to the monastery of Vallombrosa.

The peace with Florence was of immense importance to the Church at that moment. The great storm which Catharine had predicted was already gathering; she herself was to be called on for still greater exertions in the cause of the Papacy, and within a year and a half to be in a true sense the victim of the struggle. After leaving Florence, she spent a few months in repose at Siena, during which she dictated to her disciples her only formal work, known by the name of the *Dialogue*. It has always been a great treasure of spiritual doctrine, though never so widely popular as the collection of her marvellous Letters. It is in the course of these few months that an author as fitted as any other to decide the question of time places a remarkable anecdote of the Saint, to which we have already alluded, and which shall form the subject of the conclusion of this paper.*

As is so frequently the case in times of political instability, the various governments, that so rapidly succeeded one another in the rule of the small Italian republics, seem to have been in the habit of attempting to secure themselves in power by measures of the most extravagant severity against any one who might seem to be disaffected to them. We have already seen the issue of the odious powers of “admonishing” possessed by the Guelph party in Florence; and at the very time of which we are speaking that republic was suffering under a fresh tyranny of the lowest orders of her populace, who proscribed and excluded from all civil authority any one more worthy of power than themselves. In Siena also the democratic party, so to call it, held sway; the chief power was in the hands of

* M. Cartier, who has paid great attention to the chronology of the life of St. Catharine, is our authority for placing the execution of Niccolo Tuldo at this time. As our acquaintance with the facts comes entirely from one of St. Catharine's own letters, which, like the rest, is without date, and which contains no internal notes by which to fix its time, it must be more or less a matter of conjecture. Fr. Capecelatro puts it much earlier—indeed, as it would seem, at a date when the letter, which is addressed to Fr. Raymond, who did not become her confessor till 1773, could not have been written. M. Cartier quotes the Venice copy of the Process of Canonisation to support the date he assigns, in having access to which he has been more fortunate than the Bollandists themselves.

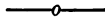
a set of magistrates called "Riformatori," who governed by fear, and by the exercise of the most jealous watchfulness over the rest of the citizens, particularly the nobles. We are told by the historians of Siena that it was made a capital crime to strike, however lightly, one of these officials, and that a certain citizen was severely punished because he had given a banquet to which none of them had been invited. In such a state of things, the anecdote of St. Catharine of which we are speaking finds a very natural place. A stranger in the town, a young noble of Perugia, by name Niccolo Tuldo, had allowed himself to speak disrespectfully and slightly of the Government. His words were carried to the magistrates; he was seized, tried, and condemned to death. We do not know what sort of life he had led before; but he was young, careless, and had never, at all events, been to Communion in his life. He was not a subject of Siena, yet he found himself of a sudden doomed to be legally murdered for a few light words. No wonder that his spirit revolted against the injustice, and that he was tempted to spend his last few hours of life in a fury of indignation and despair. Here was a case for Catharine—a soul to be won to penance, peace, and resignation, with the burning sense of flagrant injustice fresh upon it, from which it could not hope to escape. Word was brought to her, and she hastened to the prison. No one had been able to induce the poor youth to think of preparing for death; he turned away at once either from comfort or from exhortation.

Catharine went to the prison, and he soon fell under the spell of that heavenly fascination which is rarely imparted save to souls of the highest sanctity. She won him to peace, and forgiveness of the injury he had received. She led him to make his confession with care and contrition, and to resign his will entirely into the hands of God. He made her promise that she would be with him at the place of execution, or, as it is still called in Italy, the place of justice. In the morning she went to him early, led him to Mass and Communion, which he had never before received, and found him afterwards in a state of perfect resignation, only with some fear left lest his courage might fail him at the last moment. He turned to her as his support, bowed his head on her breast, and implored her not to leave him, and then all would be well. She bade him be of good courage, he would soon be admitted to the marriage-feast in heaven, the blood of his Redeemer would wash him, and the name of Jesus, which he was to keep always in his heart, would strengthen him—she herself would await him at the place of justice. All his fears and sadness gave place to a transport of joy; he said he should now go with courage and delight, looking forward to meeting her at that

holy place. "See," says she, in her letter to Fr. Raymond, "how great a light had been given to him, that he spoke of the place of justice as a holy spot!" She went there before the time, and set herself to pray for him; in her ardour, she laid her head on the block, and begged our Lady earnestly to obtain for him a great peace and light of conscience, and for her the grace to see him gain the happy end for which God had made him. Then she had an assurance that her prayer was granted, and so great a joy spread over her soul that she could take no notice of the crowd of people gathering round to witness the execution. The young Perugian came at last, gentle as a lamb, welcoming the sight of her with smiles, and begging her to bless him. She made the sign of the cross over him. "Sweet brother, go to the heavenly nuptials; soon wilt thou be in the life that never ends!" He laid himself down, and she prepared his neck for the stake, leaning down last of all, and reminding him of the precious blood of the Lamb that had been shed for him. He murmured her name, and called on Jesus. The blow was given, and his head fell into her hands.

Catharine tells her confessor, in the letter from which our account is drawn, that she had the greatest reward granted to her that charity such as hers could receive. At the moment of execution, she raised her heart to Heaven in one intense act of prayer; and then she became conscious that she was allowed to see how the soul that had just fled was received in the other world. The Incarnate Son, who had died to save it, took it into the arms of His love, and placed it in the wound of His side. "It was shown to me," she says, "by the Very Truth of Truths, that out of mercy and grace alone He so received it, and for nothing else." She saw it blessed by each Person of the Divine Trinity. The Son of God, moreover, gave it a share of that crucified love with which He had borne His own painful and shameful death, out of obedience to His Father, for the salvation of mankind. And then, that all might be complete, the blessed soul itself seemed to turn and look upon her. "It made a gesture," she says, "sweet enough to win a thousand hearts: what wonder? for it already tasted the Divine sweetness. It turned as the bride turns when she has come to the door of the house of her bridegroom; looks round on the friends that have accompanied her to her new home, and bows her head to them, as a sign that she thanks them for their kindness."

Sonnet.



UNSPIRITUAL CIVILISATION.

WE have been piping, Lord ; we have been singing ;
 Five hundred years have passed o'er lawn and lea,
 Marked by the blowing bud and falling tree,
 While all the ways with melody were ringing :
 In tented lists, high-stationed and flower-flinging,
 Beauty looked down on conquering chivalry ;
 Science made wise the nations ; Laws made free ;
 Art, like an angel ever onward winging,
 Brightened the world. But, O great Lord and Father !
 Have these, Thy bounties, drawn to Thee man's race,
 That stood so far aloof ? Have they not rather
 His soul subjected ? with a blind embrace
 Gulfed it in sense ? Prime blessings changed to curse
 'Twixt God and man can set God's universe.

AUBREY DE VERE.

The Daughters of the Duc d'Ang.

THE stirring events, political and military, which followed on the outbreak of the great French Revolution, giving a shock to every institution, secular and religious, and leaving their mark on the history of every civilised country, affected also, to an unexampled degree, the fortunes of families and individuals throughout Europe. The troubles that overwhelmed the thrones of kings, and seemed to threaten the Church herself with destruction, penetrated even to the very lowest classes of society. The great were ruined as well as their princes; the wealthy and noble were proscribed and exiled; new families arose as well as new dynasties; and if the cottage was spared persecution, it did not escape the conscription, while in many cases its inmates died on the guillotine by the side of the tenants of the neighbouring palace. By this great and universal convulsion hearts and characters were tried to the utmost; and if many in every class sank under the ordeal which called for courage, patience, and prudence, and other virtues in the heroic degree, it is no less true that many others, who seemed to have been born for a life of quiet and ordinary duty, for unbroken and uneventful happiness, displayed unexpected strength of character, great qualities of heart and mind, and revealed graces of the highest order under the blows of affliction. We are in some respects fortunate in living just at the distance we do from a period like this; for it has not yet passed into the region of pure history, in which we can feel no practical concern; and yet time enough has elapsed since its close for us to reap a part at least of the rich inheritance that it has left behind it of memoirs and correspondence relating to those who played an actual part in its scenes. It was crowded with lives that deserve to be written, full of interest and instruction.

Let us confine ourselves to France alone. That country produced a number of most remarkable men, brought to the surface, as it were, by the breaking up of the great fountains of her national life, who, for bad or for good, played the chief part in the political changes which so powerfully affect Europe to the present day, or, as the soldiers of a new era of military glory, bore her flag in triumph into every capital on the Continent. These men figured

in events which write themselves sooner than any other on the pages of history; and every one, therefore, has heard of the names and exploits of the Emperor and his marshals. More noble and heroic, more beneficial, and more truly glorious to their country, were the lives of hundreds—men and women—who took a part in the great outburst of fresh religious activity which followed upon the restoration of freedom to Catholicism, of whose piety, charity, and devotion the present Church of France is the fruit and the monument. A great deal remains to be done as to the biography and history of this great religious restoration, in many respects already equalling, in others even outshining, the earlier glories of the French Church, for a moment submerged by the Revolution. Lastly, there is another department also in which literary labour will be well repaid,—the history of the sufferers in the Revolution, whether ecclesiastics or secular, whether they perished on the guillotine, were transported to Cayenne, or claimed as emigrants the hospitality of England and other European countries.

Many of these emigrants were persons who had never known what it was to have a whim ungratified; who had lived all their lives amidst the frivolous dissipation of the highest society in Paris, infected as it was with the withering influences of Voltairianism; and who had shared in the illusive enthusiasm with which the earlier steps of the Revolution had been welcomed. Exile, poverty, forced inaction, obscurity, and the utter want of all that had before been the occupation of their lives—came upon them as a far more severe, because more wearing and protracted, trial than if they had had to bear the short agony of the massacres or the revolutionary tribunal. Yet, under an ordeal such as this, great and wonderful virtues often unfolded themselves, which bore witness to the sound religious training that so many of them had received, of which their patience and courage were the natural fruits. In this way their history furnishes us with many characters of wonderful interest; and the effect of it is not only to enlist our sympathies for individuals, but to give us also a higher idea of the upper classes in France than is generally derived from the annals of that dreadful period.

I have been led to these remarks by reading a little volume lately published in Paris, under the title *Anne Paule Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu*. There may, perhaps, be many more such memoirs; this, at all events, though written without pretension or ambition, certainly gives the history of a very beautiful character, drawn out by continual misfortune, and it contains incident enough to furnish the plots of three or four romances. Although it deals chiefly with the history of Madame de Montagu,

it gives us incidentally the outline both of the lives and characters of her sisters. There are also, of course, other subordinate figures in the picture; and the author has shown great skill in giving us a very graphic account of each in a few words or lines. I shall proceed, without further prologue or apology, to use the materials furnished by this volume for a short sketch of Madame de Montagu and her sisters.

These ladies were the daughters of the Duc and Duchesse d'Ayen. The duke was the eldest son of the last Maréchal de Noailles; his wife was the daughter of M. d'Aguesseau, son of the chancellor of that name. They had five daughters, called, as the custom was, Mdlle. de Noailles, Mdlle. d'Ayen, Mdlle. d'Epéron, Mdlle. de Maintenon, and Mdlle. de Monclar. The eldest married her cousin, the Viscomte de Noailles; the second became Madame de la Fayette, wife of the celebrated Marquis; Mdlle. d'Epéron was twice married, but died young, and we shall have no occasion to mention her name again; Mdlle. de Maintenon is the principal subject of the volume we have before us, having married the Marquis de Montagu; Mdlle. de Monclar became Madame de Grammont. The sisters probably owed more to their mother than to any one else in the world, and were formed by her; a short notice of her is, therefore, the natural introduction to their history.

Many who have been acquainted with the effects of the influence of the French emigrants who came to England at the time of the Revolution have remarked that some of the most devout and religious among them must have had a certain tinge of strictness and rigour about them which betrayed the distant influence of Jansenism, even over those who were in no sort of way its disciples. This may be seen even in some of their ascetical works. The Duchesse d'Ayen seems either to have been brought up in this school, or to have taken up its teaching from something in her own character congenial to it. As was natural in a granddaughter of D'Aguesseau, she loved order and prudence with hereditary instinct, and was, moreover, acquainted with suffering; her piety was most genuine, and as wife and mother none could surpass her. The Duc was a man of the world, a thorough gentleman, with all the dilettante learning that befitted his high station. He had passed through several brilliant campaigns, was a member of the Academy of Sciences, and shone even in Paris in the art of conversation. His time was mostly spent at court, or in gay circles away from home; but when he did return the most delicate attentions were lavished on his wife; and she, on her side, had taught their five children to greet his visits with love equal to their respect. And in truth, though their

father's quick temper inspired the girls with some natural fear, his many amiable qualities could not fail to call forth their deepest affection.

Madame d'Ayen they dearly loved. The free unbroken intercourse which is natural to English homes was not in accordance with the rules of those stately Parisian families, but the first act of the day was to go and salute their mother; next they were sure to meet her going to or returning from Mass, when they were taking their morning walk; afterwards they all dined together at three, and then came the pleasant hours spent in her bedroom, while she instructed and amused them by turns in gentle maternal converse. They had other instructors; but she really formed their minds.

A bright worldly future opened before these young girls, with their good birth, high connections, and splendid fortunes. Who would have dreamed of coming storms? But the pious mother did not wait for misfortune to teach them companionship with sorrow; they began when children to visit the suffering, and two poor people of the parish stood sponsors for Madlle. de Maintenon at the baptismal font. She was born in 1766, and the parish church was St. Roch; opposite stood the family hotel, with its spacious gardens reaching up to the Tuileries.

After their marriages the sisters became brilliant stars in Parisian society, and the tenderest union ever reigned between them. The eldest, Madame de Noailles, was admired by every one for her sweetness and grace, being commonly called either "that angel," or the "heavenly viscountess." Even the family confessor, the saintly Abbé Edgworth, writing of her after her death to Madame de Montagu, says, "The fate of that angelic soul, which I knew so intimately on earth, can inspire no uneasiness. For my part, I acknowledge in all simplicity that she seems now to return me tenfold all the good I formerly wished her. The mere remembrance of her strengthens me, and would keep me from loving earth, could it still offer any enjoyment."

The sisters vied with each other in love and veneration for their mother, and Madame de Noailles especially had the happiness of being scarcely ever separated from her. The young wife, however, espoused with ardour her husband's political opinions; and he was much more liberal in his views than the Duchesse d'Ayen. Like many other nobles of the time, both about court and in the provinces, M. de Noailles hailed with enthusiasm the first dawn of the Revolution, believing it would bring about a new era for France, a grand national reform. Madame d'Ayen, on the contrary, looked on events with some mistrust; her experience, her natural prudence and cau-

tious character, made her more anxious, more inclined to circumspection.

Even after the Bastille had been taken, and when so many families began to emigrate, M. de Noailles, like his brother-in-law M. de la Fayette, continued to hope. The events of 1792, however, induced him to seek refuge in England. The Duc d'Ayen had taken refuge in Switzerland; but when he heard of the attack on the Tuileries in June 1792, he flew to the aid of the king and the royal family, considering that though his post of captain of the royal guard had been abolished, the danger of Louis had created it anew. He was with that small band of devoted adherents who would have defended the king on the fatal 10th of August—the last day of the real monarchy—when Louis's heart failed him, and he took refuge in the Assembly. The Duc d'Ayen managed again to get away into Switzerland; the other members of his family, quitting their splendid hotel, hid themselves in a wretched dwelling of the nearest faubourg. Madame de Noailles was to have joined her husband in London, where they intended shortly to embark for America; but she lingered with her mother, first to assist her grandfather, the Maréchal de Noailles, in his dying moments, and next to console his aged widow, now well-nigh reduced to second childhood. The result was captivity and death for all time. Madame de Noailles's virtue shone forth with lustre throughout these trying hours, and it is as a meek victim of the Revolution that she especially deserves remembrance.

At first the three ladies were simply detained as "suspected," in their own hotel, during the winter of '93; but in April following they were transferred as prisoners to the Luxembourg. There they found in a room below them their relatives, the Maréchal de Mouchy and his wife, who had already suffered a detention of five months. Not far off was a cousin, the Duchesse d'Orléans, widow of Philippe Egalité, lately executed. These were sad recognitions, few or no prisoners being ever set at liberty, though many went through the mockery of a trial. Soon after Madame d'Ayen's arrival, M. and Madame de Mouchy were guillotined. From the first she and her daughter prepared for death. Both did all they could to alleviate the suffering around them. Madame d'Ayen gave up her bed to the Duchesse d'Orléans, who was very ill, and treated with even exceptional cruelty. Madame de Noailles shared her mother's attendance on this lady, and on several others. She made the beds for all their relatives, helped them to dress, and washed up the dishes: in short, waited upon the whole party as if she had been accustomed all her life to servile occupations. With true virtue, she even showed no repugnance at any thing, but preserved throughout her usual sweet

serenity of temper. Her consolation was to mount up twice a-week to an upper story, under pretence of breathing the fresh air, but in reality to obtain a view from the window of her children in the garden beneath. She had contrived to keep up some correspondence outside, and they came at the stated hour, under the care of their tutor. Occasionally she managed to receive notes from him, or to send him one. An extract from the last she wrote, and when she *felt* an eternal separation impending, shows the strength of her piety :

"God sustains me, and will, I am convinced, to the end. Farewell! Be assured that my gratitude towards you will accompany me above. But for you, what would have been my children's fate? Farewell, Alexis, Alfred, Euphemia! Bear God in your hearts every day of your lives; attach yourselves steadfastly to Him; pray for your father, and for his true happiness; remember your mother also, and that her sole desire has been for your eternal welfare. I hope to be re-united with you in the bosom of God, and in that hope give me my last blessing to you all."

These words show a soul which could not be ill prepared for death. When hastily summoned one day to leave the Luxembourg for the Conciergerie, a certain road to execution, both Madame de Noailles and her mother were quite ready. Madame d'Ayen had the *Imitation* open at that beautiful chapter on the Cross. Hastily writing on a scrap of paper—"Courage, my children, and pray"—she put it in as a mark, and begged the Duchesse d'Orléans, if her life were spared, to give it to them. This commission was faithfully executed, and the little book still exists, showing traces of Madame d'Ayen's last tears as she named her daughters.

The poor old *maréchale* scarcely knew what was going on, but followed mechanically. The Conciergerie was crowded, and afforded small accommodation for new-comers. Madame de Noailles thought it useless to sleep that night. When her mother pressed her to lie down a little, she said, "Why seek repose on the brink of eternity?" Early next morning all three were astir, and persuaded each other to break their fast, for no dinner had been provided on the previous evening. Madame de Noailles insisted on dressing both her mother and grandmother, whispering, "Have good courage, mama; there is only one hour more!"

But nearly the whole day passed in terrible expectation. Not till five in the afternoon came the open carts that were to carry forty condemned prisoners to the Barrière du Trône for execution. Long previous to detention, Madame de Noailles had secured, in case of danger, the services of a good priest—Père Carrichon, of the Oratory. News of their coming fate reached him, and, faithful to his promise,

despite the personal risk, he arrived at the prison-door in time. The first cart filled and passed out. It contained eight ladies, of whom the last was the old *maréchale*. In the second were Madame d'Ayen and her daughter; after whom six men took their places.

The account given by Père Carrichon of this closing scene is our last view of Madame of Noailles, and tallies with what has gone before. Serene and gentle, her thoughts appeared wrapt in God. Père Carrichon tried to make himself seen as the cart came out. Evidently Madame de Noailles was looking for some one; but her glance did not rest on him. Having made a great circuit, he posted himself in a conspicuous place at the opening of a bridge. Again Madame de Noailles anxiously scanned the crowd around, and again without discerning the face she sought. Père Carrichon was tempted to give up the effort in despair. Priestly charity prevailed, however, and he hastened forwards to the Rue St. Antoine. A violent storm had come on; thunder and lightning raged, the wind blew furiously. The poor victims were drenched; the ladies' hair streamed about their faces, and their hands, closely tied behind each, could give no relief. What with the jolting and wind, they could hardly keep their seats on those narrow planks. The savage curiosity of the populace yielded to the violence of the storm; the crowd dispersed; windows and doors closed. Père Carrichon ventured nearer the cart, amid the very escort of soldiers intent on guarding themselves from the storm. Suddenly Madame de Noailles's countenance lighted up with her own sweet smile; her eyes were thankfully raised to heaven, and then she leaned forward, whispering to her mother. She had seen him, Père Carrichon felt sure of it. A grateful smile stole over the duchess's face also.

Père Carrichon continued walking beside the cart; his heart raised in prayer; the mute confession was made, the silent absolution given. Solemn, touching scene!—those two heads, one so fair, reverentially bent down with looks of mingled contrition and hope; the priest fulfilling his errand of mercy; and the storm raging on.

At length the carts stopped. The executioner and his assistants came forward, one carelessly twirling a rose between his lips. The guillotine fell on the *maréchale*; afterwards on Madame d'Ayen; and Madame de Noailles suffered next. Up to the last moment both mother and daughter employed themselves in exhorting their companions to Christian repentance. The vicomtesse devoted herself especially to a young man whom she had overheard blaspheming. One foot was already on the bloody ladder, when, turning round a last time, she murmured, with imploring accents, "I conjure you, say—Forgive me!" Their own sweet countenances spoke only of

heaven. So beautiful were these deaths, that, despite the horrors of the scene, Père Carrichon could but raise his full heart in praise and thanksgiving to God. Thus lived and died the eldest of these five sisters.

The second, Madame de la Fayette, is a beautiful character; so enthusiastic in spirit, so warm and generous in heart. Endowed with good natural powers, her mind had been highly cultivated; she could reason well, and possessed a ripe judgment. Prompt and decided on great occasions, she was then energetic enough in carrying out her resolutions; but, by a strange contradiction of nature, doubts often assailed her in little matters, and she would hang back, uncertain what course to pursue. Ardent in her piety, she was yet tormented with scruples; and unfortunately Madame d'Ayen had so far condescended to these as to allow her daughter not to make her first Communion till after marriage. Naturally enough, at that late period the great act was accomplished with much mental suffering. Madame de Montagu said with truth that this beloved sister was not sufficiently interior, and thirsted too eagerly after the consolations of human affections; but for sincerity, faith, zeal, and submission to the divine will, Madame de la Fayette was most admirable. Her greatest quality was self-sacrifice, unshrinking devotion to those she loved—the virtue of a wife and a mother. M. de la Fayette attests that he owed to her unalloyed happiness during a wedded union of thirty-four years. “Gentle, tender, virtuous, and high-souled, this incomparable woman has been the charm and pride of my existence.”

She too was imprisoned, but was afterwards released. Her first thought was to join her husband, a captive at Olmutz. Other duties detained her for a while; but the ultimate object was kept steadily, though silently, in view. Madame de la Fayette sent her young son out of France across the Atlantic, confiding him to Washington's protection; then she hastened to look after her daughters in Auvergne, and settle money accounts there. Happily, she was able to buy back Chavaniac, the property of an old aunt who had brought up her husband. Business concluded, she sought for Madame de Grammont; the two sisters had not met since the tragic death of their relatives. Madame de Noailles's orphan children were living with their aunt. Tearing herself from them, Madame de la Fayette—who could only obtain a passport for America—then went round by sea to Altona, in Denmark, where her other sister, Madame de Montagu, and many French exiles had fixed their residence for a while. This also was a meeting in which bitter pain was mingled with joy. “Did you see them?” were the only words Madame de Montagu could sob forth, after a long mute caress. “Alas! I had

not that happiness," replied Madame de la Fayette, whose filial heart was choking with the same remembrances.

Proper measures having been taken for obtaining an audience of the Emperor, Madame de la Fayette announced her intention of proceeding to Vienna forthwith, that she might solicit permission to share her husband's captivity. The simple words in which she mentioned her generous purpose thrilled through the little circle; vain attempts were made to dissuade her from it; she gently, but firmly, persisted. Her sister could best understand the feelings that guided her, and that she did so was expressed by silent repeated pressures of her hand.

Madame de la Fayette—accompanied by her two girls, aged thirteen and fifteen—reached Vienna under an assumed name. The emperor granted her request, and she hastened joyfully to Olmutz. Such was her enthusiasm at sight of the gloomy fortress in which her husband was confined, that she began repeating Tobias's beautiful canticle (c. xiii.), and entered with it on her lips.

It was the 15th of October 1795. M. de la Fayette had already been a close prisoner for three years; during the last eighteen months especially he had received no tidings of what was going on in the world without. A vague rumour of excesses committed in France had indeed reached his unbroken solitude, but not the name of one victim; he knew nothing of the fate of his wife and children. Now, without one word of preparation, the door of his cell was unlocked; figures darkened the threshold. Could it be? His heroic wife and their two children! Yes; they had come to share the hardships of his prison-life.

The Emperor of Austria had spoken to Madame de la Fayette of her husband's place of confinement in a manner which showed her afterwards that he was quite ignorant of the rigorous treatment to which the prisoner was subjected. Two little cells, with a wretched bed and a table and chair in each, formed the sole accommodation. As for eating, there was one pewter spoon, no such luxury as knife or fork being allowed. Pens, paper, and ink were only forthcoming on rare occasions, and then the open letter had to be written under the eye of an official. Madame de la Fayette endured all these annoyances for two years; and truly the abnegation of her young daughters during this long period is nearly as admirable as her own. The girls employed themselves very usefully in concocting new articles of clothing out of old materials. Madame de la Fayette, like her husband, soon began to suffer from such close confinement; but when, after eleven months' illness, she applied for leave to go and consult a physician at Vienna for a few days only, the answer was, that, once

outside the fortress, she would never be re-admitted. The prison doctor could only exchange conversation in Latin with her husband, and neither of them appear to have been adepts in that language; moreover, his hurried visit was obliged to take place in the presence of an officer.

Friends wearied both France and foreign powers with solicitations for the release of General de la Fayette. Fox painted the miseries endured at Olmutz in eloquent terms before a British House of Commons; but it was not until October 1797 that the prison-gates opened at length, through Bonaparte's intervention.

The name she bore often proved detrimental to her, but Madame de la Fayette gloried in it. With Robespierre's fall all prisoners in France were set at liberty. General de la Fayette, however, was accused of having betrayed the Revolution because he had refused to become privy to its crimes, and his wife was therefore detained. Interrogated by Legendre, who told her how much he detested the very name of La Fayette, she boldly expressed her readiness to defend him and it against whatsoever accuser. Legendre remanded her to prison "for insolence."

This devoted love for husband and children did not suffice to fill her heart. It was burning also with other affections. To Madame de la Fayette we owe a touching life of the Duchesse d'Ayen, written while at Olmutz, on the margin of a stray volume of Buffon, with a broken toothpick for her pen and a piece of Chinese ink. When told of the tragic fate that had overtaken her relatives, she could not believe it at first; especially it seemed impossible that men could have been so barbarous to her "angelic sister." On recovering a little from this overwhelming sorrow, she wrote to her children:

"I thank God for having preserved to me life and reason, and do not regret your absence at such a moment. He kept me from revolt against Him; but I could not long have borne the semblance of any human consolation. To follow in the track of such dear footsteps would have sweetened the last pangs for me."

In the prisons of the Revolution her sole thought was how to relieve the wants or sufferings of those around. With her cousin, the Duchesse de Duras, at Plessis, she was constantly interceding for the sick and poor among their fellow-captives, and this at a time when a chance word sufficed for death, as sixty victims chosen by caprice or at hazard were regularly dragged forth each day for execution. Her spirit never forsook her under trying circumstances, and she often showed wonderful presence of mind. Once she pleaded her own cause before the tribunal of Puy, and on several occasions harangued the people. Her language at these times was always

nobly firm, and sometimes proud even to haughtiness. In a letter addressed to Brissot, after asking for liberty, or at least the favour of remaining a prisoner on parole, which the whole village of Chavaniac volunteered to guarantee, she concludes by saying, "I consent to owe you this service." Her letters to the two ministers, Roland and Servan, or to foreign princes on behalf of her husband, are no less elevated in tone. She never stoops to flatter. No wonder that she exercised a species of fascination over all those who approached her; with whatever feelings the acquaintance began, it was impossible to know and not to love her.

In all her sorrows, ardent faith sustained her. When danger again threatened at Paris, she writes to Madame de Montagu: "We must abandon ourselves wholly to God in this critical hour. Let us live like Abraham, ready to start whenever God calls, and to go wheresoever He appoints." When she felt her end approaching, once more she repeated aloud that canticle of Tobias, singing which she had, years before, entered the fortress of Olmutz. True in death to her character through life, her heart was inflamed with celestial desires, and still overflowing with human affection. Drawing all her loved ones round her, she gave them a last blessing, and gently expired, holding her husband's hands within her own.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

Saints of the Desert.

No. VIII.

1. Abbot Antony pointed out to a brother a stone, and said to him, "Reville that stone, and beat it soundly."

When he had done so, Antony said, "Did the stone say any thing?" He answered, "No."

Then said Antony: "Unto this perfection shalt thou one day come."

2. When Abbot Arsenius was ill, they laid him on a mat, and put a pillow under his head; and a brother was scandalised.

Then said his attendant to the brother: "What were you before you were a monk?" He answered, "A shepherd." Then he asked again, "And do you live a harder or an easier life now than then?" He replied, "I have more comforts now." Then said the other, "Seest thou this abbot? When he was in the world, he was the father of emperors. A thousand slaves with golden girdles and tip-pets of velvet waited on him; and rich carpets were spread under him. *Thou* hast gained by the change which has made thee a monk; it is thou who art now encompassed with comforts: but he is afflicted."

3. When Abbot Agatho was near his end, he remained for three days with his eyes open, and steadily fixed.

His brethren shook him, saying, "Abbot, where are you?"

He replied, "I stand before the judgment-seat."

They said, "What, Father! do you too fear? think of your works."

He made answer: "I have no confidence till I shall have met my God."

4. Abbot Pastor was asked, "Is it good to cloak a brother's fault?"

He answered: "As often as we hide a brother's sin, God hides one of ours; but He tells ours in that hour in which we tell our brother's."

5. The Abbot Alonius said: "Unless a man says in his heart, I and my God are the only two in the world, he will not have rest."

6. Abbot Pambo, being summoned by St. Athanasius to Alexandria, met an actress, and forthwith began to weep. "I weep," he said, "because I do not strive to please my God as she strives to please the impure."

7. An old monk fell sick, and for many days could not eat; and his novice made him some pudding. There was a vessel of honey; and there was another vessel of linseed-oil for the lamp, good for nothing else, for it was rancid. The novice mistook, and mixed up the oil in the pudding. The old man said not a word, but ate it.

The novice pressed him, and helped him a second time; and the old man ate again.

When he offered it the third time, the old man said, "I have had enough;" but the novice cried, "Indeed, it is very good. I will eat some with you."

When he had tasted it, he fell on his face, and said: "Father, I shall be the death of you! Why didn't you speak?"

The old man answered: "Had it been God's will that I should eat honey, honey thou wouldest have given me."

J. H. N.

A Myth of Modern Days.

It would be a great advantage to the cause of historical truth if some industrious person were to compile a dictionary of exploded myths, of false stories and anecdotes which have either been invented out of nothing or founded on facts of which they have given a distorted representation, and which, after a shorter or longer period of unquestioned existence, have been suspected, exposed, confuted, and demolished. The constant increase of the family of myths is a thing which we can hardly hope to prevent. They are like the weeds in the fields or in the streams; and we must be continually at work to keep them under, unless we are willing to see them cover our lands and choke-up our rivers. Thought, speculation, conversation, reading, writing, and travelling cannot go on without engendering them, not to speak of the workings of prejudice and malice; but we might diminish their number and their immense influence, perhaps, by pensioning them off after a certain period of service. Of course a lie with a circumstance cannot always be disproved, especially when time and place have been skilfully chosen. Still, not all myths are invulnerable, and therefore not all ought to be immortal. It would therefore be of some use if there were a kind of register or *index expurgatorius* of confuted myths,—something in the way of a Joe Miller of history,—with which writers and talkers should be bound to make themselves acquainted, in order *not* to repeat its contents. Society knows how to make an offender feel when he has tried to pass-off some time-honoured pun and well-worn jest as a novelty of his own invention. A similar punishment should be the lot of any one who repeats a confuted myth as an historical truth. Some will still do it, I fear, whenever they can calculate on the ignorance of their audience or their readers; but the majority of those who offend in this way do it from ignorance of their own.

I fear that it cannot be said that any given party or set of persons is entirely free from the propensity to generate and propagate myths. It is a human weakness, against which few of us can altogether afford to throw stones. Still, a false cause has need of them, and a true cause has not; and they find their natural welcome among the prejudiced and the passionate. Nationalism fosters them, and gives them protection and authority; and religious differences, on

which the most invincible prejudices are founded, sometimes make people think it a kind of duty to believe them. There are whole sets of good people abroad with whom it is in vain to protest against the monstrous statements circulated—sometimes from simply political and commercial motives—about the condition of the poor in this country. They will smile politely, but go on believing that our people take their wives to market with halters round their necks, and that children are commonly bought at so much a head, notwithstanding the patriotic disclaimers of the most respectable of Englishmen.

It may be generally stated that every myth has some kind of foundation, just as it has some kind of distorted resemblance to a positive truth; and when its history and transformations can be traced out, the result is amusing and even instructive, and reminds us somewhat of the interesting accounts of the fortunes of a word or of a root in its passage through different languages, and the relationship of the various meanings of its derivatives one to another, which have been given us in Professor Max Müller's Lectures on Language.

I am going to speak of a common myth, which perhaps most Englishmen who have visited Naples have met with, and which turned up in a very amusing form not long ago, in an admirably-conducted Anglican newspaper. The Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, Rector of Hagley, was a few weeks since engaged in a correspondence that arose out of a sermon preached in London by Dr. Temple, one of the writers in the *Essays and Reviews*. Mr. Lyttelton was led to argue with his opponents on the importance of discriminating between what was essential in Revelation and what was not so.

"What is wanted," he said, "above almost all other things in our time, is to teach men to distinguish what is really essential to the faith from what is unessential; to prevent them, as I have said, mistaking mere outposts for the central citadel. . . . If we are seen tremblingly defending any point of faith as if it were a matter of life and death, spectators will think it is so indeed; and should it happen, as it very probably may, that this outpost is taken, they will be ready to lay down their arms and give up all for lost. So I happen to know of one case—and I believe very many similar ones might be adduced—of a Roman Catholic whose whole faith in the great truths of revealed religion was shaken, and, indeed, given up by him, *when the French general stopped the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood at Naples*. He had been taught that no truth in religion rested on any securer ground than that of the latter fact: what therefore discre-

dited it, also in his mind discredited all that the Church taught." (*Guardian*, May 10th.)

I do not intend to enter on the many questions that might be raised by this passage, which contains a great deal for which a theologian might find occasion to take the writer to task—for inaccuracy of language at all events, if not for great confusion of thought. Nor am I concerned with the case of the "Roman Catholic" mentioned, or how he came to be taught that a fact such as the well-known Neapolitan prodigy rested on ground as secure as any of the "great truths of revealed religion." I am only concerned with the statement implied about the French general; though I suppose if it be shown that the French general did not stop the liquefaction, or rather (for Mr. Lyttelton has got hold of the story by the wrong end) did not prevent other people from stopping it, we might fairly doubt the assertion whether any one ever gave up his faith in consequence of what never took place. Here we have one of the myths that have overgrown modern, and even recent history; unless I am wrong in using the word "history," for I do not know that any one calling himself an historian has even mentioned the story in question. It so happens that this myth can be traced to its source, and can be refuted; and as I suppose that it is not a part of the "central citadel" of Mr. Lyttelton's belief, it is probable that he will show that calmness and equanimity in surrendering it which he recommends to others in the case of matters of far greater moment.

First, however, I suppose we ought to ask what authority there is for the story. Mr. Lyttelton, of course, gives none at all; nor, as he only mentions the fact by way of illustration, is he to be blamed for giving none. I very much question whether, search as long as he may, he will be able to give any better authority for the myth—which, I must say, he has quite spoilt by his manner of telling it; a very common phenomenon in the propagation of myths—than that which I shall presently assign to it as its source, that is, the pages of a French novel. As, however, the story has been told the wrong way by him, it is necessary that I should first set that matter right, by explaining what it is that the French general is *supposed* to have done.

Nothing is more common than to hear people talk of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius as a standing scandal at Naples; and yet very few who have not been to Naples, and few even of those who have, seem to know what they are talking about. I have known English people living in Naples for years who would talk like any one else about it, and yet had never once taken the trouble to go and

satisfy their own eyes on the matter. As this is not the place for controversy on the subject, I shall simply state what happens, according to the belief of the Neapolitans themselves, and, as far as I have means of knowing, of every single person, Protestant or Catholic, who ever was present on the occasion. The relic of the head of St. Januarius is kept in a safe or closet behind the altar, in what is called the Treasury, a part of the Cathedral, and the reliquary containing the phial of his blood in another. They are side by side, but separated one from another. On the two feasts of the saint in the year—the one in May, and the other in September—they are taken out, and placed side by side on the altar. In May they are carried in procession through the city, and remain, I think, at the great church of Sta. Chiara during the octave. The ordinary state, as is natural, of the blood in the phial is, that it is hard and congealed, and in this state it is usually found when the closet in which it is kept is unlocked. When, however, it is placed by the side of the head, it becomes, after a time, fluid, clear, and even seems to boil up and foam. This effect is not at all uniform: sometimes the liquid state ensues at once, sometimes only after many hours; sometimes it is imperfectly attained, part of the blood remaining hard; and it has been known to remain unliquefied during the whole feast. As the Neapolitans consider the liquefaction to be a sign of the continued protection of their patron saint, they are of course inclined to look upon the failure of the prodigy as a sign of calamity. I should add, that the two relics are never exposed side by side except on the feasts mentioned and during their octaves, unless it be for some special purpose, to satisfy public devotion in some emergency, or to indulge the piety of some distinguished or important person, who could not be present at the ordinary times of exposition.

Such being the facts of the case, it is obvious that it is in the power of any one—French general, or whoever he may be that holds the reins of government at Naples—to “stop the liquefaction,” as Mr. Lyttelton says, at any time that he pleases; for he may simply forbid the exposition of the relics side by side, and then nothing can take place, or, at least, nothing can be seen to take place. But if he were to do this—if the government of Victor Emmanuel were to do it next September, and continue the prohibition as long as it remains in possession, it would not do a thing that would shake the faith of a single soul in Naples or elsewhere. The most ignorant of the *lazzaroni* would believe just as much in San Gennaro as before. But the government would do a thing very foolish and impolitic; for it would set the whole population strongly against itself. The French general, therefore, would have been very unwise if he had done what

Mr. Lyttelton says he did; but he could not by any possibility have produced the effect on any well-informed mind which Mr. Lyttelton attributes to his action. The story, therefore, is commonly told in a very different way.

It makes the French general present at the ceremony; the people are waiting anxiously for the prodigy, but the canons of the Cathedral, in order to make the French rule distasteful to the populace, manage matters—it is not said how—so that the liquefaction does not take place. Then the French general sends a message to the officiating canon that he will have him shot unless the liquefaction happens; whereupon the blood obeys him, and the people are satisfied. Few people who repeat the story care to inquire who the general was. Sometimes Murat gets the credit of the action; sometimes the tale is varied by bringing in Napoleon himself, who is made to threaten to bombard the Cathedral,—much in the same way that local tradition assigns the building of so many old castles in England to Julius Cæsar, and their destruction to Oliver Cromwell. I think Napoleon was never in command of an army at Naples in his life. Perhaps he never was there at all. I daresay that in a few years the story will be told of Garibaldi, or of General Cialdini, or La Marmora, or any one else who has borne rule in Naples since the Piedmontese occupation.

It is interesting to be able to trace this anecdote to its origin; for we thus come across a capital instance of the manner in which myths are so often generated and propagated, even without any bad intention on the part of their authors. Of course I am aware that there is another side of the general question, on which it is not so pleasant to dwell. The names of authors rise up before us who have let their prejudices and passions lead them to give distorted and false views of real characters and events, and, indeed, of whole periods of history, in their dramas and other works of fiction, often accompanying the imposture which they palm-off on their readers by some preface or notice in which they profess to adhere strictly to ancient and undisputed documents. But of these writers we do not now speak. The case before us is that of a writer who did not mean to be taken at his word, though it is certainly true that he might have foreseen that many of his readers would so take him. I am very far from supposing that M. Alexandre Dumas, the real author of the story of which I am speaking, had the slightest intention of being believed to speak with historical accuracy when he gave it circulation in his novel, *Le Corricolo*. It is perhaps more correct to call that work a book of travels than a novel, for it is but a collection of gossiping lively stories about Naples and its neighbourhood, inter-

spersed with information such as an ordinary guide-book might give; and the only connecting link between its beginning, its middle, and its end, consists in the fact that Naples is the scene and M. Dumas the narrator throughout. It has a thoroughly Neapolitan flavour about its stories, though M. Dumas has given them far too much French point and dressing, especially, as it would seem, in later editions; for I find this very anecdote of the general, and another well-worn tale about a sermon of Padre Rocco on the power of St. Joseph, elaborated and improved upon in the edition of 1863, till they have lost half their raciness. I suppose that M. Dumas would laugh heartily at the idea of any one undertaking to show that these stories are not historically correct; but then a good share of the ridicule ought to fall on the grave Englishmen who take them as if they were meant to be true, and put forth important theological arguments on the strength of them. The story about the sermon is full of profanities, such as it is quite impossible that any priest could have uttered in the pulpit; but there it is in M. Dumas' book, where it would make people laugh, if they could forget its irreverence; and as the *Corricolo* is a kind of guide-book, much read by visitors to Naples and by those who have visited it or intend to visit it, it flies from mouth to mouth without any mention of its origin; and I have even heard, within the last few years, of an English dignitary who came back from Naples saying he had heard it in a pulpit with his own ears, quite unconscious of his obligations to M. Dumas.

I have already mentioned the substance of the story about the French general. M. Dumas gives the name of General Championnet, who was the commander of the French army when, after a bloody and desperate resistance on the part of the lazzaroni, it entered Naples in triumph in the course of the first weeks of 1799. The main outline of the struggle may be found in Alison, though, if I remember right, he does not give a single date. Dates are of some importance in the real history. The French entered Naples, on January 14th. The relics of St. Januarius had been exposed on the altar almost immediately before, to satisfy the earnest entreaties of the people, and the liquefaction had taken place; a circumstance which disposed the Neapolitan populace to receive the French well; in fact, a kind of "fraternisation" took place between the invaders and the inhabitants. M. Dumas tells his story as if Championnet was present at the feast in May, which is one of the ordinary times of the public exposition of the relics; and by so doing he destroys the credibility of his story, if, indeed, he means it to be taken as true. Championnet did not remain in Naples much beyond the end of February; for, as may be seen in any good history of the time, he

displeased the French Directory by resisting their commissaries, who plundered and insulted the Neapolitans mercilessly. I think the decree of his recall was dated the 25th of February. Macdonald, who succeeded him in the command, was obliged, in consequence of the progress of the war in North Italy, to evacuate Naples a few weeks after. I think it very doubtful whether even *he* was in Naples in the first week in May, as by the 25th of that month he had marched with his whole army—except a few garrisons left in St. Elmo and other fortresses—as far as Florence; and the last measures that he took before evacuating the kingdom, or rather the territory of the “Parthenopean Republic,” occupied him in the Abruzzi, the Capitanata, and other parts more or less remote from the capital. At all events, there would have been no object to be gained—to argue on M. Dumas’ own ground—in the canons “preventing” the miracle at a time when the departure of the French was obviously imminent. It would have been more the policy of Macdonald to make the people fear an impending calamity on that account. Nor—although many atrocities are recorded of him in his efforts to secure the French domination, such as the burning of whole villages and the slaughter of thousands of peasants—has any one ever attempted to father this particular story upon him.

If any further confutation of the story is necessary, it is ready at hand. Some years ago, three English gentlemen, of the highest character and education, were struck with the anecdote as it was circulated among foreigners at Naples, and took the trouble to investigate into the real facts as to the behaviour of Championnet. Two old men were found who had been in Naples at the time: a nobleman, who testified, negatively, that nothing of the sort occurred within his knowledge; and a man who had been in service in the sacristy of the Cathedral when the French entered, and remained at his post during their stay. He remembered the procession of the statue of St. Januarius through the city while the defence was still being maintained by the Neapolitans, and the exposition of the relics immediately before the entrance of the French. He remembered also that, a few days after the establishment of the French government, Championnet came in state, with his staff, to visit the shrine. At his desire the relics were placed on the altar, but no liquefaction took place; and he went away quietly, having kissed the relic, and shown “*sentimenti di religione e di rispetto, senza aver manifestato alcun signo di minacci o violenza.*” In fact, he left an offering to the Saint,—a gilded mitre, worked with the three republican colours, which, on account of its incongruous appearance, was afterwards, by order of the authorities, burnt, and found to contain ten ducats’ worth

of gold, which was distributed among the poorer servants of the sanctuary. "E per mia parte," adds the old man in his deposition, "mi toccarono cinque carlini." An authenticated copy of the document—for the witnesses were sworn and their words taken down in the Archbishop's Court—now lies before me, and is of course very much at the service of Mr. Lyttelton or any one else.

I fear that, after all, the myth I have been speaking of will not be extinguished; for it will be propagated by successive generations of visitors to Naples, and may probably outlive the clever though reckless book in which it first saw the light. But it is something gained to the general cause of truth to have been able to trace a single myth up to its origin, and study its gradual transformation in the hands of those who successively use it. We have seen what General Championnet really did: the fact that he thought it prudent to make a visit and an offering to St. Januarius would easily give rise to the speculation, how a revolutionary general *might* have behaved if the canons of the Cathedral had tried to work on the popular devotion to upset the French rule. M. Dumas may have found the myth in this state of hypothetical existence; or it may have passed before his time, in the traditions of the French revolutionary armies or their partisans in Naples, into a full-blown and direct statement. At all events, it was too good a thing for him to miss in collecting or inventing materials for *Le Corricolo*. Once in the pages of that volume, it becomes a floating tradition among readers of works of that class, among tourists who use it as a guide-book, and no doubt a favourite anecdote with *laquais de place* and people of similar trades. In their hands it assumes various forms, and connects itself with various names and a number of possible consequences, according to the bias and inclination of those to whom they communicate it. At length the thought arises in some minds, what did the Neapolitans think of the sudden obedience of the Saint to the French general? M. Dumas makes them think of deposing him from the post of patron of the city, and tacks on another story, quite as absurd as the former, about the election of St. Antony in his place. All that can be said for it is, that it is a story which shows that the writer has caught, though he has grossly exaggerated and travestied, the humorous side of the Neapolitan character, even in its piety. The story repeated by Mr. Lyttelton shows traces of the speculations of a more sober and serious mind, but a mind quite incapable of understanding a Neapolitan. It has first deprived the supposed fact of all its point and meaning, and then imagined a consequence quite irrelevant to it and quite uncongenial to the Italian character.

Labourers gone to their Reward.

IN the days in which we live, more perhaps than at any other time, education, the school, and the college, are made the positions of vital importance in the battle-field of contending principles. Services rendered and losses sustained on such points are, therefore, worthy of special notice, of particular gratitude, or of sorrow. In the month of May of this year two souls went to their rest, both of whom had laboured long, signally, and successfully in the cause of Catholic education—especially for the higher classes; both of whom have left behind them institutions in which their spirit is enshrined: destined, we trust, to continue through centuries yet to come the work, the beginnings of which were committed to those whose loss we are now lamenting. On the 14th of May Monsignor de Ram, the restorer of Catholic University education in the countries over which the French Revolution had swept, died peacefully, but almost without warning; and a few days later, his decease was followed by that of the Reverend Mother Madeleine Sophie Barat, the foundress and first Superioress-General of the congregation of the Nuns of the Sacred Heart. Let us devote a few lines to each.

Monsignor de Ram was born at Louvain, of parents distinguished for piety and noble descent, September 2d, 1804. He early devoted himself to the service of the Church; was ordained priest, March 19th, 1827; and became at once professor in the ecclesiastical seminary of his native diocese, Mechlin. He had no sooner grown up than he was struck by observing that his native language, the Flemish, which of all European tongues most nearly resembles our own, was almost wholly without books of a good tendency. The reason was evident. The population by which it is spoken is comparatively small, and is hemmed in by others which speak French, Dutch, or German. Hence it has almost sunk into a *patois*. Men who speak Flemish to their servants and labourers read and write in French. The first labours of Mons. de Ram were devoted to meet this want, by publishing several very useful books in Flemish. He was only thirty when the Bishops of Belgium resolved to erect a Catholic University. The attempt could never before have been made; for in Belgium, almost more than any where else, education had for two hundred years been seized by the State, and used to an irreligious purpose. The Revolution of 1830, though not made by the Church nor in its interests, had given it a freedom which it never possessed

before. The first use made of this freedom by the Bishops of Belgium was to erect a Catholic University, and the young and zealous priest De Ram was set over it by their deliberate choice. To its service he devoted the rest of his life. Beneath his care were trained during thirty years a continual succession of young men, who are at this day the strength of the Church in Belgium, and to a considerable degree in France. England also has sent students there. Those who have had the happiness of attending the meetings of the Catholic Congress in Belgium must, we think, have been struck by the high Catholic tone of a number of young men of the middle and higher classes, and by their intelligence. For those men Belgium and the Church are indebted to the Catholic University of Louvain, and of that university Monsignor de Ram has, until his death, been the soul. On Friday, May 12th, he returned from attending a meeting of the Academy of Brussels. On the evening of Sunday, 14th, he had entered into the unseen world. His age was only sixty; and as he was willing, so it might have been expected that he would be able, to continue for years to come the labours in which his life had been spent. Such was not the will of his Lord, whose call he was at once ready to obey.

At Paris, on the morning of Monday, May 22d, only seven whole days later, the Superioress of the Society of the Sacred Heart had attended the Mass of the community. She had completed in the preceding December her eighty-fifth year. Her day of labour was at last over. She was seized with apoplexy, and never recovered the power of speech. She gave, however, clear signs of intelligence, and received the viaticum, as well as the last unction. On the 24th the blessing of the Holy Father reached her by a telegraphic message. On the 25th she slept the sleep of the just.

She was born in December 1779. She had an elder brother, who before 1800 was a priest, and had joined himself to a society which was formed at Vienna in the latter part of the French Revolution, under the title of the "Fathers of the Sacred Heart." The first Superior of this society, Father Tournely, had been a pupil of the illustrious Father Emery at St. Sulpice. His object seems to have been to continue under another name the spirit and practices of the Society of Jesus, which had been swept away twenty years before by the insane union of the monarchs of Europe with the revolutionary infidels, until times should allow of its reestablishment. This, however, he did not live to see. His successor, Father Varin, joined it at its restoration. He relates that the great desire of Fr. Tournely was the foundation of a congregation of nuns devoted, under the protection of the Sacred Heart, to the education of young persons

of their own sex. At one time he had hoped to see this project carried into execution by the Princess Louisa of Bourbon-Condé, who actually came from Switzerland, where she was in exile, to Vienna, to confer with him on the subject. But God called her to the contemplative life, and she became a Benedictine. Fr. Tournely, however, never doubted its execution. Walking one day on the fortifications now destroyed, but then surrounding Vienna, he said to Fr. Varin, alluding to this disappointment, "Dear friend, I thought this had been the work of God, and if it is not, I confess I do not know how to discern between the spirit of truth and the spirit of falsehood." Then, after remaining silent awhile in recollection, he turned to his friend, with something of fire more than natural in his expression, and added: "It is the will of God. As to the occasion and the instrument, I may have been deceived; but, sooner or later, this Society will be founded." His friend used to say that the impression left by these words, and the manner in which they were spoken, never faded from his mind. They impressed him with the same conviction; and he added, that when he repeated them to his brethren, it took possession of all their minds.

"In truth," said Fr. Varin, "God had not chosen for the commencement of this work instruments great in this world. That the glory might be His alone, He was pleased that the foundation of the building should be simplicity, littleness, nothingness."

Fr. Tournely died soon afterwards, in the flower of his age. Fr. Varin succeeded him, and the conclusion of the Revolution enabled him and his brethren to return to Paris. To Paris they went in the year 1800. It was exactly the moment when to human eyes the night seemed darkest, but when the morning was ready to spring. Pius VI. died a prisoner in the hands of the infidel French Revolutionists, August 29, 1799. "At this moment," says Macaulay, "it is not strange that even sagacious observers should have thought that at length the hour of the Church of Rome was come. An infidel power in the ascendant, the Pope dying in captivity, the most illustrious Prelates of France living in a foreign country on Protestant alms, the noblest edifices which the munificence of former ages had consecrated to the worship of God turned into temples of victory, or into banqueting-houses for political societies, or into theophanthropic chapels; such signs might well be supposed to indicate the approaching end of that long domination. But the end was not yet. Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was still fated not to die. Even before the funeral rites had been performed over the ashes of Pius VI., a great reaction had commenced, which after the lapse of [sixty-five] years appears to be still in progress." As yet,

however, no human foresight would have observed the tokens of that reaction. Paris was no longer the city where the eldest son of the Church was enthroned, and where the great of this world were rejoiced to heap their wealth upon any new plan which promised to promote the glory of God. Still, Napoleon Buonaparte had just seized the reins as First Consul, and there was at least toleration to priests. The community lived in a single mean room, which served them as dormitory, refectory, kitchen, and study. Here Father Varin was sitting upon the edge of a very shabby bed, and by his side sat one of his community, Father Barat. "I asked him what relations he had. He said, one *little sister*. The words made a strong impression upon me. I asked how old she was, and what were her powers. He said she was eighteen or nineteen; that she had learned Latin and Greek, and translated Virgil and Homer with ease; that she had qualities to make a good teacher; but that for the present she had gone to pass some time in her family." Father Barat, good man as he was, was not above human infirmity, and like other elder brothers, however proud he might be of his younger sister, could never fancy that she was really grown up; for when he said she was about eighteen or nineteen, she was one-and-twenty. Two months later she came to Paris. "I went to see her, and found a young person of very delicate appearance, extremely retiring, and very timid. What a foundation-stone! said I to myself, in reply to the feeling I had had within me when her brother had mentioned her to me for the first time. And yet it was upon her that it was the will of God to raise the building of the Society of His Divine Heart. This was the grain of mustard-seed which was to produce the tree whose branches have already spread so wide."

On November 21, 1800, she dedicated herself to the Sacred Heart, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, together with an intimate friend, Mlle. Octavia Bailly, who shared her aspirations. It was the first streak on the sky which told of the coming day. The day the Society was formed, in 1802, she became Superioress of the first house, which was at Amiens. In 1806, a second was founded at Grenoble; that year the first general congregation elected her Superioress-General. In 1826 there were seventeen houses, and the rules were approved by Leo XII. Before her death she had under her rule ninety-seven houses and 3,500 nuns. She had been Superioress of the congregation for sixty-three years; and it is probable that the majority of the French ladies now living who have received a religious education at all have received it at the hands of herself or of her children in religion.

Her body was taken to Conflans, where is the Novitiate in the

neighbourhood of Paris. During three days her cell was visited by all whom the rules of the community permitted to enter—the nuns of the different houses in Paris, pupils present and former of all ages. Not only these, but many priests were so desirous to have medals, chaplets, &c., touched by her remains, that two sisters, who were continually employed, were hardly able to satisfy the general desire.

At the beginning of this short notice we spoke of sorrow and a sense of loss as feelings natural in those interested in the great works undertaken by such labourers as Mons. de Ram and Madame Barat on the occasion of their removal from the scene of action. We need hardly do more than allude to the other feelings which must at the same time blend with and qualify these; to the joy and exultation that must always hail the close of a noble career long persevered in, from the thought of the rest and the crown that have been so faithfully won; and to the confidence that the works which those who have been removed from us have been allowed, while in the flesh, so happily to found, promote, and guide, will certainly not suffer by the Providence that has now, as we trust, placed them where they are enabled to see, without any intervening shadow, the value of the great end for which these works were undertaken, and where their power to help them on is to be measured, not by the feeble and inconstant energies of a will still subject to failure and perversion, but by the mighty intensity of the intercession of those who are at rest with God.

Literary Notices.

THE DECIPHERING OF CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS.*

MOST of our readers have probably some recollections connected with the curious inscriptions of which we are about to speak in the present paper. The holiday visitors to the British Museum will easily call to mind the inscribed slabs and sculptured figures which occupy so conspicuous a place there, and which have been reproduced for other pleasure-seekers in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The reading public has had several opportunities of making their acquaintance through the various works treating of Nineveh and Babylon that have appeared in the course of the last twenty years; and the *Illustrated London News* has been at the pains of having many of the more striking figures engraved for the benefit of its thousands of subscribers. The figures speak to all alike; and their boldness of outline and accuracy of delineation, according to a fixed type, make them very noteworthy. But the arrow-headed characters that show themselves in so great abundance every where on these ancient slabs have been of course a riddle to the multitude; such a riddle as men are apt to believe permanently and universally insoluble. Yet it is from these materials

* *Expédition scientifique en Mésopotamie*, exécutée par ordre du Gouvernement de 1851 à 1854, par MM. Fulgence Fresnel, Félix Thomas et Jules Oppert, publiée sous les auspices de son excellence M. le Ministre d'Etat par Jules Oppert. 2 vols. 4to, and 1 vol. fol. of plates. Paris, Imprimerie Impériale, 1857-1862.

Les Fastes de Sargon, roi d'Assyrie (721 à 703 avant J. C.), traduits et publiés d'après le texte assyrien de la grande inscription des salles du palais de Khorsabad. Par MM. J. Oppert et J. Ménant. Paris, Imprimerie Impériale, 1863. 1 vol. fol.

Grande Inscription du palais de Khorsabad, publiée et commentée par MM. J. Oppert et J. Ménant. Paris, Imprimerie Impériale, 1863. 1 vol. 8vo.

Etudes assyriennes. Textes de Babylone et de Ninive, déchiffrés et interprétés par Jules Oppert. Livre premier. Inscription de Borsippa, relative à la restauration de la tour des langues par Nabuchodonosor, roi de Babylone. Paris, Imprimerie Impériale, 1857. 1 vol. 8vo.

Eléments de la Grammaire assyrienne. Par M. Jules Oppert. Paris, Imprimerie Impériale, 1860. 1 vol. 8vo.

Die altpersischen Keilinschriften. Im Grundtexte, mit Uebersetzung, Grammatik und Glossar. Von Fr. Spiegel. Leipzig, 1862. 1 vol. 8vo.

Inscriptions de Hammourabi, roi de Babylone (xvi^e siècle avant J. C.), traduites et publiées avec un commentaire à l'appui. Par M. Joachim Ménant. Paris, 1863. 8vo.

Eléments d'Epigraphie assyrienne. Les écritures cunéiformes. Exposé des travaux qui ont préparé la lecture et l'interprétation des inscriptions de la Perse et de l'Assyrie. Par Joachim Ménant. Seconde édition. Paris, 1864. 1 vol. 8vo.

Traité des Ecritures cunéiformes. Par le C^{te} de Gobineau, Ministre de France en Perse. Paris, 1864. 2 vols. 8vo.

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that the early history of Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, and Persia has been rewritten; and the reconstruction, even in its present incomplete form, is one of the greatest triumphs of literary skill and industry even of the present age, which has witnessed so many celebrated achievements of the same character. To some extent also the result has been more simply a gain than has been the case with the labours of the great men who have banished to the regions of fable so much that formerly was accepted without challenge in the early history of Greece, Rome, and the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms: with them demolition has been more easy than restoration, and the effect of their industry or ingenuity has perhaps been to multiply doubts needlessly. It is, moreover, unfair to limit the revelations of the eastern monuments to the domain of history in its strictest sense. The manners and customs of ancient nations, their arts and sciences, as portrayed in original pictorial records with wonderful truth and accuracy, are now displayed to us. This is the more valuable and interesting from the close connection that long subsisted between the Jewish people and the great Oriental empires. We are not, however, about to enter on the historical questions suggested by the works before us. It will be enough to attempt to give our readers some idea of the gradual progress that has been made in the deciphering of cuneiform characters.

The mention of these strange letters mounts to a high antiquity, even if we do not apply to them the story of Zoroaster presenting to King Gustasp a collection of the books revealed to him by Ormazd, and of the king admiring the letters and their form, without understanding the sense. Herodotus (iv. 87) tells us that Darius erected two pillars of white marble upon the shores of the Bosphorus, with inscriptions, one in Greek, the other in Assyrian characters (*γράμματα Ἀσσυρία*). The latter are with reason supposed to have been in that branch of the cuneiform writing now known as the Persian of the Achæmenian dynasty, which, as all are aware who have interested themselves in this matter, served as the foundation whereon the whole system of interpretation has been based. Strabo and Arrian expressly make a distinction between Persian and Assyrian letters, and such a distinction is justified by modern discoveries. If the pillars spoken of by Herodotus were to be discovered, or in fact any long bilingual inscription in the cuneiform letter and in Greek, or any other language equally well known, its discovery would be a most opportune event, and at once settle a question, in answering which all men are not agreed. In the absence, however, of any such desirable monument, we are bound to make good use of what we do possess, and in no way shrink from admitting the severest tests of criticism wherever they proceed from love of truth.

The first European who published an account of the cuneiform inscriptions, together with a fac-simile of one line taken from the walls of a staircase in a palace at Persepolis, was a Spanish traveller and diplomatist named Garcias y Silva de Figueroa. This was about the year 1620. In 1621 Pietro della Valle copied five of the signs (in reality only four letters) as curiosities; and observing that the points of the wedge or nail-shaped limbs of which the characters are composed were turned to the right, and the heads of the limbs to the left, he rightly conjectured that the inscriptions ought to be read from left to right. Here, then, was the first step made in the path of inquiry; and though it did not extend far, still it was something, and it was in the right direction. In 1674 M. Chardin returned from the East to Europe, and published a drawing of the inscriptions which he had copied at Persepolis. He conjectured, with truth, that they contained records of conquerors who had determined to transmit to posterity the glory

of their achievements. Copies of inscriptions were also taken by Mr. Flower, and were published in 1693 in the *Philosophical Transactions*. By this time the sculptured legends had been known in Europe for nearly a century, and all that was conjectured about them with any degree of certainty was the direction in which they were to be read. In the beginning of the eighteenth century Engelbert Kœmpfer published an inscription of twenty-four lines, with a remark that tradition referred the language in which they were composed to that which prevailed at the time of the construction of the palaces of Persepolis. Cornelius van Bruyn also published copies, and in like manner stated his conviction that beneath these symbols a language was concealed. In 1765 the celebrated traveller Carsten Niebuhr visited the ruins of the palaces, and noticing that a particular text occurred twice, and that two characters which were placed on the right at the end of one line were repeated on the left in the next, he added weight to the observation of Pietro della Valle, that the letters were written from left to right. He also concluded, from the various combinations of the wedge or nail, that there must be three different systems of writing. His conclusion was just. The three different systems were afterwards called respectively the Persian, the Scythic, and the Assyrian. It was soon remarked that these three systems were found wherever there were inscriptions, and in the same order. This fact was verified by Ouseley and Rich.

The next step was to determine whether these characters were simple letters, or syllables or hieroglyphics. Niebuhr took in hand those of the first species, or Persian, which were the simplest, and showed that the number of separate letters did not exceed forty-two. In 1798 Tychsen conjectured that the slanting wedge might perhaps serve to mark the division between separate words. Two years afterwards Münter of Copenhagen confirmed this conjecture, and further concluded that the first kind of writing was alphabetic, the second syllabic, and the third monogrammatic. He also deciphered rightly two letters, A and B. In 1802 Grotefend's essay was read before the Royal Society of Göttingen. He showed that each species of writing contained a different language; and that therefore, if one could be deciphered, always supposing that the same ideas were expressed in each in corresponding places, the other two would be read with comparative facility. Taking the first species, he acted on the supposition that a certain group of signs, which Tychsen and Münter had previously pointed out as probably being the royal title, really was so. Close inspection also revealed to him that here and there it was followed by another group identical in all but the terminating signs. Guided by analogy from the inscriptions of the Sassanidæ as translated by De Sacy, he inferred that these two groups, which he now called words, must mean "king of kings," and that the latter of the two was in the genitive case plural. He further conjectured that certain groups of letters, each followed by the word meaning "king," represented proper names. Noticing a third group, precisely corresponding in position to the two which were followed by the word meaning "king," but itself not followed by that word, he again inferred that here was represented an order of filiation, and that the last group contained the name of the founder of a dynasty. Now it was known, from archæological reasons, that the buildings on which these peculiar characters were traced were monuments of the Achæmenian rule. Grotefend seized upon the right names, though his method of spelling was not that which later investigation fixed upon. Afterwards he detected the name of the god Ormazd (Auramazda), but again with very imperfect spelling, and established

the necessity of a knowledge of Zend for further progress in the translation of the legends. At this time there was only one man in Europe at all conversant with that language. This was Anquetil-Duperron, now seventy years of age. How the old man's eyes must have beamed with joy when, from the solitude of his chamber, he saw that the importance of the language to which he had devoted the greater part of his studies—we may say, of his life—was now about to be fully recognised! Death, however, overtook him before he could make any immediate use of his knowledge for this particular purpose.

Fresh texts now poured in from many sides; but as they presented great variety of character, no progress was made. In 1822 Saint-Martin read a paper before the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres, proving at great length the similarity to Zend of the forms already known. His opinions, however, were not published till 1832. In 1826 Professor Rask rendered valuable service. Upon philological grounds, based upon forms in Sanscrit and Zend, he established the true form of the termination of the genitive plural, and thus discovered two more letters. Then it was that for the first time the words signifying "king of kings" were truly read as "khshâyathiya khshâyathi-yânâm." The two letters thus obtained served also a good purpose in other respects; and in 1836 three persons—Professor Lassen, Eugène Burnouf, and Sir Henry Rawlinson (at that time in the service of the Shah of Persia)—claimed to be able to read the inscriptions they had in hand.

Sir Henry Rawlinson had begun this study in 1835, precisely at a time when the attention of the learned men of Europe was directed with great eagerness to the deciphering of these inscriptions. But in his isolated position at Kermanshah, on the west frontiers of Persia, though he knew that Grotefend had deciphered some of the names of the early sovereigns of the house of Achæmenes, he was unable to obtain a copy of his alphabet. The first materials upon which he made experiments were the sculptured tablets of Hamadan, carefully and accurately copied by himself upon the spot. These tablets consist of two trilingual inscriptions, engraved by Darius Hystaspes and his son Xerxes. He of course chose for examination the columns which were written in old Persian, which, as already mentioned, is the least complicated species of cuneiform writing. He thus brought to light the names of Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes.

Sir Henry Rawlinson had one great advantage over all other European scholars. He was at a short distance from Behistun (or Bisutun), on the western frontiers of Media, where the famous rock stands that contains the most important of the Achæmenian inscriptions. Few positions could be found more suited to transmit to future ages an undying record of glorious achievements. In the picturesque plain which is watered by the Kerkha, and bounded by a high range of rugged limestone mountains, abutting on the line of the great caravan route from Bagdad to Central Persia, the rock of Behistun, which shoots abruptly to a perpendicular height of 1700 feet, is an object not merely conspicuous, but awe-inspiring. It is mentioned by Diodorus Siculus under the name of *Βασιλειῶνος ὕψος*, which is interpreted to mean "the station of the Baga" (or god): such an appellation at once bears with it a sacredness of character. The great Persian god being Ormazd, the rock was looked upon as his abode, and reverence for the dwelling of the god guaranteed a holy respect for whatever was placed upon it. On such a spot, then, which nature and religion combined had so well suited to his intention, did Darius Hystaspes resolve to leave a record of his name and fame and conquests.

Not on a level with the spectator,—for the halo of religious sanctity encircling an object does not for ever beam bright; too soon it may be obscured either by fanatic zeal or revolutionary excitement,—but at the height of 300 feet from the base of the sheer and precipitous cliff, the history of the exploits of Darius was hewn into a *monumentum ære perennius*. There, exhibited on a triumphal tablet, stand forth conspicuous the figures of nine conquered chiefs, united to each other by a rope fastened round their necks, and with their hands tied behind them. They are standing in line, and approaching a figure of majestic stature, whose foot is treading upon a prostrate body. Behind this commanding personage—evidently a king—stand two warriors with spears, representing his guard. Over all floats a winged form indicative of a god. Attached to each captive figure is a descriptive legend, commemorating in brief phraseology the name and character of the person intended to be represented. In the longer inscriptions Darius rehearses the glories of his family, the wide extent of his dominions, his gratitude and feelings of respect to the god Ormazd, and his hatred of falsehood.

The eye-witnesses who have examined the sculptured letters testify to the great amount of labour and skill employed in the material and artistic workmanship of the legends. The mere preparation of the rock for the reception of the artist's chisel must have demanded many months of persevering toil and industry; for the whole surface had to be smoothed; and it was observed that wherever the stone had been discovered to be unsound, other fragments had been inlaid, embedded in molten lead, with such nicety and accuracy that they are scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding parts. Holes and fissures in the rock had also been filled up with the same materials; and after the completion of the sculpture the whole surface had been covered with a coating of siliceous varnish, which is of so hard and durable a nature that in many places it still remains perfect, clearly disclosing the outline of the letters, even where the surface of the rock beneath has been entirely eaten away and destroyed. Sir H. Rawlinson is inclined to think that for extent, beauty of execution, uniformity and correctness, the inscriptions have no equal in the whole world.

It will probably strike the reader that letters placed at such a great height as 300 feet could not be read with the naked eye by a spectator standing below. There is certainly a difficulty here, and various conjectures have been made as to the manner in which they must have been reached. From the contents of the inscriptions it seems quite clear that they were intended to be read; and yet no trace of a scaffolding or of any ascent by means of steps has been found. Possibly the Magi or guardians of the spot possessed more handy and portable copies, the contents of which they communicated to those travellers who felt an interest in the monument before them.

The advantages thus possessed by Sir Henry Rawlinson, in having at hand such long inscriptions necessarily containing a great variety and combination of characters, will be at once acknowledged. A comparison of the first two paragraphs of this long inscription with the tablets of Elwend, supplied him, in addition to the names of Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes, with the native forms of Arsames, Ariaramnes, Teispes, Achæmenes, and Persia; and thus enabled him to determine the value of eighteen characters before he was aware of the result of the labours of Grotefend and Saint-Martin. In the course of the year 1837 he copied all the other paragraphs of the inscription; and in the winter of that year, still under the impression that cuneiform discovery in Europe was in the same imperfect state in which it had been left at the period of Saint-Martin's decease, he forwarded to the Royal Asiatic

Society his translation of the first two paragraphs, which recorded the titles and genealogy of Darius Hystaspes. The means at his disposal were the inscriptions, the researches of Anquetil-Duperron upon the Zend-Avesta, and a few Zend manuscripts interpreted for him by an ignorant priest of Yezd. When his memoir arrived in Europe, it was found that he had been anticipated in the announcement of his improvements on the labours of Saint-Martin. In 1838 Burnouf's commentary on the Yaçna reached him, and to this work he owed in great measure the success of his translations. In 1839 the long inscription was translated. In the same year he received Professor Lassen's alphabet, which in all essential points coincided with his own. Henceforth real discovery ceases. Still it was only in 1846 that he published a fac-simile of the text of the Behistun inscriptions, with a transliteration in the Roman alphabet, and a Latin and English translation: the analysis and commentary only appeared in 1849.

Among the writers who have distinguished themselves in this particular branch since the labours of Lassen, Burnouf, and Rawlinson, are Obri, Jacquet, Holzmann, Hitzig, Westergaard, Beer, Benfey, Hincks, Oppert, and Spiegel.

The most ancient of the Persian series of inscriptions belongs to the reign of Cyrus, B.C. 650; the most important to that of Darius. Those of Xerxes are less numerous, those of Artaxerxes very short, and those of the younger Darius show signs of a decay of language. As a specimen we subjoin a paragraph of the Behistun inscription :

Column iv. par. 16, lines 72-76.

Thátiya Dárayavush khsháyathiya : Yadiya imám dipim waináhya
Dicit Darius rex : Si hanc tabulam spectes

imiwá patikará niyadish visanahya, utámáiya yáwá taumá
hasque figuras non illis injuriam facias, et mihi, quamdiu proles,
ahatiya parikaráhadish, Auramazdá thuwám daushtá biyá, utátaiya
sit, conserves illas, Oromasdes tibi amicus sit, et tua
taumá wasiya biyá, utá daragam jiwá utá tya kunaváhya awatiya
proles multa sit, et diu eivas, et quod facias illud tibi
Auramazdá m m jadanautuva.
Oromasdes confirmet (?)

Says Darius the king : " If thou shalt behold this tablet and these figures, and not injure them, and shalt preserve them as long as my seed endures, then may Ormazd be thy friend, and may thy seed be numerous, and mayst thou live long, and whatever thou doest, may Ormazd make it successful (?) for thee."

The first or Aryan text being thus gradually deciphered, almost two centuries and a half from the time the inscriptions became known to Europeans, it was comparatively easy to unravel the intricacies of the second or Scythic text. In this species of writing it was found that a perpendicular nail or wedge always preceded the group of characters which, according to their position, ought to represent a proper name. These characters were also found to be very numerous, and Múnter's conjecture that they were of a syllabic nature was adopted. In 1844 Westergaard published a translation of an inscription of this species, which, however, and not without reason, was received with much suspicion. According to this method of reading, a phrase presented a general structure suitable to a language of the Indo-European family; the substantives were declined analogously to those in Turkish; there was a Semitic pronoun, a Tartaric and Celtic conjugation, and a hotch-potch vocabulary of all these languages. Dr. Hincks in 1846 made some

changes upon this system, and demonstrated the complete syllabism of the signs, so that each vowel should be expressed at *least once*, for in some cases the vowel was expressed both after the preceding and before the following consonant. M. de Saulcy in 1850 gave in his adherence to the grammatical and philological researches of Westergaard. In 1853 Mr. Edwin Norris published the Scythic text of the Behistun inscription, with a translation and commentary. This served to confirm the results already gained by Westergaard, and approved by M. de Saulcy. Later writers on this branch of the cuneiform languages are Holzmann, Haug, and Oppert. It now seems certain that this idiom is in the language of the Tartaro-Finnic races called Scythic or Turanian. The Scythians themselves seem to be an altogether extinct nation. As a specimen of the language, we present the paragraph corresponding to what we have already given in the Persian text:

Col. iv. par. 16.

Hiak anka tipi ye chiyainti, ye innakkaniva,
And if tablet this thou seest, [and] these figures [and doest no
rinti thap innifapata chitu kuktainta, Auramasta
injury to them,] as long as thou livest thus preservest, Ormazd
ni inkanisni, hiak kutta nimansni kitinti, hiak viallu
thee befriend [thee], and also family thy be to thee, and very
taka rastini, hiak kutta appo yutirti, yuvenpa Auramasta
long be thy life, and also what thou shalt do, that Ormazd
atsasni.
increase thee.

B.

(To be continued.)

HYACINTHE BESSON.*

A FEW years ago, one of the things that Catholic visitors to Rome were told to do by their friends who had gone before them to the Eternal City was to go and see a Dominican Father, who was engaged in painting the old Chapter-house—converted into a chapel—of the remote monastery of San Sisto, and who was remarkable not only for his skill and pure feeling as an artist,—as if he had been the pupil of a school descended from Fra Angelico himself,—but also for his charming and engaging charity, which made him ever ready to attend either to visitors or to those who sought his help as a spiritual guide, and for the peace and serenity which seemed to breathe in every word of his conversation. He had a large following of penitents, though he lived out of the more inhabited part of the city,—at Sta. Sabina, on the Aventine,—and spent his days, when he could, at San Sisto; and those who were under his guidance learnt to value it exceedingly, while some who came to him as chance acquaintance to see the works on which he was engaged, or on account of what they had heard of him, were won by the mere charm of his presence to begin a new life by making him their confessor. He was the friend of the good and gentle painter Overbeck, a kindred spirit both in art and in piety; and from time to time seems to have exercised a salutary influence on others of the swarm of artists who visit or dwell at Rome. He was also in his own Order the intimate friend and trusted counsellor of

* Le R. P. Hyacinthe Besson, sa Vie et ses Lettres. Par E. Cartier. 2 tom. Paris, 1865.

Father Jandel, the Vicar-General appointed by Pius IX. to govern the whole body of the children of St. Dominic; and the more widely-famous Lacordaire, the restorer of the Order in France, had found in him one of his earliest recruits and most valued assistants. Though sometimes mixed up in matters as to which feeling necessarily ran high, and which now and then separated good men one from another—as must always happen when so delicate an affair is in hand as the restoration of ancient discipline in a religious order—he was every body's friend, and had no enemies. His personal qualities won him the esteem and regard of the Pope himself, one of whose pleasant sayings, flying from mouth to mouth, fixed on him the name of *La Monacella*, the little nun, by which the delicate purity and gentleness of his character were aptly described. It was under the patronage of Pius IX. that his work at San Sisto was carried on—the adornment of the chapter-hall; the only part remaining in practical use of a monastery made famous at the very outset of the history of the Order, as having been the abode of St. Dominic, and the scene of three marvellous miracles publicly wrought by him.

M. Cartier, to whom we already owe so many works relating to the Order of St. Dominic and its saints, has done good service in writing the life of this simple and humble friar, his own intimate friend. This is not the place to speak of the saintliness of Père Besson; nor would it perhaps be safe to claim for him gifts of the very highest order, either intellectual or artistic. But he belongs at least to a class of men raised above mediocrity in these respects; and the circumstances of his life threw him into contact with many of the most influential persons and striking events of his time. But even if it were not so, there would always be a charm about the faithful history of a career such as his; and if we are to seek for instruction in every thing, we may surely find a rich store of it in the unfolding of such a character under the various influences to which Providence successively subjected it. He was country-born, and his earliest recollections were of quiet country life; but he was quite a child when the death of his father left his mother in poverty, and she was obliged to take to service to support herself and her son. After a time, she obtained a place in Paris, and her mistress, a rich American lady, was kind enough to send for the boy, for whom she saw her continually fretting. The same good friend left her a legacy when she died; and she then passed into the service of the curé of a church in Paris, who died in 1833, leaving her a larger sum, which placed her above actual want. Meanwhile the young Besson was at school, showing more signs of artistic talent than of a vocation for classical study; and when his mother became independent, he was able to follow his natural bent, and adopt art as his profession. When he was about seventeen, he fell under the influence of M. Buchey, afterwards President of the National Assembly during the last Republic, and became an ardent disciple of his socialist or semi-socialist doctrines. He assisted another young artist, Piel—who, like himself, was one day to put on the robe of St. Dominic—in the artistic articles of a paper set on foot by M. Buchez, called *L'Européen*. There was an honest, genuine enthusiasm, founded, it is true, on ignorance, but which sought to regenerate society, and to use art, among other instruments, for its regeneration. They led pure spotless lives; but they were not yet Christians. It shows the state of things in Paris a few years after the revolution of 1830, that the son of so good a woman as Madame Besson should have been converted with no more actual experience of any Catholic teaching than he might have had if he had been a young artist living in London. He was finally converted by

reading the Gospel history ; he was especially struck with the account of our Lord's appearance to St. Mary Magdalene. The heart of a friend of his was touched at the same time by a model that Besson made of a head of our Saviour, copied from a bas-relief in Notre Dame which represents the institution of the Holy Eucharist. They went together to M. Desgenettes, the famous curé of Notre Dame des Victoires, telling him that they wished to become Catholics, but that they would not give up republicanism. The good curé soon satisfied them that the Church welcomes Republicans to her bosom as well as Monarchists.

The next stage of his history finds him at Rome, whither he removed with his mother in 1838—he was then twenty-two—intending to give himself up to the study of his art. The heat of the summer drove him to Assisi, where he spent many weeks in studying the wonderful remains of Christian art with which the “Sacred Convent” is adorned. He caught there also a tender devotion to the glorious saint, whose blessing—written up over the city-gate—still seems to rest upon his native place, whose streets and whole neighbourhood are haunted by memories of his life. His piety at this time had already become remarkable ; and his mother, who lived only in and for him, began with a true instinct to fear that she should soon lose him—not by the hand of death, but by a call to abandonment of the world for a religious life. She spoke of her fears to a friend—M. Cartier himself ; and Besson promised that he would never leave her against her will. About this time, however, Lacordaire came to Rome to commence his life as a Dominican. Besson fell under his influence ; but at first it produced no further fruit than his joining a confraternity of artists, who desired to use their powers for the service of religion, and who bound themselves to certain religious observances. But at the end of 1839 Besson went to Viterbo, where the French Dominican novices were then staying, to paint for them a copy of a celebrated picture of our Blessed Lady, called the *Madonna della Quercia*. By the time the picture was finished, his vocation was decided. He hung up his brushes by the altar, and made a vow to become a religious, if his mother would allow him. He returned to Rome, but did not say a word to her or to any one else. The conflict ended as such conflicts often do. His mother came to him one morning and told him that she knew what he desired, and begged him to accomplish it. She would be happy in seeing him so. Before he could answer, the door-bell rang, and Lacordaire presented himself : he had just arrived from La Quercia, and came to thank Besson for the picture he had painted. Besson told him what his mother had just said, adding, “*Mon père, voulez-vous de moi ?*” In a few days he entered the novitiate at Santa Sabina.

We have no intention of following out minutely the further details of Père Besson's life,—the history of which now becomes linked with that of the restoration of his Order in France, and the attempt to introduce ancient discipline under Père Jandel, himself one of the French recruits gained by Lacordaire. We have dwelt on the steps by which Besson was led to the door of Santa Sabina, because the narrative of them reveals his character, and points to the influences which never lost their power over him. His one and very tender human affection was that which bound him to his mother ; it continued till her death ; she was ever in his thoughts ; and a considerable portion of the valuable collection of his letters which M. Cartier has subjoined to his life consists of his part of the correspondence between them. This pure and softening influence had its part in giving to his character that touching sweetness and gentleness which won so many hearts to him. The can-

dour and simplicity of his soul are shown in the uncalculating readiness with which he took step after step in the path that led him at last into the sanctuary : the promise not to leave his mother is a part of the same character. The heart that read in the words of St. John, *Maria ! Rabboni !* his own call to Christian belief and piety, was ever afterwards more and more consumed by a fire of personal devotion to his Saviour, which was the cause of that exquisite charity with which he laboured for souls, and assisted, to the utmost of his strength, the very least of his brethren. Though he entered the Order of St. Dominic, rich with the traditions of Fra Angelico, in whose footsteps he had before aspired to walk, there was ever a childlike grace about him which seemed to have been caught at Assisi from the glorious St. Francis. In his earlier religious life, while master of novices at Chalais, near the Grande Chartreuse, his portrait was taken by a brother religious, that it might be given to his mother. To amuse himself during pauses in the sitting, Père Besson took up the brush himself, and dashed off a charming picture representing the meeting and embrace of the two saints, Dominic and Francis, writing at the foot an invocation to each. This was the first time that he had touched the implements of his art since he had entered religion.

He was a good preacher ; but, unlike many others to whom that title may be given, he preferred a quiet and select audience. Thus he had a predilection for retreats in convents. He rather shunned the more awful and frightening subjects for sermons. The nuns of a convent had a story about him which illustrates this taste. He was suddenly told by his Superior, one afternoon, to give them an instruction or meditation on the Last Judgment. At that time he had preached very little, and thought himself unable to do so without much preparation. He spent some time in prayer, and then began. After a few sentences on the subject that had been assigned to him, he glided insensibly into thoughts about Heaven, and dwelt during the remainder of the time on the joys of the blessed. When taxed with this, he excused himself on the ground of his inability to speak on the more awful truths.

When Père Jandel was made Vicar of the Order by the present Pope in 1850, he called Père Besson to Rome, that he might have the advantage of his counsel and assistance. He was engaged in an arduous work, which had need of the greatest wisdom, firmness, and prudence in those called on to carry it out. Besson's place was that of Superior at Santa Sabina, the convent which was to be, as it were, the pattern and the cradle of the new observance ; but he had also to be very frequently with the Vicar ; and during his absence or illness was charged with a great part of his correspondence. After he had remained Prior for the ordinary space of time, it was thought better to give him a successor, who might more uninterruptedly attend to the government of the house itself ; and it was after this change that Besson began for the first time to labour at the restoration and adornment of San Sisto. They were broken off in 1854, when he returned to the office of Prior at Santa Sabina. Two years later he was sent for the first time into the East, where he eventually died. The mission of Mossoul had been confided to the Dominicans and some French friars sent to devote themselves to it ; but they seem to have been inexperienced men, not fitted to occupy a post where they would be thrown very much on their own resources, unaided by the usual helps of religious discipline and government. Troubles ensued, which seemed so grave to Père Besson, that when he came to transmit the news of them to Père Jandel, then absent from Rome, he thought it right to volunteer to go himself to Mossoul. The offer was accepted, and he was despatched as visitor.

The narrative of his journey to Mossoul, and of his doings there, is one of the most interesting portions of M. Cartier's volume.

Though he had many difficulties to contend with, he accomplished a great amount of good within two years. He increased the schools, made some way in building a seminary, and enlarged the convent of Mar-Yacoub, belonging to his Order, from which he fondly hoped that large bands of future missionaries might issue forth for the conversion of the neighbouring countries. He had also established excellent relations between the clergy of the Chaldee rite and the Dominican missionaries. As for the work of conversion, it would seem that his impression, like that of other labourers in countries under similar conditions, was that all that could be done at present, at least on any great scale, was to prepare for the harvest that may be reaped years hence. In this view he attached the highest importance to the work of educating children, and even urged on the apparently hazardous step—considering the state of the country—of introducing Sisters of Charity, or other religious women, to take charge of the girls. In this, however, he recommended that nothing should be done without great caution; the religious, if they were of his own Order, were still to pass a novitiate under the guidance of the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul. Generally, he looked to the impression produced on the natives by the good and devoted lives of the missionaries, by their charity, mortification, and active benevolence, to prepare the way for more direct attempts at their conversion. He himself had been dubbed a physician by the firman of the Sultan, which he obtained at Constantinople, having lost his passport. He exerted himself to the utmost in his new capacity, and at all events obtained the fame of a leech of the highest skill; people of all ranks and from distant places flocking to him with their sick. He had some superficial knowledge to begin with, from having studied anatomy as a painter, and from discussions that he had listened to at Paris. A French physician had given him some plain instructions in writing before he left Rome, as well as a small pharmacopœia of remedies for the principal diseases he was likely to meet with in the East. The partisans of homœopathy will be glad to learn that Père Besson was an ardent advocate of that method of treatment; M. Cartier, his biographer, appears to share his convictions. At all events Père Besson was very frequently successful in his treatment of the cases presented to him, and owed no small share of the high esteem in which he was universally held to this circumstance; and he was induced to accept the reputation which popular opinion forced upon him, not only on account of the actual good that he was enabled to do, but also with the view of strengthening the position of the Catholic missionaries generally, and preparing the hearts of the people to receive by and bye their doctrinal teaching with more entire confidence.

He was recalled to Europe in 1858, and visited the Holy Land and its shrines on his way back to Rome. His first employment on his return was a difficult mission to France, in which he seems scarcely to have succeeded to the full satisfaction of the Roman authorities by whom he was commissioned. A question, arising out of the different manner in which the Dominican rule was observed in different countries and even convents, and of the desire of Père Jandel to restore as far as possible the strictness of ancient observance, had divided the newly-founded province of France; and Père Besson was sent to calm the excitement, and bring the differing parties to an agreement. His gentle and amiable character, and the esteem in which he was held, were sure to make the task easier to him than to others; but he seemed to some at Rome to have yielded too much for the sake of peace in

proposing the election of Father Lacordaire to the post of Provincial, —a step which seemed to imply the triumph of the less-observant party. It seems, however, that, whether his judgment were right or not, he did not recommend the measure out of any weakness or personal feeling. On his return to Rome he was received kindly, but he describes his position in a letter of the time, by the words, "*moi, je suis resté un peu le bouc émissaire de tout cela : je ne le regrette pas, puisque c'était la condition de la paix et du bien.*" His conduct in this affair, and his remarks upon his position, were just what might have been expected of him. Men of his character are hardly in their place where the greatness of the end in view requires for the moment a disregard of many considerations that might otherwise persuade to condescension and compromise. Yet, strange to say, in the next difficult mission committed to him—the last in his life—he found himself outrunning the sagacious policy of his superiors in the direction of severity. He remained at Rome for some time after his return from France, feeling deeply the want of success that had attended his efforts there. He thought, far too readily, that because he had differed in opinion from his general, he had therefore forfeited his confidence. He betook himself with fresh ardour to his work at San Sisto. One of his paintings there executed at this time is said by M. Cartier to bear traces of his vivid recollections of the bright skies and gorgeous colouring of the East. If his mind was dwelling on his life at Mossoul with anything of a regretful longing, it was soon set at rest by an earnest prayer from the missionaries there that he might be sent to them once again. The superior whom he had left in his place had been obliged to leave, and fresh troubles had arisen, which seemed to call for him as the only person able to set them right. It was not without much reluctance on the part of Père Jandel, and of the Holy Father also, that Père Besson was allowed to act upon this invitation. He first went to France, where some important matters had to be settled with the government. The consulate of France at Mossoul had been suppressed, and the consequences were likely to be disastrous to the missionaries and their little flock. Père Besson was to press earnestly for the restoration of the consulate. At first it seemed as if he had little chance of succeeding; but just at that time M. Thouvenel took the place of Count Walewski as Foreign Minister; and as he had strongly urged the very measure in question while ambassador at Constantinople, he was easily induced to grant at least that a vice-consul should be placed at Mossoul. Besson spent a few more weeks in France and Belgium, visiting convents, and bidding adieu to friends and penitents, and then returned to Rome, only to depart for the East in September 1859.

The last six months of his life were full of suffering. The first thing that happened at Mossoul after his arrival was the death of the French vice-consul, on whose support he had reckoned so much. Then he set himself to the question which had been the immediate cause of the troubles that had made his return necessary. They arose from that principle of intense nationality which has caused so much mischief in the Church since the very earliest times, and which appears to be as lively and stubborn a root of evil in the present day as ever before. It was not, however, at all events directly, a quarrel between the native Chaldean clergy and the foreign missionaries. But the Chaldeans, before their own return to unity, had been under the jurisdiction of the Nestorian patriarch. They had, moreover, the same rites and the same liturgical language as the Christians of Malabar, in India, who had also been under the patriarch's government. This was quite enough to constitute a reason, in the eyes of the more national among

them, why the Malabar churches should be furnished with bishops by the Chaldeans, notwithstanding the submission of both to the Holy See. These, of course, would be brought into collision with the Roman organisation by which Malabar was administered. Ignorance came to the aid of prejudice; the Chaldeans and the disaffected in Malabar each thought they should gain greatly by connection with the other. A priest and some young students were sent from Malabar to the Chaldean patriarch, that he might ordain them as the first members of a national clergy. Père Besson was able for a time to prevail on him to hold his hand; but the patriarch was at last over-persuaded by the opposite party. He openly broke with and denounced the French missionaries, one of whom had been commissioned by the Pope's delegate to represent him in his absence. Meanwhile the course of events in Italy, which seemed to threaten the Holy See with great troubles at home, encouraged the schismatical party. The patriarch fortified himself by the adhesion of some other Chaldean bishops, and at last proceeded to consecrate a bishop for the Malabar Christians. The Dominican representative of the Papal delegate threatened him and the other bishops with the censures of the Church; but they disclaimed his authority, and appealed to the Holy Father himself.

It cannot be wondered at that Père Besson and his brethren were now advocates for strong measures; but as the appeal recognised the authority of Rome, and so left a door open for further negotiations, it is not surprising, on the other hand, that the affair should still have been kept open by Rome herself. She does not usually throw away the chance of a future reconciliation. Père Besson and his colleagues had to bear some taunts from their enemies, for it certainly seemed as if their threats had failed to be ratified by the power they represented; but by so doing they served the Holy See far better than if they could, by possibility, have induced it to act with precipitancy. But there was more than this for them to bear; for they were assailed at Rome by their enemies with charges against their general conduct and way of life such as it must have been very hard for them to have to confute. Père Besson bore all with his usual patience and humility, though, tormented again by the fear that he was not trusted, he begged of his superiors to be allowed to return to France. Before his request could be answered he was in his grave, a real victim to his own charity. An epidemic fever appeared at Mossoul; he threw himself at once into the midst of the danger, as he had done in the early days of his religious life, when the cholera was raging in France. It was a relief to him, amid the troubles of the mission, to be able to devote himself to the service of the sick. He took no precautions, and spared no exertion, though the fatigue wore him down terribly, and he was all the time keeping the Lent fast with Oriental strictness, which exacts more in the way of abstinence than ordinary Europeans can bear. At length, when his strength seemed to be failing altogether, he was persuaded to go to the mountain convent of Mar-Yacoub for rest and change of air. But he only reached it to die. The fever was already upon him; and after a fortnight's illness, he sank under it on May 4th, 1861. He was then forty-five.

M. Cartier has added to the life of Père Besson a second volume, containing nearly two hundred of his letters. They are almost entirely on spiritual subjects. These, and any more that may hereafter be collected, will form the most lasting monument of the writer, whose very attractive character they recall and reflect. They are not so brilliant as those of Lacordaire; their charm lies in their simplicity and freedom from effort, and in the genuine charity and piety with which they glow.

They are full of prudence and practical wisdom. Père Besson was more fitted, perhaps, for direction of souls than for the government of communities, at least in difficult times, and laboured more successfully in the confessional than in the pulpit. In this particular sphere he exercised a great influence. He was always ready for it, and never denied his best help to any who sought it. He did not even abandon it when sent to the East, but kept up a correspondence with many of his former penitents in Europe, larger than he had time for without letting it fall, now and then, considerably into arrear. This was one of his complaints against himself in his last illness. Such men as he do not often come to be very prominent; their life is interior and hidden; it is something like an exception if circumstances call them into publicity; and when they are so called, they appear sometimes to fail at a critical moment, not in virtue or charity, but in judgment or firmness, and the seeming failure is the means of bringing to them the cross which is to accomplish their perfection. They leave behind them memories cherished by those who knew them with a tenderness in which others can hardly expect to share, until they study them and their remains in the pages of some such biography as that before us—simple, truthful, and loving—in which the writer has skill enough to give a perfectly definite and intelligible idea of the character which he is describing, and judgment enough to let that character make its own impression on his readers.

7.

ARNOLD'S ESSAYS.*

MR. ARNOLD has deservedly gained a great reputation as an essayist. He writes, we believe, seldom, but always with care, always with point and brilliancy. The announcement of an article from his pen is sure to excite curiosity, which is not commonly disappointed. His readers have learnt to expect from him something not merely clever, but thoughtful, informing, and suggestive: his style is graceful, though with a little, now and then, of affectation; and his ideas sometimes flash with a light which is almost that of genius. There is a good deal of amusement too to be found in what he writes. We are never sure but that we may not find him all at once engaged in administering chastisement to some offender against taste or propriety, in a style of exquisite and gentle sublimity, very entertaining to his readers, whatever sensations it may occasion in the sufferer. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Arnold has certainly not misjudged the mind of the public in collecting his scattered articles, and giving us the opportunity of reading them consecutively. Of the many volumes of this kind that have lately been published, few will have a better chance of outliving the present generation than that of Mr. Arnold.

The essays have little connection with one another beyond the bond of common origin; but there is much family likeness between them. The two first are so far the most important that they contain more than the others a formal profession of their author's literary aims and special ideas, so far as he has any. They are entitled 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time' and 'The Literary Influence of Academies.' These are followed by articles on Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, on Heine, Joubert, and Spinoza. The volume also contains two elaborate essays on 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment,' and on 'Marcus

* *Essays in Criticism.* By Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Macmillan, London and Cambridge.

Anrelins.' Each of these attracted much attention at the time of its first publication. We might find much to say about them not quite in harmony with Mr. Arnold's views; but our want of space will compel us to confine ourselves to a few remarks on the essays first mentioned, and of these we can only speak somewhat generally.

Criticism, says Mr. Arnold, is "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." He makes a great point of this *disinterestedness* which criticism ought to have. "How is criticism to show disinterestedness? By keeping aloof from practice; by resolutely following the law of its own nature, which is to be a free play of the mind on all the subjects that it touches; by steadily refusing to lend itself to any of those ulterior, political, practical considerations about ideas which plenty of people will be sure to attach to them, which perhaps ought often to be attached to them, . . . but which criticism has really nothing to do with." He instances as his ideal organ of criticism the *Revue des deux Mondes*, "having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world, existing, it may be said, as just an organ for the free play of the mind;" and he contrasts with this *Revue*, to their disadvantage, the English Reviews, which are all more or less the organs of certain parties, and which give expression each to a certain definite shade of opinion. In this way criticism is enslaved and fettered, and prevented from discharging its proper function, which is the "creating of a current of true and fresh ideas;" and it lends its aid to that narrow self-satisfaction, which Mr. Arnold justly describes as "vulgarising and retarding," and of which he gives some amusing instances—not, however, drawn from criticism or literature, but from the speeches of members of parliament to their constituents, or of country gentlemen to their tenants.

It is perfectly true that we are very much in need of a criticism that shall elevate and enlarge the public mind, and devote itself honestly and unflinchingly to the discovery of what is true, noble, and good, without caring for the practical motives that may arise for turning our eyes away from what may be unwelcome though true, and humiliating though precious. Mr. Arnold closes his second essay by a severe, but not unjust, remark on a saying of Lord Macaulay about the unequalled value of English literature,—a saying which belongs to a strain of self-glorification to which Mr. Arnold again applies his favourite epithets, "vulgar and retarding." But that intense self-conceit, which Mr. Arnold is too academic and refined to call by its right name, has its root in ignorance more or less profound of things outside our own special range; and what higher task, under such circumstances, can criticism undertake than the removal of such ignorance? It is not merely that "English thought is streaming in upon us from all sides, and takes excellent care that we shall not be ignorant of its existence;" this thought wells up from the heart of a nation that has long been in the habit not only of ignoring most of what was foreign to itself, but also of misunderstanding what it could not altogether ignore. Let Mr. Arnold protest as much as he will against taking criticism out of the purely intellectual sphere and making it practical, still the sphere of criticism is as wide as the sphere of intelligence and knowledge, and its duties embrace the correction of falsehood and the dispelling of ignorance, how practical soever they may have become. Literature without a purpose and without any effect upon life becomes vapid, enervating, and affected. Mr. Arnold seems, therefore, to us to be somewhat too fastidious, and to shrink from the highest and most important part of the work of criticism, as it is set forth in his own definition; for surely

"the best that is known and thought in the world" cannot exclude the most vital subjects on which thought can be exercised, or knowledge attained. Moreover, the state of things around us calls for a somewhat more commonplace, but also more manly, view of the function of criticism. Instead of a lounging, exquisitely-refined criticism that blandly entreats literature to be disinterested and not so vulgar, to drop provinciality and to learn to be urbane, we want a very good-humoured, a very inoffensive, but at the same time a very downright and plain-spoken criticism indeed—one that will not mind telling our countrymen that they are full of prejudice about things they do not know, and full of ignorance about things they write and talk about. We want an industrious and laborious criticism that shall not question without confuting, nor assert without proving, nor waste itself in generalities, nor destroy without building up, nor root up without planting; but we want one that will not be afraid to question and to assert, and to destroy and to root up, and which must clear the ground of weeds and rubbish before it can hope to do more.

Mr. Arnold feels, and has the courage to say, that less of current English thought comes into this "best that is known and thought in the world" than of the current literature of France or Germany. The proposition may be partially true; but in order to find a remedy for the evil we must descend to particulars, and point out the departments of thought and knowledge in which we are behind others. It is good to protest against the insularity, the exclusiveness, the self-conceit which stain a great portion of our current literature; but the effect has an historical and tangible cause with regard to great and important subjects of thought, and a writer in Mr. Arnold's position could have pointed it out with some hope of being attended to. But we fear that a good deal of what, in Mr. Arnold's view, is "the best that is known and taught in the world" requires correction every where on certain points, and that as to these the evil affects the current literature of France and Germany not less than that of England. Mr. Arnold is much amused by a remark addressed to himself by a certain member of parliament, "that a thing is an anomaly, I consider to be no objection to it whatever;" and he hopes that the day may come when it shall be enough to make a thing objectionable that it is an anomaly. The current literature—at all events the ephemeral press—of the Europe which Mr. Arnold considers as the great common country of criticism,— "for intellectual and spiritual purposes one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result, whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another,"—the literature of this Europe has lately been occupying itself with a great ecclesiastical declaration of principles and doctrines, and we fear that the exhibition has been as anomalous elsewhere as with ourselves. For what can be more anomalous, or, if Mr. Arnold likes it better, more "vulgar and retarding," than for literary men to write about a document whose phraseology they do not understand, to cast aside, in their reflections upon it, all the rules of interpretation that apply to the class of pronouncements to which it belongs, and thus to blunder on from one absurdity about it to another? We have seen plenty of this in our own country, certainly; but we fear that criticism has something to find fault with on this head elsewhere also. If the members of the "great confederation" start with no larger stock of knowledge than that of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another, they start with but a poor outfit for the acquirement of "the best that is known and thought in the world." With writers like Mr. Arnold, who place them-

selves in the attitude of indifferent spectators, and look on every thing with a simply artistic eye, it might be out of place to argue from the paramount importance of religious truths, and to say that systems with which the most momentous and lasting interests of mankind are connected must, if only on this ground, be among the best and highest subjects of thought and knowledge. We would rather, therefore, meet Mr. Arnold on his own ground; and contend that, setting aside the consideration of consequences, the range of subjects that he has excluded from the intellectual outfit of the members of his civilised Europe embraces the very highest, noblest, most beautiful, most elevating, most fruitful matters in which the human mind can occupy and inform itself.

The great intellectual misery of our day—a misery which, more than any thing else, dwarfs and cramps intellectual progress, and we speak now simply in the interest of intelligence and mental culture—is, that literature has disconnected itself from religion, and thereby cut itself off from the richest source of its own true life and beauty. The range of subjects opened to it by the manifold effects of the Incarnation on the world, and the light that it has thrown upon human nature and history, is so magnificent and wonderful, that nothing else can possibly be compared to it; and he will be the best friend of literature, in this or any future generation, who shall do most to turn its attention to the new creation to which it now so resolutely shuts its eyes.

Mr. Arnold's protest against narrowness and vulgarity may be good as far as it goes; but it strikes us, to use another word of which he is fond, as singularly "inadequate." The reason is plain. He is infected with the besetting fault of the literary men of our time, who do homage to the influence of Voltaire without professing themselves his disciples. They ignore Christianity instead of attacking it; or, at the best, they patronise it, much as Mr. Arnold patronises the Catholic doctrine about marriage in this very volume. We find in an old critique on his poems words which express our own thoughts on this subject so well, that we shall take the liberty of quoting them: "The art that has no relevancy to actual life, that passes by God's truth and the facts of man's nature as if they had no existence,—the art that does not seek to ennoble and purify and help us in our life-long struggle with sin and evil, however beautiful, however outwardly serene and majestic—is false, poor, and contemptible. It is not worth the serious attention of a man in earnest. All noble and true and manly art is connected with God's glory and man's true benefit; and we do not believe that the grave and severe artists of Mr. Arnold's favourite Greece, if they had known of the Christian revelation, and if they had believed that in it God had spoken to mankind, would have passed it by in silence and neglect, and attempted to feed the yearning hearts of their countrymen upon the miserable dregs of some Egyptian superstition, or the more refined and intellectual mistakes of the Magian philosophy. If they had known where the problem of man's existence was solved for ever, and where the guide of man's conduct was infallibly to be found, they would have led their disciples to those glorious sources, and have raised their own loftiest strains to celebrate the virtues of the River of Life."^o

7.

* *Christian Remembrancer* for June 1854.

The Bourbe in Mexico.

It is easy to conjure up a fancy picture of what Mexico must have been for the three centuries during which it was a dependency on the mother country. They were divided by four thousand miles of ocean, which the galleons took at least three months to traverse. Twice in the year they went and came. They brought to the colony royal ordinances which must be obeyed, and royal delegates to govern in the distant sovereign's name; and they bore away on their return the rich treasures of that richest province of the vast Spanish empire. Many will be ready to say, what must have been the misery and degradation of Mexico in those days, groaning under the double yoke of arbitrary viceroys and the fanatical Inquisition; and drained of its material wealth to swell the overgrown luxury of the parent State! Stubborn facts, however, stand in the way of the full flow of any such plausible imagination. Whatever abuses may have existed, and whatever amount of misgovernment may have prevailed, one thing is certain—Mexico was contented, nay, proud of her condition, and had no longings after national autonomy. Of this we have irrefragable proof in one telling fact. A country eight times the size of France, with a population of sixteen millions, and ruled by the representative of a sovereign it never beheld, was kept in tranquillity by the presence of an army rarely numbering above 8,000 men. The convoys of silver to the coast for embarkation never had any escort to guard them. The first car simply bore a banner with these words: "The King's money." It was protection enough. When the first news arrived of the French invasion of Spain in 1808, far from seizing the opportunity which the distresses of the mother country afforded for emancipation, all ranks of men joined in an earnest and cordial invitation to Charles IV. to take refuge in this faithful portion of his dominions.

It was only when Mexico, with the rest of Spanish America, found itself abandoned to its own resources, that the banner of independence was raised, and the idea of forming a republic first arose. No nation could possibly have been less fitted by its origin, habits, and constitution for such a form of government. The neighbourhood of the United States must of course be taken into account as one of the promoting causes of its ultimate acceptance. It was a part of

their policy to encourage what their example already suggested ; but, as is well known, its adoption was preceded by experiments of another character. So late as 1821 Don Augustino Iturbide, then at the head of the Mexican nation, proposed to form a constitutional monarchy under an Infant of Spain. Ferdinand VII. declined the proposition ; and with the Emperor Augustino I., who was speedily swept from his ephemeral throne by the successful soldier Santa Anna, all hopes of establishing a monarchy disappeared. The downward course of revolution to anarchy and despotism rapidly set in ; and perhaps no nation has ever had a longer experience of the bitter fruits of a state of society lacking a recognised permanent supreme authority. In Mexico, at all events, the new state of things could not even secure a day's quiet possession of property and life to the individual members of a nation nominally in the full enjoyment of all the rights of a pure democracy. All that was sound and good in Mexico had but one opinion on this subject. As soon as the defeat of Juarez and his adherents by the French made any really free act possible, an Assembly of Notables, chosen from all classes to decide on the future constitution, commissioned five of their number to draw up a report embodying their unanimous resolution, and the motives which had led to it. This document, in the terrible picture which it presents of the course of shame and of blood through which the country had been dragged for half a century, will remain as a perpetual memorial of what can be effected by mere national independence, apart from all the guardian principles of liberty and order. Most remarkable also is the testimony it gives to the beneficent influence of the old Spanish rule. To those times the Commissioners, speaking in the name of the Assembly, revert with fond regret : " We cannot fail to admire," they say, " the bright traces left in our country by that series of monarchs who from across the ocean's immense expanse extended their protecting sceptre over Mexico. A special legislation, full of prudence and wisdom, shielded the natives from those persecutions which are sure to weigh heavy on a weak, ignorant, and superstitious people humbled by conquest. Here the power of the prince would not have sufficed. The tender solicitude of a father was needed to adapt the laws to the peculiar customs and habitual vices of the Indians, in order to soften the former and correct the latter, abating in their regard the ordinary severity of justice. The individual, the family, the commune, the native village, all were the objects of the zealous care of these monarchs, who looked on themselves as the tutors and guardians of a race of men worthy in their eyes of the most benignant protection. Asylums, hospitals, schools—erected with the exclusive object of

providing for the material wants and intellectual culture of their new subjects—such were not the least among the benefits lavished upon Mexico by the Spanish government.” We may add, that every facility and provision for their Christian instruction were abundantly furnished; and the Indians are to this day, however ignorant they may often be, the most fervent and devoted Catholics. The report proceeds to speak of the bridges, the great roads, the magnificent cities, with their superb aqueducts, churches, and palaces—all constructed by an authority which made itself felt in the colony only to confer benefits.

The report goes on to say, that it would be an endless task were the Commission to attempt to enumerate all the glorious monuments of the wisdom, the piety, and munificence of the Spanish sovereigns; and it concludes this topic with these memorable words, that there is no Mexican “who cannot point to the day and the hour when Mexico, bidding adieu to the sweet enjoyments it tasted at the height of its prosperity and wealth, entered on that path of declension down which it has travelled for fifty years.” This unbought tribute to the excellence of the old *régime* speaks for itself. But it will be said, were there no abuses, no imperfections under the ancient administration? Doubtless there were. Where, it may be asked in reply, shall we find a government free from such? But it had its corrective in itself. It was a Christian government, administered in a Christian spirit; and this one quality is sufficient to remedy or abate the evil consequences of a thousand defects, and to give life and vigour to all that is good. On the other hand, the new modern systems of government, with all their perfection of organisation, with all their exquisite machinery, just because they are not Christian, lack that vivifying principle which can render what is good effective, and which acts so powerfully to hinder what is deficient or bad from developing itself and issuing in the most disastrous results.

The prosperity of Mexico while a colonial dependency, if no monuments remained to prove it, would be evidenced by the simple fact that the spontaneous gifts of private individuals to government are said to have exceeded in amount all that was raised by taxation.

In a country at once so rich and so Catholic, the churches were sure to lack neither grandeur of architecture nor costly adornment; and, in spite of revolutionary spoliation, a portion of their magnificence still remains to tell of what has passed away. The cathedral of Puebla is described in glorious terms of admiration by an eye-witness, a French Zouave officer* of the army of intervention, as he

* *Les Bivouacs de Vera Cruz à Mexico*. Par un Zouave. Paris, 1865.

saw it after the capture of the city. It would not please our lovers of Gothic architecture, which, indeed, does not seem to flourish below a certain parallel of latitude; but no one can deny that the conception is grandiose, and bespeaks the wealth and pious munificence of the people who raised this splendid edifice. The belfry alone is said to have cost five hundred thousand francs. It contains thirty enormous bells. When the full peal is rung, as it always is on the numerous festivals of the Mexican calendar, it is enough, says our officer, to drive you wild. The Mexicans, however, delight in the deafening clang. The monster bell of the peal weighs above nine tons, and cost forty-five thousand francs. The great cupola of the church is covered with green and golden porcelain, which must impart something of an oriental character to it. Bright colours, indeed, seem the instinctive taste of the children of sunny lands. The interior of the edifice is as striking as the exterior; and its altars and sacred vessels still glitter with gold, silver, and precious stones. From what remains we may judge of the riches of the sanctuary before the revolutionary spoiler had set his foot in it. The church-plate alone is said to have been of fabulous value; while in the sacristy stood a great lavabo, surmounted by an image of St. Michael, all of solid silver. This massive treasure has tempted the cupidity of the Liberals, as well as the immense lustres of solid silver, with gold drops, which, with the exception of one only, have disappeared. In this beautiful cathedral, which also possesses some fine pictures, and in all the rich church-furniture of which it can still boast, it is not a mere barbaric display of costly metals and jewels which dazzles and astonishes, for every where the skill and taste of the artificer deserve the highest admiration.

The low estimate that has universally been formed of the Mexicans as soldiers has led people in Europe very much to undervalue the gallantry of the French army of intervention, and its patient endurance of the difficulties and sufferings peculiar to the warfare in which it was engaged. In order fully to appreciate the merit of these brave men, many circumstances ought to be taken into account which cannot figure in mere official reports; and we must own to having had a very inadequate idea of all which they had to undergo, until we had perused this simple journal of a Zouave officer, recounting the incidents of his bivouacs from Vera Cruz to Mexico.

A country in the condition of Mexico is easily defended by its very disadvantages. An army must be provided with its own means of subsistence, in order to traverse regions very thinly populated, and abounding in vast uncultivated tracts. How must difficulties be increased when the enemy remorselessly devastates the territory in

advance, destroying crops, breaking millstones, and burning villages ! A nation has sometimes spontaneously performed such deeds in self-defence ; but Mexico was the patient, not the actor, in the resistance opposed to the march of the French army into the interior by Juarez's adherents. The climate was another powerful adversary. The detachment to which the young officer belonged landed at Vera Cruz at a moment when the *vomito negro* was at its height. First impressions must have been of a dismal character ; most of the inhabitants had fled from the raging epidemic, leaving none but those whom important business or commercial interests retained in the infected city, and the little French garrison, which this terrible scourge was daily reducing. Add to this, a sun pouring down its vertical rays from a sky never veiled by a cloud, and a hideous stench arising from the pestilential streets, which had no other scavengers but flocks of the most repulsive-looking vultures, abounding in this country, which squabble with each other for the possession of the heaps of filth which the inhabitants throw out at their doors. The law protects these disagreeable birds for the good office they perform, by a fine of twenty piastres on the person who kills one. Aware of their impunity, they scarce step out of their way to allow you to pass. In addition to all these physical annoyances, the French suffered from their unpopularity with the inhabitants of Vera Cruz,—a money-getting race, who, from pecuniary motives, were inimical to the intervention. For both these causes—the frightful insalubrity of the place, and the ill-humour of its citizens—there was every reason to send off the reinforcements inland as fast as such a measure was possible. But they had still to encounter the fiery ordeal of a passage through the *tierra caliente*. The French will soon have completed the Medellin railroad, which will enable the troops to traverse this region—the European's terror—in four or five hours ; indeed, this desirable object may have been already effected. With the exception of this tract of land on the sea-board, the whole province of Vera Cruz is extremely mountainous ; and, while undergoing the combined tortures which are the product of a tropical sun beating down upon a steaming swamp, the eye of the fainting traveller is tantalised by a view of the towering peak of the beautiful Citlatepetl (the mountain star), with its dazzling crown of eternal snow. Thick forests, in which the woodman's axe is never heard, and where trees of a gigantic size abound, clothe the sides of the Cordillera ; and the streams at the mountain's feet keep ever fresh the verdure of a redundant vegetation. Every thing tells of the bountifulness of nature in a land which scarcely needs cultivation to yield a rich return.

The newly-arrived French troops camp in a marsh, by the charred

ruins of a village, and await the great convoy of provisions which they are to escort to their half-starving countrymen at Orizaba. The experience of their African warfare has taught them to transport their supplies on mules; but here, unfortunately, were no mules, as the enemy had monopolised the greater part, and the rest had been sent inland by their cautious proprietors. Three hundred heavy Mexican wagons, with enormous wheels, the cast-off carriages of the enemy, were the only available substitute; and these had to be dragged by over-taxed and extenuated teams, driven by reluctant Indians, sure to take to their heels as soon as they heard the report of a musket. Road there was none, but a mere path through the thick wood,—at this season a perfect quagmire,—in which one or other of these ponderous vehicles was constantly becoming imbedded, bringing the whole line to a stand. Numerous bands of guerillas dogged them on their way, concealed by the bush, and awaiting these favourable opportunities to rush upon the convoy and pour in a shower of balls. Then disappearing in the covert, they would hasten on to some other difficult piece of ground well known to them, but which took the French by surprise, and there renew their attack. Upon these occasions the *arrieros* (Indian drivers) increased the confusion by taking to flight. The brave Zouaves plunge into the wood to grapple hand to hand with the invisible foe, pressing forward to the spot where trumpets and bugles are sounding a recall. In vain. When they reach it, not a man is visible. In this tangled swampy wilderness it is impossible to pursue an enemy whom you cannot even see, and who takes good care never to attack you when you can see him, in the face of day or in a fair field. He is only bold from behind a tree, or when he can poke his musket through a hole in a wall. Now let us picture to ourselves the close of such a day of fatigue; and many days were consumed in this painful march. Imagine encamping in profound darkness and amid a deluge of rain, which has poured incessantly from morn till evening, varied only by hail. Lighting fires is out of the question. The Zouave can do almost any thing, and bear almost any thing; his multifarious ingenuity competes with his admirable patience. When some of the frequent casualties of the warfare to which he is used deprives him of his daily ration, he can laugh at the little calamity; but there is one thing which he can not forego and keep his temper—his coffee. The Zouave loves his hot coffee beyond and above every thing—experience has proved its value to him; but coffee cannot be prepared in this down-pour. Here and there from the midst of the pitchy darkness an oath breaks upon your ear; it is elicited by this climax of human misery. Well, he must e'en content himself with his pipe and a bit

of dry biscuit, and lie down in his drenched clothes in a bed of mud; hardly to repose, however, notwithstanding the sedative of the twelve previous hours' intense fatigue; for the guerillas lurking in the bush take care to disturb, if they cannot otherwise annoy him with an occasional shot. But these are not the only enemies to rest. Even the falling torrents do not discourage the mosquitoes, who come in buzzing hosts to their human banquet. They are one of the numerous plagues of the *tierra caliente*, which swarms with stinging and blood-sucking insects, not to speak of wild-beasts and serpents large and small. Our friend describes a gigantic cobra da capella, upon whose soft cold body a Zouave unwittingly laid his hand while engaged in pitching a tent. Fortunately, the reptile was sleepy and stupefied by the rain, so that there was time to kill him before he was aroused in his strength. He was soon skinned, cut up, boiled, and eaten. A Zouave is not dainty; and what is there which Frenchmen cannot make palatable by cookery? Nevertheless, our officer seems to have thought that it required as much or more intrepidity to eat the monster than to slay him, and stuck to his dry biscuit on this occasion.

In the high lands you get rid of the mosquito and some other kindred plagues, but you do not escape the *chico*, an almost imperceptible insect, which burrows between the outer skin and epidermis, where in the course of a few hours it has laid thousands of eggs, and you begin to be eaten up with a frightful rapidity. In this there is neither metaphor nor exaggeration. The Indians, who go barefoot, often lose several of their toes, and children have been known to die in consequence of the injuries inflicted on their heads and face by this almost microscopic bug.

Besides the chicos, the temperate zone has its own special scourges. If you leave the vomito negro in the plain, you meet, on your ascent, with other local fevers, besides dysentery, typhus, and enlargement of the liver. The rarefaction of the air affects the breathing, and those whose lungs are affected soon succumb. "Nothing but imperious necessity," said the superintendent of the convoy, "can induce a man to remain in Mexico, where, besides the dangers of the climate, you have to endure so many other tribulations." This man was the son of a Castilian muleteer, who was in easy circumstances in his own country until an epidemic amongst the mules ruined him; he emigrated to Mexico, where he fell a victim to the climate, but not before realising a property worth 250,000 francs. But this was in the old times. The agents of the new government deprived the son of the greater part of his inheritance; the rest he spent in fruitless law proceedings, and had finally to begin life again.

The account which this intelligent man gave of the state of the

anarchy and demoralisation of the country was fearful. The rights of property were a dead letter; duplicity reigned every where, in the conduct of private individuals as well as in that of the *employés*. Men accustomed to be cheated, cheat in their turn. So habitual is the practice that they seem to have lost the very perception of the nobleness of truth, and laugh at the sincerity and good faith of the French soldier, as if it were an intellectual foible. The Spanish carter allowed, however, that there were some sensible persons in Mexico, but they all thought as he did. "A gangrene," he said, "is eating away this phantom of a nation; and it is ready to disappear from the face of the world if France does not accomplish her work." Ever since Mexico threw off the yoke it has never been able to form a respectable government. Greedy and ignorant men have seized, in succession, on the sovereign power; and in thirty years the country has retrograded a century, without having the slightest suspicion of the fact.

The account of the mule-driver was confirmed by one of our own countrymen, long resident in Mexico, with whom our soldier who had joined the convoy had made acquaintance. Neither he nor his comrades having the smallest notion for what purpose they had been sent two thousand leagues from their own home, he was glad to get a little light on the subject of Mexican affairs. His informer was, like the carter, a sufferer from the arbitrary acts of Juarez's government. It would be difficult indeed to find any one, except the immediate adherents of that revolutionary brigand, and the army of robbers under his command, engaged at this present in the so-called defence of the country, who have not more or less reason to make the same complaint. The office of president has long been the prize of a kind of military lottery, drawn about every two or three years. In this bloody and desolating game the republic has lost its credit, the agriculture of the country has been ruined, the population has been decimated. To aim at the presidency has become the universal mania; there is not a cadet, perhaps, in the military school of Chapultepec who is not longing to have his turn and to try his luck. Ever since a soldier of fortune numbering but twenty-seven years won the great prize, no one despairs of a like success. Every one dreams of grasping by a bold stroke what Miramon obtained with no better pretensions. Not that Miramon was by any means the most unworthy of the occupants of the presidential chair; which is, however, to say but little for him. This lottery for supreme power might be viewed as a piece of buffoonery, were its results not so deplorable. To see attorneys, and even attorneys' clerks, flinging away their gowns to gird on a sword and play the general, that they may have a stake

in the game, a chance from the turn of the wheel, is certainly a ridiculous spectacle enough. The misfortune is, that there are perhaps no more pitiless wielders of authority than the men who leave some little quiet trade to gamble for power; no hands at once more greedy and more prodigal than those of ignoble rulers whom a lucky chance has made, and whom the lucky chance of another may any day unmake. The more haste, therefore, to get rich. This system prevailed throughout. Minor offices were won after the same fashion as the presidential arm-chair. The whole country lay prostrate at the mercy of brute force. A subordinate officer, a sergeant at the head of a little detachment, no sooner enters a village than at once he proclaims himself its dictator. In the midst of the terrified Indians he strikes the ground with his sword and calls for a loan of money, which no one dares to refuse, and which no one expects to be repaid. Would that this were all, and that nothing worse than exaction was to be apprehended from such visits; but these little tyrants are men who neither fear God above them nor respect their fellow-man. They deem that every thing is theirs by right of conquest. No sooner, therefore, is the dust of an approaching body of lancers visible than the respectable inhabitants take to flight, and mothers carry off their daughters to the mountains to shield them from insult.

Revolutions, as we know, bring the scum to the surface; a new race seems to start into life; strange actors come on the scene, and you wonder whence they have come, and where they were hidden, or what was their avocation in the days of order. Let us trace some of the *corps dramatique* of the Mexican revolution home. Ever and anon at intervals you discern, while travelling through the vast territory of the republic, small ill-cultivated farms by the river side, taking their chance, as it were, of the vicissitudes of the season. Here and there you spy a field of Indian corn, parched up if it be summer, and choked with weeds in the rainy months; some miserable bullocks crop the herbage outside the hedges, and take a long melancholy stare at the passer-by. If curiosity lead you to penetrate into the *rancho*, you will be struck with its cheerless, homeless air—no furniture except one or two mats and some greasy stools; ranged against the wall are plates of all colours and pots of all shapes, representing dogs, ducks, or other animals. In front of you, you observe a picture of Our Lady. You rejoice to see this one hopeful sign. Fallen, degraded, corrupted as she is, Mexico is still Catholic. But do not raise your hopes too high as to the personal morality or piety of the owner of this wretched farm. Step into the inner room, and you marvel at seeing saddles plated with silver, harness, arms, spurs in

the same style, two or three handsome *zarapes* (the outer garment commonly worn), a guitar, and generally a pretty girl looking after the domestic work of this mysterious abode. She may be the wife of the *dueño*, but of this you cannot be sure. But of one thing you may be certain, if you look into the back yard, that our negligent farmer has another trade, which he exercises more diligently and more profitably than his ostensible calling. For there you will see two or three fine horses, not good serviceable farm beasts, but animals trained for speed, and in the highest condition. The farmer, in fact, is almost always a highway-robber. You also see him figuring in all his bravery of attire (and no costume is richer or more picturesque than the national dress of the Mexican) at cock-fights, bull-fights, fairs, and fandangos. Two or three of these gay cavaliers may be frequently met prancing into a village, where they hang about the taverns, talk pleasantly to the comers and goers, and withal collect information useful in the non-agricultural portion of their profession. At the news of the great prizes won in the military career, these bandits emerged from their obscurity and took a part in politics. Here we must seek the origin of leaders like Carvajal, Diaz, Rojas, Leyva, Cuellar, Valencia, Butron,* who might be seen at the head of their followers, entering towns with banners flying and trumpets sounding, and received with solemn honours by the republican authorities. Of Carvajal, promoted to be governor of the state of Tlaxcala and a general in the Mexican army, deeds of ferocity and license are related which make the blood boil with indignation, but which the pen recoils from recording. Our Zouave says that people cross themselves when the terrible brigand is named, as do the good peasants in his native village at a flash of lightning. The image of this wretch, whom he figured to himself as a diabolical-looking being, half-man, half-beast in appearance, haunted our Zouave in his dreams and weighed on him like a nightmare. What was his surprise to learn from those who had seen him that this monster of vice was a young man of some eight-and-twenty years, with a handsome face and distinguished manners, more those of a polished gentleman than of a chief of banditti! He has made about fifteen millions of francs by his exploits, which the liberal government has rewarded in the manner already noticed.

Men like Carvajal and his soldiers are of course strangers even to those conventional humanities, a departure from which is considered to be disgraceful in modern warfare. We may form some vague

* Butron and his band were taken by the French after entering Mexico. They were summarily tried and shot.

idea of the horrors of war as carried on by these brigand chiefs when we find a humane and generous Frenchman, who expresses intense abhorrence of their ferocious deeds, speaking of the destruction of Solidaridad by his countrymen as an act of rigorous justice. The men of this place—which expression, in a large village numbering two thousand souls, can signify only a certain proportion of its inhabitants—had intercepted and seized a convoy of munitions. So, in chastisement of this act, the whole town had been given up to the flames a short time previously. The church did not escape the general ruin. The house alone of the curé was left standing, because he was of French extraction, together with that of the alcalde,—it is not said why. Solidaridad must have been a charming abode before its destruction (observes our friend), to judge by the richness of the surrounding gardens and fields. It was while halting at this spot, engaged in preparing means for passing the Rio Jamapa, the magnificent bridge over the stream having been destroyed by the guerillas a few days before, in hopes of hindering the advance of the convoy, that a post stationed on an eminence gave the joyful intelligence that a column of men in the French uniform was advancing on the other bank. It was a detachment of friends in arms, with whom they had lately communicated by means of one of their arrieros who had undertaken the perilous office of carrying a letter announcing their approach, and appointing a meeting on the banks of the river. They had believed their messenger to have been drowned. He had to cross the river, which was pouring its swollen volume in a rapid current. For a moment he gazed on the turbid stream, and seemed to hesitate; then plunged into the dark waters, and never rose again. They mourned the poor man's miserable end, or still more, perhaps, their own utter inability to communicate with their countrymen, now in the utmost distress for want of provisions, as they had learnt from a despatch brought by an Indian, who crawled out of the bush thoroughly exhausted, having narrowly escaped being shot by the Zouaves, who mistook him for a foe. The Indians, when well rewarded, will accomplish the most perilous feats where cunning and dexterity are required. It turned out that their messenger (the arriero who bore the reply) had only dived, walked a few steps at the bottom of the stream, and then caught hold of some branches overhanging the high bank, where he had remained concealed some time with his mouth just above water, for fear that the guerillas might have seen him from the opposite bank. By and bye he crossed, and repeated the same manœuvre, lying hid in the water until his acute senses informed him that the coast was clear, when he crawled on shore, made a dash through the wood, and arrived just in time to

prevent the Capitaine Morand from leaving his post in discouragement and falling back to Cordova.

A five days' halt on the banks of the Jamapa, employed in throwing up some entrenchments, in order to the permanent occupation of this important post, proved fatal to the health of the newly-arrived detachment. The Minister of War had recommended that the successive detachments landed should traverse the *Tierra Caliente* very rapidly. But, however desirable, it was impossible for them to carry out their directions, hampered as they had been with the charge of a heavy convoy, and provided with only the most cumbrous means of transport. Yet so long as the party moved on, however slowly, the men had borne up pretty well, although the tremendous sufferings of the march were such that our Zouave tells us that he himself often felt a strong temptation to lie down in the bush, utterly regardless of the danger of losing sight of the column even for a moment, followed as they were by bands of guerillas. Life, he says, is little thought of on such occasions; and it is strong self-love alone—perhaps our strongest natural sentiment, taking the form of the sense of honour—which keeps soldiers in their ranks under such accumulated physical sufferings. To carry your own body along under a tropical sun in a boiling marsh is torture enough; but it will be recollected that each was encumbered, besides his arms, with a very heavy knapsack. An unhappy young man of the company, seized with a fit of despair, maddened probably by the burning sun, suddenly stood still and blew his brains out. He was not twenty. Under these trying circumstances, the affectionate intercourse which subsists between the Zouaves and their officers, and which perhaps can alone subsist in regiments long living under the tent, had the most beneficial effect in supporting the men. Instead of dealing out rough words or peremptory orders, the officers, themselves suffering as much as the rest, would come and encourage their exhausted soldiers with the tender kindness of brothers: in return, the men idolise their officers; and discipline, it seems, has in nowise suffered from this familiarity.

When the convoy moved on, the sick, who numbered above two hundred, made a desperate effort to drag themselves after it. Our friend, whom his own weakness kept in the rear-guard, was an eyewitness of their heart-rending sufferings. The ground rises from *Solidad*, but as yet there is no abatement of insalubrity. On all sides extends a very Eden of fertility; yet is it a desert as respects inhabitants, and must remain so, as long as it is scourged by bands of robbers sure of impunity. The unhealthiness of the *Tierra Caliente* must, it is true, prove for a long time to come an obstacle to the permanent settlement of Europeans; but the Indian can endure the

evil influences of the climate, and would live and prosper in those regions where no labour is needed for existence, save to put forth the hand and pluck what nature spontaneously yields, if only he were left at peace.

The rise of the land is so gradual as to be for some time scarcely perceptible; and you are surprised when you find you have insensibly attained the region of the green oak, at whose foot, as by enchantment, the *vomito negro* is said to stop short. A splendid panorama now unrolls itself to view; and while the eye rests with admiration on the magnificent chain of wooded mountains over which proudly towers the white head of Orizaba, the face, long used to air like the furnace-blast, is fanned by a refreshing breeze coming down from the rocky defiles. The beauty of the landscape and the cooler temperature make you forget that you still inhabit a region of death.

From this spot you mount by a succession, as it were, of giant steps, each about twenty leagues in breadth, until you reach the city of Mexico. Hence the abrupt transition of climate and vegetation within very short distances; each plateau having its own specific temperature and produce. The road by which the first great step is ascended in the defile of Chiquihuite is a monument of the labour and skill with which the old Spaniards constructed their main lines of communication. The extinct government of Juarez raised high tolls for their maintenance, and yet suffered them to fall into complete decay, the grasping of dishonest agents absorbing nearly the whole revenue.

Until the arrival of this detachment, the troops posted to guard the defiles of the Chiquihuite* had been relieved every eight days, on account of the miasma arising from the detritus of these forests, rotting at this season under the combined influence of a burning sun and of the rains which fall every afternoon; and such rains!—as much in a few hours as falls in Europe in a whole season. Imagine how fever and every other malady must flourish in the midst of these unwholesome evaporations. For two mortal months these unfortunate Frenchmen, encamped in tents,—for rain and sun had done their work in making the temporary barracks constructed by their predecessors uninhabitable,—were exposed every morning to the blazing

* Miramon seized on the defiles of Chiquihuite in 1859, to enable him to command the communications with Vera Cruz, the seat of the government of his rival Juarez. It is a position of much importance, and easily defended. The Mexicans were raising fortifications there on the first arrival of the French army. Amongst the abandoned guns was a large piece of ordnance, cast at Seville in the reign of Philip IV., richly ornamented with arabesques and most curious designs.

rays of the torrid sun, and drenched all the evening by the cataracts of heaven. Night and day they were devoured by insects of all descriptions, amongst which were swarms of huge red ants, voracious in proportion to their bulk, and inflicting very venomous wounds, and hideous hairy scorpions, whose bite was still more serious. Let the reader remember that the campaigning soldier's bed is the bare earth ; and he may imagine if even the few whom sickness had spared could sleep in peace with such companions. And sleep they could not ! Many, we are assured, had not enjoyed a minute's sound repose for a whole month. The most robust must sink under such trials. Soon provisions also began to fall short ; and these two fine battalions, which left Vera Cruz in such gallant trim, were now become miserable handfuls of invalids, piteous to behold. General Forey arrived with fresh reinforcements,—surely now they will be released ; but no, the whole army defiles past them, and they might have joined in the lament of the captive knight : “ They are gone ; they are all passed by ; they have left me here to die ; ” it was settled that they were to keep this post until the siege of Puebla could be undertaken. Amongst the troops which thus preceded them were some in a more lamentable plight even than themselves. They had been detained a fortnight in Vera Cruz. When they landed they numbered 800 strong ; a month later but 250 could march in the ranks. As they neared Chiquihuite, it was sad to see numbers of them lie stretched upon the ground, unable to drag themselves further ; others arrived only to yield up their last breath. When the welcome order for the advance of our Zouave's company at last arrived, only half could take their places in the ranks. But restoration to health was rapid after passing the bridge over the Atoyac. From that moment the face of the country changes ; the land is finely cultivated, as well as inhabited. It was now in the occupation of the French troops, who were gradually clearing it of Juarez's bands ; a work in which the new arrivers joined. Security was beginning to be established, confidence restored, and the poor Indians enabled to bring in their produce to market. Cordova, the chief city of this district, seems, however, to have been ill-disposed towards the intervention, and had been a great focus of liberalism in the War of Independence. The stay of our Zouave's company there was not long. They had now to mount the great stair in order to reach the plateau of Anahuac ; and all were impatiently anticipating the commencement of regular military operations. The heat of the sun was still intense ; but as they attained successive higher levels, the atmosphere became proportionably colder, and the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics disappeared. The forest-trees, however, continued superb, and the products of Europe and

America were seen to flourish together on a soil still eminently fertile. But as they mounted to more elevated regions, a change came over every thing, and they began to experience a sensation of positive cold in the atmosphere. This contrast with the blazing fervour of an almost equatorial sun must, we can conceive, be intensely disagreeable. The land is described as barren, dry, and dusty.* At every step of the way our Zouave meets with the scene of some gallant deed of his countrymen who had led the way. Speaking of the daring exploit of General Lorencez and his little band, by whom the almost precipitous heights of the Cumbres were scaled and won, an Indian remarked—much, we doubt not, to the honest gratification of the listener—that Frenchmen only could have performed this feat. "After that," he said, "we believed you could do any thing." When the Juarists beheld the French on the summit, struck with a panic at the boldness of the deed, they fled precipitately, abandoning positions deemed impregnable.

We have no intention of following our friend and his comrades step by step; still less do we purpose to narrate any of the military operations of his campaign, the chief feature of which was the siege of Puebla. With a brief notice of the method by which this city—the second in size and importance to the capital—was obstinately, rather than bravely, defended, and a few general remarks, we will conclude. The system of fortification was very ingeniously devised. It consisted in rendering the whole city a conglomeration of forts; and these were provided with a powerful artillery, and defended by twenty thousand men. The streets were, besides, barricaded in the most formidable manner; every house, church, and convent was made available for separate defence, and they were all connected by a net-work of entrenchments, each of which had to be carried in succession. By this means men of no military talent, and soldiers of contemptible value in the field, were able to hold the place by a murderous street-war, after the formidable lines by which the city was externally defended had been won. From every terrace, belfry, battlement, and roof, bullets were showered on the besiegers from unseen hands. From countless apertures in the walls the mouths of the muskets of the concealed bravos were alone visible. But it was a war of houses as well as streets. In a labyrinth of courts, passages, galleries, and gardens the French had to make their way blindfold, as it were, surrounded by foes who had a thousand means of inflicting death, and as many of themselves evading it; for never did the enemy willingly meet them face to face, save where the overpowering advantage of numbers and their own local knowledge inspired them with the hope

(generally deceived) of crushing the handful of men with whom they had to deal.

French valour, however, triumphed over every thing; the officers leading the way on occasions where necessarily but one could pass at a time, sometimes bearing torches to light the onward advance of their men, thus making themselves the chief mark for the bullets of the enemy. But the men vied with their officers in daring; they had to be restrained rather than cheered on, and this under circumstances which might well have damped the ardour of the bravest man. To face death without the power to deal a blow in return, is well known to be a severe trial of the metal of a soldier's courage. Yet such was the character of the conflict throughout the siege. When one *quadro** was taken, another presented a similar obstacle; when the head of a column entered it, not a single adversary was visible—nothing but walls vomiting death from countless eyelet-holes. But no sooner had a breach been effected under this destructive fire, than the enemy had disappeared behind a fresh wall a little further on. Terrible above all were the nights during which the Juarists poured upon the quarters won by the French an incessant shower of grenades and bombs with a species of insane fury. In spite of all the danger to which the fall of these projectiles exposed their inmates, the houses were almost all tenanted. Our Zouave was eye-witness to some heart-rending scenes; and he still shudders at the recollection of the despairing shriek of a young mother in whose baby's crib a grenade fell and burst. These poor people clung to the French for protection and for subsistence, and had piteous tales to tell of their cruel treatment by the Juarist army, who not only starved the defenceless inhabitants, but drove them out of their dwellings.

The relation of the siege of Puebla is the story of a series of noble deeds of arms which would add lustre to the glory of the French name, were that an easy matter. Anyhow, they furnish a memorable proof that our neighbours can display all the cool, patient, and persevering qualities of valour in as striking a degree as they have always, confessedly, manifested its impulsive heroism. The Zouave is certainly the very *beau idéal* of military prowess. We have said that the Juarist garrison displayed obstinacy rather than courage. A Mexican belonging to the staff, made prisoner during the siege, asked a French officer with some self-complacency, what he thought of the defence. "It was that of a despicable army," was the reply; "for it is only bad troops who hide themselves behind

* Quadro is the name given in Mexico to the uniform rectangles of houses of which the different quarters of a city are composed.

entrenchments and never venture on a sally. You had many opportunities to break our line, if you could have placed the smallest reliance on your soldiers. Your defence of the streets of Puebla was that of a parcel of insurgents, not a noble military stand. After the taking of the fort of San Xavier, we ought to have crushed you with shells until you sued for mercy; our compassion for this miserable city, which had already suffered so much, gave you the only means of resisting us which you were competent to use."

The fall of Puebla, as is well known, led to the evacuation of Mexico by Juarez. The French entered the capital amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the population, in which, however, our Zouave, who evidently entertains but a low opinion of the Mexican character, which he considers to be frivolous and insincere, placed but little confidence. Yet large allowance should be made for the disadvantages under which the country has so long laboured. We must notice, before concluding, some observations, which have all the value belonging to those of one who simply relates facts and impressions, and has plainly no preconceived notions or theories to support. Speaking of the clergy, he says that in several of the Mexican towns he heard them ill-spoken of; but he believed there was much exaggeration, and that for his part he had fallen in the way of highly respectable priests, venerated by the surrounding population, and bearing on their countenances unmistakable tokens of sanctity. He instances one in particular, who was a perfect apostle, preaching by the example of every Christian virtue. Men have accused the Inquisition, he remarks, of having been the chief cause of the revolution, by hindering the dissemination of light and the progress of human reason. As in the former case, our Zouave does not attempt to contravene statements uttered by men well acquainted with the country, but it is plain that his own experience, at any rate, would not lead him to the persuasion that clerical influence had been Mexico's bane. It is worthy of observation, he says, that not only in that country, but throughout Spanish America, in the places where colonisation has prospered, where agricultural, industrial, and educational establishments have succeeded, it was the Jesuit missionaries who created them; and ever since their expulsion these establishments have languished and declined. He adds, that the government which expelled them from Mexico deprived that country of the only men at that time competent to enlighten the Indians, and it had soon reason to deplore a fault from the consequences of which Mexico is still suffering. The old possessors of the soil still constitute the larger portion of its population; a circumstance well worthy of remark, as contrasted with the gradual extinction of the native races in

the non-Catholic settlements of the New World. They are described by our Zouave as extremely docile, peaceable, and willing to labour, but stupid and ignorant, practising all the external rites of the Catholic religion, to which they are deeply attached, with what he calls all sorts of fanatical demonstrations, and with what he believes to be a total want of comprehension of their meaning. If the Indian is ignorant, it is plain, from what he says, that it is simply for lack of sufficient teaching; and we hardly know why the outward gestures of a demonstrative people and their attachment to the ceremonial of a religion which they love very much better than, from their inculpable misfortune, they understand it, should be considered as fanatical. The Indian is far from being unwilling to learn; and did the government but give him the means of instruction and intellectual development, we are told "that all that could be desired might be obtained from him." As it is, the Indian feeds the cities with the produce of his labour; he alone has energy enough to addict himself to those laborious tasks so repugnant to the town-born Mexican.

The *metis*, or mixed race, form a third of the population; they are described as highly endowed with physical and intellectual gifts, but as haughty to the inferior class and envious of the superior—that of the Creoles, or Mexicans of pure blood, who, of course, form the aristocracy of the country. The manners of the Creoles are naturally very analogous to those of European Spaniards. We have seen ample proof that the country was prosperous, and, on the whole, was contented under the old régime; but a certain dissatisfaction prevailed in this class owing to their exclusion from high posts and offices, which were all confided to Europeans. It is not surprising, therefore, that they were willing to profit by the distresses of the mother country to raise the standard of independence. It was from their ranks Hidalgo sprang, the first great "patriot" leader; assuredly a very different man, whatever might be his faults and illusions—as was also the heroic "cura" Morellos, his successor, who, like him, was taken and shot by the Royalists—from the Juarezes and Carvajals of the modern Republic. These first Liberals little knew into what ignoble hands the cause of liberty, of which they believed themselves to be the champions, was ultimately to fall.

The great hope for Mexico is her deep and devoted attachment to the faith. While the faith is preserved, the true principles of moral and civil amelioration are also preserved, and the germs of real progress only await favourable circumstances to revive and fructify.

The Workhouse.

THIS Age of Progress let its poets sing :
 I sing the Workhouse, a more real thing ;
 At least more palpable by far to those—
 The pauper crowd—its courts and wards enclose ;
 Those many souls, that manywise have lost
 Their hearths and homes, and live at parish cost.
 The young, the old, the vicious, and the good,
 Who fled their ranks, or fighting bravely, stood
 Against disease and age and want of bread,
 Hoping 'gainst hope, till every hope was dead ;
 To meet th' inevitable doom at last,
 Foreseen more clearly as each year has passed.
 Yes ; from the cradle even to the tomb
 The poor of England see the Workhouse loom !
 Before their birth it clouds their mother's face,
 To crown their age the climax of disgrace.

Alas, my country ! for your haughty boast
 That all are free who do but touch your coast ;
 Your endless talk of English common-sense,
 Of foreign beggars, and the vast expense
 At which you keep your poor so neat and close,
 That they offend no well-bred eye or nose !
 Food for fierce satire ; but to one that feels
 Each speck of dust on England's chariot-wheels,—
 As through the world she holds her prosperous way,
 Taking so little thought in this her day,—
 A fruitful field of oft-recurring fears,
 A bitter source of many silent tears !

In various styles the giant structure stands,
 Vast as the palaces of other lands.
 Before the mania for the picturesque,
 And all the follies of the style grotesque,
 When English mansions showed a stolid face
 Of heavy brick for architectural grace,

Such was the Workhouse—such its heavy stare :
 We see it yet, though every year more rare ;
 For since the Goths have held the public mind,
 Our parish guardians will not be behind ;
 And lo, the Poor-house, in monastic guise,
 With spires and pinnacles invades the skies !
 A pasteboard model of the catch-cold craft,
 Whose flimsy Gothic woos the wandering draught ;
 And grinning gargoyles of the dragon kind
 Would fain idealise the pauper mind.
 God help thee, poor unwilling cœnobite !
 Stripped as thou art of every private right,
 And oft of individual virtue too ;
 One of a wretched, sordid, wrangling crew,—
 A pauper brotherhood,—the only one
 That haughty England will not, cannot shun ;
 No brotherhood of common hopes and aims,
 But of discomfort, and of cruel shames.
 Each against each in opposition stands,
 The stronger clutching from the weaker hands ;
 While cruel scandals and calumnious lies
 Swarm in the place as thick as summer flies
 That buzz and sting, and sting and buzz again,—
 You know not which most venomous or vain.

The holiest ties that God has made for man
 Are snapped to suit a sternly wooden plan ;
 In separate ranks, beneath a strict command,
 Husband and wife and hapless children stand ;
 Once in the week the mother meets her child,
 Lest love repressed should drive her wholly wild.
 Tyrannic laws, despite of common-sense,
 Her seven days' love to one short hour condense ;
 That hour too often time enough to find
 A blighted body, a corrupted mind ;
 To mark the blotches on the forehead fair,
 And wonder how her darling learnt to swear.
 Mothers of England ! can you rightly know
 The awful truth our town statistics show,—
 That the poor girls who leave the Workhouse-school,
 With very slight exception to the rule,
 The deadly lessons they have learnt, repeat,
 Lost and degraded, on the public street ?

Yet with such evil reeking at their door,
Romantic souls must foreign lands explore ;
And deaf to cries for charity at home,
Give all their sympathy to Uncle Tom.

Visit the place—it is not hard to find ;
Look at the children, while you bear in mind
Their future fate : yon crowd of little girls,
With pretty faces some and sunny curls,
Haply recalling children of your own,
Who still are with you or with years are flown :
Can you forsake them, knowing what you know,
Or rest contented with “it may be so ;
I am not one to cope with such an evil ;
I cannot keep these children from the devil” ?
If you are Christian—if His Name has power
To move you 'mid the interests of the hour,
Think of the gracious Hands of One that blessed
The throng of children that about Him pressed ;
Think that He taught, a man were better dead,
With all the weight of ocean on his head,
Than live in word or deed to scandalise
The least of these whom we so meanly prize.
The most forsaken do not stand alone,
Whose angry Angels plead before the Throne
For vengeance on the murderers that slay,
And those that look, and pass another way.

Easy the shift upon the Workhouse stage
From blighted childhood to dishonoured age ;
'Tis pitiful to mark the gray-haired crew,
Marshalled like boys or soldiers on review,—
Querulous, weak, and restless evermore,
Like ghosts that glide upon the Stygian shore,
Sadly subservient to the pert command
Of some trim Hermes with official wand.
Their lifelong habits all uprooted lie
In th' uncongenial atmosphere to die,
And, with the burden of an old man's care,
The irksomeness of schoolboy life they share.
Some friendless quite, some by their friends forgot,
The pains of age they know, for them its joys are not ;
Not theirs to bask beside their cottage-door,

As poets sing that grandsires did of yore ;
No child takes thought their failing taste to please,
No children's children throng about their knees ;
Their strange dull food they have no heart to eat ;
They cannot rest upon their rigid seat ;
No friendly arm their tottering feet to stay,
Sadly they creep along their cheerless way,
Till, wholly broken by neglect and pain,
They seek the bed they may not leave again.

The most degraded, in the hour of death,
Command a sympathy of bated breath ;
A fellow-feeling for that solemn change
From all we know to what is wholly strange.
However slight his part upon life's stage,
The dying man is aye a personage ;
And, dying, has a voice that should be heard,—
Not drowned in what is trivial or absurd.
Death in the Workhouse, where so many die,
Dons for the nonce the parish livery.
See in yon room, close crowded bed by bed,
Where naught divides the living and the dead,
Two bedrid paupers quarrel o'er their tea,
With one betwixt them in his agony ;
As though the King of Terrors only were
The Board of Guardians' licensed scavenger !
Another man, who cannot last the day,
Too weak by far t' expostulate or pray,
With eager eyes, that strain their weary sockets,
Watches the nurses turning out his pockets.
His little hoard their sordid want supplies ;
For aught they care, he curses God and dies.

So daily die our poor ; and we meanwhile
Regard the Workhouse with complacent smile ;
Rejoice that we are prosperous and free,
And all the land clean purged of beggary.
The ways of God are not as our ways are ;
Our littleness may not His greatness mar ;
Our scanty vision, limited by place,
Is not as theirs who stand before His face ;
What we most value they as nothing see,
Weighed in the balance of the Sanctuary ;

No wretch's sigh, by the proud world downtrod,
But finds its echo in the heart of God.
While kingdoms rise, and fall, and pass away,
As exhalations of the fleeting day,
In yonder wards, whose hapless sufferers lie
Repulsive prey to sordid misery,
No soul may pass but there are trumpets blown,
In the great world that compasses our own ;
And with closed doors a mighty cause is tried,
For which the God of heaven and earth has died.

Ring out the joy-bells through the heavenly dome,
An exile comes to his eternal home,
In nuptial robe, upon his hand the ring,
Upon his head the crown of suffering ;
Of sorrow, care, or ignorance, no trace
Upon that bright and most majestic face ;
A king he sits him on the vacant throne,
Predestined ere the world began his own ;
While to the Lamb the white-robed armies raise
With quickened joy their hymn of wondering praise !

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON the night before the 10th of December, neither Muriel nor I retired to rest. We sat together by the rushlight, at one time saying prayers, at another speaking together in a low voice. Ever and anon she went to listen at her father's door, for to make sure he slept, and then returned to me. The hours seemed to pass slowly; and yet we should have wished to stay their course, so much we dreaded the first rays of light presaging the tragedy of the coming day. Before the first token of it did show, at about five in the morning, the door-bell rung in a gentle manner.

"Who can be ringing?" I said to Muriel.

"I will go and see," she answered.

But I restrained her, and went to call one of the servants, who were beginning to bestir themselves. The man went down, and returned, bringing me a paper, on which these words were written :

"MY DEAR CONSTANCE,—My lord and myself have secretly come to join our prayers with yours, and, if it should be possible, to receive the blessing of the holy priest who is about to die, as he passeth by your house, towards which, I doubt not, his eyes will of a surety turn. I pray you, therefore, admit us."

I hurried down the stairs, and found Lord and Lady Arundel standing in the hall; she in a cloak and hood, and he with a slouching hat hiding his face. Leading them both into the parlour, which looketh on the street, I had a fire hastily kindled; and for a space her ladyship and myself could only sit holding each other's hands, our hearts being too full to speak. After a while I asked her when she had come to London. She said she had done so very secretly, not to increase the Queen's displeasure against her husband; her Majesty's misliking of herself continuing as great as ever.

"When she visited my lord last year, before his arrest," quoth she, "on a pane of glass in the dining-room her grace perceived a distich, writ by me in bygone days with a diamond, and which expressed hopes of better fortunes."

"I mind it well," I replied. "Did it not run thus ?

'Not seldom doth the sun sink down in brightest light
Which rose at early dawn disfigured quite outright;
So shall my fortunes, wrapt so long in darkest night,
Revive, and show ere long an aspect clear and bright.'

"Yea," she answered. "And now listen to what her Majesty, calling for a like instrument, wrote beneath :

'Not seldom do vain hopes deceive a silly heart ; -
Let all such witless dreams now vanish and depart ;
For fortune shall ne'er shine, I promise thee, on one
Whose folly hath for aye all hopes thereof undone.'

We do live," she added, "with a sword hanging over our heads ; and it is meet we should come here this day to learn a lesson how to die when a like fate shall overtake us. But thou hast been like to die by another means, my good Constance," her ladyship said, looking with kindness but no astonishment on my swollen and disfigured face, which I had not remembered to conceal ; grave thoughts, then uppermost, having caused me to forget it.

"My life," I answered, "God hath mercifully spared ; but I have lost the semblance of my former self."

"Tut, tut !" she replied ; "only for a time."

And then we both drew near unto the fire, for we were shivering with cold. Lord Arundel leant against the chimney, and watched the timepiece.

"Miss Wells," he said, "is like, I hear, to be reprieved at the last moment."

"Alas !" I cried ; "nature therein finds relief ; yet I know not how much to rejoice or yet to grieve thereat. For surely she will desire to die with her husband. And of what good will life be to her, if, like some others, she doth linger for years in prison ?"

"Of much good, if God wills her there to spend those years," Muriel gently said ; which words, I ween, were called to mind long afterwards by one who then heard them.

As the hour appointed for the execution approached, we became silent again, and kneeling down betook ourselves to prayer. At eight o'clock a crowd began to assemble in the street ; and the sound of their feet as they passed under the window, hurrying towards the scaffold, which was hung with black cloth, became audible. About an hour afterwards notice was given to us by one of the servants that the sledge which carried the prisoners was in sight. We rose from our knees and went to the window. Mr. Wells's stout form and Mr. Genings's slight figure were then discernible, as they sat bound, with their hands tied behind their backs. I observed that Mr. Wells smiled and nodded to some one who was standing amidst the

crowd. This person, who was a friend of his, hath since told me that as he passed he saluted him with these words: "Farewell, dear companion! farewell, all hunting and hawking and old pastimes! I am now going a better way." Mistress Wells not being with them, we perceived that to be true which Lord Arundel had heard. At that moment I turned round, and missed Muriel, who had been standing close behind me. I supposed she could not endure this sight; but, lo and behold, looking again into the street, I saw her threading her way amongst the crowd as swiftly, lame though she was, as if an angel had guided her. When she reached the foot of the scaffold, and took her stand there, her aspect was so composed, serene, and resolved, that she seemed like an inhabitant of another world suddenly descended amidst the coarse and brutal mob. She was resolved, I afterwards found, to take note of every act, gesture, and word there spoken; and by her means I can here set down what mine own ears heard not, but much of which mine eyes beheld. As the sledge passed our door, Mr. Genings, as Lady Arundel had foreseen, turned his head towards us; and seeing me at the window, gave us, I doubt not, his blessing; for, albeit he could not raise his chained hand, we saw his fingers and his lips move. On reaching the gibbet Muriel heard him cry out with holy Andrew, "O good gibbet, long desired and now prepared for me, much hath my heart desired thee; and now, joyful and secure, I come to thee! Receive me, I beseech thee, as the disciple of Him that suffered on the Cross!" Being put upon the ladder, many questions were asked him by some standers-by, to which he made clear and distinct answers. Then Mr. Topcliffe cried out with a loud voice,

"Genings, Genings, confess thy fault, thy Papist treason; and the Queen, no doubt, will grant thee pardon!"

To which he mildly answered, "I know not, Mr. Topcliffe, in what I have offended my dear anointed princess; if I have offended her or any other person in any thing, I would willingly ask her and all the world forgiveness. If she be offended with me without a cause, for professing my faith and religion, or because I am a priest, or because I will not turn minister against my conscience, I shall be, I trust, excused and innocent before God. 'We must obey God,' saith St. Peter, 'rather than men;' and I must not in this case acknowledge a fault where there is none. If to return to England a priest, or to say Mass, is Popish treason, I here do confess I am a traitor. But I think not so; and therefore I acknowledge myself guilty of these things not with repentance and sorrow of heart, but with an open protestation of inward joy that I have done so good deeds, which, if they were to do again, I would, by the permission and

assistance of God, accomplish the same, though with the hazard of a thousand lives."

Mr. Topcliffe was very angry at this speech, and hardly gave him time to say an "Our Father" before he ordered the hangman to turn the ladder. From that moment I could not so much as once again look towards the scaffold. Lady Arundel and I drew back into the room, and clasping each other's hands, kept repeating, "Lord, help him! Lord, assist him! Have mercy on him, O Lord!" and the like prayers.

We heard Lord Arundel exclaim, "Good God! the wretch doth order the rope to be cut!" Then avoiding the sight, he also drew back and silently prayed. What followeth I learnt from Muriel, who never lost her senses, though she endured, methinks, at that scaffold's foot as much as any sufferer upon it. Scarcely or not at all stunned, Mr. Genings stood on his feet with his eyes raised to heaven, till the hangman threw him down on the block where he was to be quartered. After he was dismembered, she heard him utter with a loud voice, "Oh, it smarts!" and Mr. Wells exclaim, "Alas! sweet soul, thy pain is great indeed, but almost past. Pray for me now that mine may come." Then when his heart was being plucked out, a faint dying whisper reached her ear, "Sancte Gregori, ora pro me!" and then the voice of the hangman crying, "See, his heart is in mine hand, and yet Gregory in his mouth! O egregious Papist!"

I marvel how she lived through it; but she assured us she was never even near unto fainting, but stood immovable, hearing every sound, listening to each word and groan, printing them on the tablet of her heart, wherein they have ever remained as sacred memories.

Mr. Wells, so far from being terrified by the sight of his friend's death, expressed a desire to have his own hastened; and, like unto Sir Thomas More, was merry to the last; for he cried, "Despatch, despatch, Mr. Topcliffe! Be you not ashamed to suffer an old man to stand here so long in his shirt in the cold? I pray God make you of a Saul a Paul, of a persecutor a Catholic." A murmur, hoarse and loud, from the crowd apprised us when all was over.

"Where is Muriel?" I cried, going to the window. Thence I beheld a sight which my pen refuseth to describe—the sledge which was carrying away the mangled remains of those dear friends which so short a time before we had looked upon alive! Like in a dream I saw this spectacle; for the moment afterwards I fainted. Many persons were running after the cart, and Muriel keeping pace with what to others would have been a sight full of horror, but to her were only relics of the saintly dead. She followed, heedless of the mob, unmindful of their jeers, intent on one aim,—to procure some

portion of those sacred remains, which she at last achieved in an incredible manner: one finger of Edmund Genings's hand, which she laid hold of, remaining in hers. This secured, she hastened home, bearing away this her treasure.

When I recovered from a long swoon, she was standing on one side of me, and Lady Arundel on the other. Their faces were very pale, but peaceful; and when remembrance returned, I also felt a great and quiet joy diffused in mine heart, such as none, I ween, could believe in who have not known the like. For a while all earthly cares left me; I seemed to soar above this world. Even Basil I could think of with a singular detachment. It seemed as if angels were haunting the house, whispering heavenly secrets. I could not so much as think on those blessed departed souls without an increase of this joy sensibly inflaming my heart.

After Lady Arundel had left us, which she did with many loving words and tender caresses, Muriel and I conversed long touching the future. She told me that when her duty to her father should end with his life, she intended to fulfil the vow she long ago had made to consecrate herself wholly to God in holy religion, and go beyond the seas, to become a nun of the Order of St. Augustine.

"May I not leave this world?" I cried; "may I not also, forgetting all things else, live for God alone?"

A sweet sober smile illumined Muriel's face as she answered, "Yea, by all means serve God, but not as a nun, good Constance. Thine I take to be the mere shadow of a vocation, if even so much as that. A cloud hath for a while obscured the sunshine of thy hopes and called up this shadow; but let this thin vapour dissolve, and no trace shall remain of it. Nay, nay, sweet one, 'tis not chafed, nor yet, except in rare instances, riven hearts which God doth call to this special consecration,—rather whole ones, nothing or scantily touched by the griefs and joys which this world can afford. But I warrant thee—nay, I may not warrant," she added, checking herself, "for who can of a surety forecast what God's designs should be? But I think thou wilt be, before many years have past, a careful matron, with many children about thy apron-strings to try thy patience."

"O Muriel," I answered, "how should this be? I have made my bed, and I must lie on it. Like a foolish creature, unwittingly, or rather rashly, I have deceived Basil into thinking I do not love him; and if my face should yet recover its old fairness, he shall still think mine heart estranged."

Muriel shook her head, and said more entangled skeins than this one had been unravelled. The next day she resumed her wonted labours in the prisons and amongst the poor. Having procured

means of access to Mistress Wells, she carried to her the only comfort she could now taste,—the knowledge of her husband's holy courageous end, and the reports of the last words he did utter. Then having received a charge thereunto from Mr. Genings, she discovered John Genings's place of residence, and went to tell him that the cause of his brother's coming to London was specially his love for him; that his only regret in dying had been that he was executed before he could see him again, or commend him to any friend of his own, so hastened was his death.

But this much-loved brother received her with a notable coldness; and far from bewailing the untimely and bloody end of his nearest kinsman, he betrayed some kind of contentment at the thought that he was now rid of all the persuasions which he suspected he should otherwise have received from him touching religion.

About a fortnight afterwards Mr. Congleton expired. Alas! so troublesome were the times, that to see one, howsoever loved, sink peacefully into the grave, had not the same sadness which usually belongs to the like haps.

Muriel had procured a priest for to give him extreme unction,—one Mr. Adams, a friend of Mr. Wells, who had sometimes said Mass in his house. He also secretly came for to perform the funeral rites before his burial in the cemetery of St. Martin's Church.

When we returned home that day after the funeral, this reverend gentleman asked us if we had heard any report touching the brother of Mr. Genings; and on our denial, he said, "Talk is ministered amongst Catholics of his sudden conversion."

"Sudden, indeed, it should be," quoth Muriel; "for a more indifferent listener to an afflicting message could not be met with than he proved himself when I carried to him Mr. Genings's dying words."

"Not more sudden," quoth Mr. Adams, "than St. Paul's was, and therefore not incredible."

Whilst we were yet speaking, a servant came in, and said a young gentleman was at the door, and very urgent for to see Muriel.

"Tell him," she said, raising her eyes, swollen with tears, "that I have one hour ago buried my father, and am in no condition to see strangers."

The man returned with a paper, on which these words were written:

"A penitent and a wanderer craveth to speak with you. If you shed tears, his do incessantly flow. If you weep for a father, he grieveth for one better to him than ten fathers. If your plight is sad, his should be desperate, but for God's great mercy and a brother's prayers yet pleading for him in heaven as once upon earth.

"JOHN GENINGS."

"Heavens!" Muriel cried, "it is this changed man, this Saul become a Paul, which stands at the door and knocks. Bring him in swiftly: the best comfort I can know this day is to see one who awhile was lost and is now found."

When John Genings beheld her and me, he awhile hid his face in his hands, and seemed unable to speak. To break this silence, Mr. Adams said, "Courage, Mr. Genings; your holy brother rejoiceth in heaven over your changed mind, and further blessings still, I doubt not, he shall yet obtain for you."

Then this same John raised his head, and with as great and touching sorrow as can be expressed, after thanking this unknown speaker for his comfortable words, he begged of Muriel to relate to him each action and speech in the dying scene she had witnessed; and when she had ended this recital, with the like urgency he moved me to tell him all I could remember of his brother's young years, all my father had written of his life and virtues at college, all which we had heard of his labours since he had come into the country, and lastly, in a manner most simple and affecting, we all entreating him thereunto, he made this narrative, addressing himself chiefly to Muriel:

"You, madam, are acquainted with what was the hardness of mine heart and cruel indifference to my brother's fate; with what disdain I listened to you, with what pride I received his last advice. But about ten days after his execution, toward night, having spent all that day in sports and jollity, being weary with play, I resorted home to repose myself. I went into a secret chamber, and was no sooner there sat down, but forthwith my heart began to be heavy, and I weighed how idly I had spent that day. Amidst these thoughts there was presently represented to me an imagination and apprehension of the death of my brother, and, among other things, how he had not long before forsaken all worldly pleasure, and for the sake of his religion alone endured dreadful torments. Then within myself I made long discourses concerning his manner of living and mine own; and finding the one to embrace pain and mortification, and the other to seek pleasure—the one to live strictly, and the other licentiously,—I was struck with exceeding terror and remorse. I wept bitterly, desiring God to illuminate mine understanding, that I might see and perceive the truth. Oh, what great joy and consolation did I feel at that instant! What reverence on the sudden did I begin to bear to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints of God, which before I had never scarcely so much as heard of! What strange emotions, as it were inspirations, with exceeding readiness of will to change my religion, took possession of my soul! and what heavenly conception had I

then of my brother's felicity! I imagined I saw him—I thought I heard him. In this ecstasy of mind I made a vow upon the spot, as I lay prostrate on the ground, to forsake kindred and country, to find out the true knowledge of Edmund's faith. Oh, sir," he ended by saying, turning to Mr. Adams, which he guessed to be a priest, "think you not my brother obtained for me in heaven what on earth he had not obtained? for here I am become a Catholic in faith without persuasion or conference with any one man in the world?"

"Ay, my good friend," Mr. Adams replied; "the blood of martyrs will ever prove the seed of the Church. Let us then, in our private prayers, implore the suffrages of those who in this country do lose their lives for the faith, and take unto ourselves the words of Jeremiah: 'O Lord, remember what has happened unto us. Behold and see our great reproach; our inheritance is gone to strangers, our houses to aliens. We are become as children without a father, our mothers are made as it were widows.'"

These last words of Holy Writ brought to mine own mind private sorrows, and caused me to shed tears. Soon after John Genings departed from England without giving notice to us or any of his friends, and went beyond seas to execute his promise. I have heard that he has entered the Holy Order of St. Francis, and is seeking to procure a convent of that religion at Douay, in hopes of restoring the English Franciscan province, of which it is supposed he will be the first provincial. Report doth state him to be an exceeding strict and holy religious, and like to prove an instrument in furnishing the English Mission with many zealous and apostolical labourers.

Muriel and I were solitary in that great city where so many misfortunes had beset us; she with her anchor cast where her hopes could not be deceived; I by mine own folly like unto a ship at sea without a chart. Womanly reserve, mixed, I ween, with somewhat of pride, restraining me from writing to Basil, though, as my face improved each day, I deplored my hasty folly, and desired nothing so much as to see him again, when, if his love should prove unchanged (shame on that word *if*! which my heart disavowed), we should be as heretofore, and the suffering I had caused him and endured myself would end. But how this might happen I foresaw not; and life was sad and weary while so much suspense lasted.

Muriel would not forsake me while in this plight; but although none could have judged it from her cheerful and amiable behaviour, I well knew that she sighed for the haven of a religious home, and grieved to keep her from it. After some weeks spent in this fashion, with very little comfort, I was sitting one morning dismally forecasting the future, writing letter after letter to Basil, which still I

tore up rather than send them—for I warrant you it was no easy matter for to express in writing what I longed to say. To tell him the cause of my breaking our contract was so much as to compel him to the performance of it; and albeit I was no longer so ill-favoured as at the first, yet the good looks I had before my sickness had by no means wholly returned. Sometimes I wrote: "Your thinking, dear Basil, that I do affection any but yourself is so false and injurious an imagination, that I cannot suffer you to entertain it. Be sure I never can and never shall love any but you; yet, for all that, I cannot marry you." Then effacing this last sentence, which verily belied my true desire, I would write another: "Methinks if you should see me now, yourself would not wish otherwise than to dissolve a contract wherein your contentment should be less than it hath been." And then thinking this should be too obscure, changed it to—"In sooth, dear Basil, my appearance is so altered that you would yourself, I ween, not desire for to wed one so different from the Constance you have seen and loved." But pride whispered to restrain this open mention of my suspicious fears of his liking me less for my changed face; yet withal, conscience reproved this misdoubt of one whose affection had ever shown itself to be of the nobler sort, which looketh rather to the qualities of the heart and mind than to the exterior charms of a fair visage.

Alas! what a torment doth perplexity occasion! I had let go my pen, and my tears were falling on the paper, when Muriel opened the door of the parlour.

"What is it?" I cried, hiding my face with mine hand, that she should not see me weeping.

"A letter from Lady Arundel," she answered.

I eagerly took it from her; and on the reading of it found it contained an urgent request from her ladyship, couched in most affectionate terms, and masking the kindness of its intent under a show of entreating, as a favour to herself, that I would come and reside with her at Arundel Castle, where she greatly needed the solace of a friend's company during her lord's necessary absences. "Mine own dear good Constance," she wrote, "come to me quickly. In a letter I cannot well express all the good you will thus do to me. For mine own part, I would fain say come to me until death shall part us. But so selfish I would not be; yet prithee come until such time as the clouds which have obscured the fair sky of thy future prospects have passed away, and thy Basil's fortunes are mended; for I will not cease to call him thine, for all that thou hast thyself thrust a spoke in a wheel which otherwise should have run smoothly, for the which thou art now doing penance: but be of good cheer; Time will

bring thee shrift. Some kind of comfort I can promise thee in this house, greater than I dare for to commit to paper. Lose no time then. From thy last letter methinks the gentle turtle-dove at whose side thou dost now nestle hath found herself a nest whereunto she longeth to fly. Let her spread her wings thither, and do thou hasten to the shelter of these old walls and the loving faithful heart of thy poor friend,

ANNE ARUNDEL and SURREY."

Before a fortnight was overpast Muriel and I had parted; she for her religious home beyond seas, I for the castle of my Lord Arundel, whither I travelled in two days, resting on my way at the pleasant village of Horsham. During the latter part of the journey the road lay through a very wild expanse of down; but as soon as I caught sight of the sea my heart bounded with joy; for to gaze on its blue expanse seemed to carry me beyond the limits of this isle to the land where Basil dwelt. When I reached the castle, the sight of the noble gateway and keep filled me with admiration; and riding into the court thereof, I looked with wonder on military defences bristling on every side. But what a sweet picture smiled from one of the narrow windows over above the entrance-door!—mine own loved friend, yet fairer in her matronly and motherly beauty than even in her girlhood's loveliness, holding in her arms the pretty bud which had blossomed on a noble tree in the time of adversity. Her countenance beamed on me like the morning sun's; and my heart expanded with joy when, half way up the stairs which led to her chamber, I found myself enclosed in her arms. She led me to a settle near a cheerful fire, and herself removed my riding-cloak, my hat and veil, stroked my cheek with two of her delicate white fingers, and said with a smile:

"In sooth, my dear Constance, thou art an arrant cheat."

"How so, most dear lady?" I said, likewise smiling.

"Why, thou art as comely as ever I saw thee; which, after all the torments inflicted on poor Master Rookwood by thy prophetic vision of an everlasting deformity, carefully concealed from him under the garb of a sudden fit of inconstancy, is a very nefarious injustice. Go to, go to; if he should see thee now, he never would believe but that that management of thine was a cunning device for to break faith with him."

"Nay, nay," I cried; "if I should be ever so happy, which I deserve not, for to see him again, there could never be for one moment a mistrust on his part of a love which is too strong and too fond for concealment. If the feebleness of sickness had not bred unreasonable fears, methinks I should not have been guilty of so great

a folly as to think he would prize less what he was always wont most to treasure far above their merits,—the heart and mind of his poor Constance,—because the casket which held them had waxed unseemly. But when the day shall come in which Basil and I may meet, God only knoweth. Human foresight cannot attain to this prevision."

Lady Arundel's eyes had a smiling expression then which surprised me. For mine own heart was full when I thus spoke, and I was wont to meet in her with a more quick return of the like feelings I expressed than at that time appeared. Slight inward resentments, painfully, albeit not angrily, entertained, I was by nature prone to; and in this case the effect of this impression suddenly checked the joy which at my first arrival I had experienced. O, how much secret discipline should be needed for to rule that little unruly kingdom within us, which many look not into till serious rebellions do arise, which need fire and sword to quell them for lack of timely repression! Her ladyship set before me some food, and constrained me to eat, which I did merely for to content her. She appeared to me somewhat restless: beginning a sentence, and then breaking off suddenly in the midst thereof; going in and out of the chamber; laughing at one time, and then seeming as if about to weep. When I had finished eating, and a servant had removed the dishes, she sat down by my side and took my hand in hers. Then the tears truly began to roll down her cheeks.

"O, for God's sake, what aileth you, dearest lady?" I said, uneasily gazing on her agitated countenance.

"Nothing ails me," she answered; "only I fear to frighten thee, albeit in a joyful manner."

"Frightened with joy!" I sadly answered. "O, that should be a rare fright, and an unwonted one to me of late."

"Therefore," she said, smiling through her tears, "peradventure the more to be feared."

"What joy do you speak of? I pray you, sweet lady, keep me not in suspense."

"If, for instance," she said in a low voice, pressing my hands very hard—"if I was to tell thee, Constance, that thy Basil was ere, shouldst thou not be affrighted?"

Methinks I must have turned very white; leastways, I began to tremble.

"Is he here?" I said, almost beside myself with the fearful hope her words awoke.

"Yea," she said. "Since three days he is here."

For a moment I neither spoke nor moved.

"How comes it about? how doth it happen?" I began to say;

but a passion of tears choked my utterance. I fell into her arms, sobbing on her breast; for verily I had no power to restrain myself. I heard her say, "Master Rookwood, come in." Then, after those sad long weary years, I again heard his cheerful voice; then I saw his kind eyes speaking what words could never have uttered, or one-half so well expressed. Then I felt the happiness which is most like, I ween, of any on earth to that of Heaven. After long parting, to meet again one intensely loved—each heart overflowing with an unspoken joy and with an unbounded thankfulness to God. Amazement did so fill me at this unlooked-for good, that I seemed content for a while to think of it as of a dream, and only feared to be awoke. But O, with how many sweet tears of gratitude—with what bursts of wonder and admiration—I soon learnt how Lady Arundel had formed this kind plot, to which Muriel had been privy, for to bring together parted lovers, and procure to others the happiness she so often lacked herself—the company of the most loved person in the world. She had herself written to Basil, and related the cause of my apparent change; a cause, she said, at no time sufficient for to warrant a desperate action, and even then passing away. But that had it for ever endured, she was of opinion his was a love would survive any such accident as touched only the exterior, when all else was unimpaired. She added, that when Mr. Congleton, who was then at the point of death, should have expired, and Muriel gone beyond seas to fulfil her religious intent, she would use all the persuasion in her power to bring me to reside with her, which was the thing she most desired in the world; and that if he should think it possible under another name for to cross the seas and land at some port in Sussex, he should be the welcomest guest imaginable at Arundel Castle, if even, like St. Alexis, he should hide his nobility under the garb of rags, and come thither begging on foot; but yet she hoped, for his sake, it should not so happen, albeit nothing could be more honourable if the cause was a good one. It needed no more inducement than what this letter contained for to move Basil to attempt this secret return. He took the name of Martingale, and procured a passage in a small trading craft, which landed him at the port of a small town named Littlehampton, about three or four miles from Arundel. Thence he walked to the castle, where the Countess feigned him to be a leech sent by my lord to prescribe remedies for a pain in her head, which she was oftentimes afflicted with, and as such entertained him in the eyes of strangers as long as he continued there, which did often move us to great merriment; for some of the neighbours which she was forced to see, would sometimes ask for to consult the Countess's physician; and to avoid misdoubts, Basil once or twice made up some

innocent compounds, which an old gentleman and a maiden lady in the town vowed had cured them, the one of a fit of the gout, and the other of a very sharp disorder in her stomach. But to return to the blissful first day of our meeting, one of the happiest I had yet known; for a paramount affection doth so engross the heart, that other sorrows vanish in its presence like dewdrops in the sunshine. I can never forget the smallest particle of its many joys. The long talk between Basil and me, first in Lady Arundel's chamber, and then in the gallery of the castle, walking up and down, and when I was tired, I sitting and he standing by the window which looked on the fair valley and silvery river Arun, running towards the sea, through pleasant pastures, with woody slopes on both sides, a fair and a peaceful scene; fair and peaceful as the prospect Basil unfolded to me that day, if we could but once in safety cross the seas; for his debtors had remitted to him in France the moneys which they owed him, and he had purchased a cottage in a very commodious village near the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, with an apple-orchard and a garden stored with gay flowers and beehives, and a meadow with two large walnut-trees in it. "And then bethink thee," he added, "mine own dear love, that right in front of this fine mansion doth stand the parish church, where God is worshipped in a Catholic manner in peace and freedom; and nothing greater or more weighty need, methinks, to be said in its praise."

I said I thought so too, and that the picture he drew of it liked me well.

"But," quoth Basil suddenly, "I must tell thee, sweetheart, I liked not well thy behaviour touching thine altered face, and the misleading letter thou didst send me at that time. No!" he exclaimed with great vehemency, "it mislikes me sorely that thou shouldst have doubted my love and faith, and dealt with me so injuriously. If I was now by some accident disfigured, I must by that same token expect thine affection for me should decay."

"O Basil!" I cried, "that would be an impossible thing!"

"Wherefore impossible?" he replied, "you thought such a change possible in me."

"Because," I said, smiling, "women are the most constant creatures in the world, and not fickle like unto men, or so careful of a good complexion in others, or a fine set of features."

"Tut, tut!" he cried, "I do admire that thou shouldst dare to utter so great a" then he stopped, and laughing, added, "the last half of Raleigh's name, as the Queen's bad riddle doth make it."*

* "The bane of the stomach, and the word of disgrace,
Is the name of the gentleman with the bold face."

Well, much talk of this sort was ministered between us; but albeit I find pleasure in the recalling of it, methinks the reading thereof should easily weary others; so I must check my pen, which, like unto a garrulous old gossip, doth run on, overstepping the limits of discretion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BEFORE I arrived, Lady Arundel had made Basil privy to a great secret, with warrant to impart it to me. In a remote portion of the castle's buildings was concealed at that time Father Southwell, a man who had not his like for piety and good parts; a sweet poet also, whose pieces of verse, chiefly written in that obscure chamber in Arundel Castle, have been since done into print, and do win great praise from all sorts of people. Adjoining to his room, which only one servant in the house, who carried his meals to him, had knowledge of, and from which he could not so much as once look out of the window for fear of being seen, was a small oratory, where he said Mass every day, and by a secret passage Lady Arundel went from her apartments for to hear it. That same evening, after supper, she led me thither for to get this good priest's blessing, and also his counsel touching my marriage; for both her ladyship and Basil were urgent for it to take place in a private manner at the castle before we left England. For, they argued, if there should be danger in this departure, it were best encountered together; and except we were married it should be an impossible thing for me to travel in his company, and land with him in France. Catholics could be married in a secret manner now that the needs of the times, and the great perils many were exposed to, gave warrant for it. After some talk with Father Southwell and Lady Arundel, I consented to their wishes, with more gladness of heart, I ween, than was seemly to exhibit; for verily I was better contented than can be thought of, to think I should be at last married to my dear Basil, and never more to part from him, if it so pleased God that we should land safely in France, which did seem to me then the land of promise.

The next days were spent in forecasting means for a safe departure, as soon as these secret nuptials should have taken place; but none had been yet resolved on, when one morning I was called to Lady Arundel's chamber, whom I found in tears and greatly disturbed, for that she had heard from Lady Margaret Sackville, who was then in London, that Lord Arundel was once more resolved to leave the realm, albeit Father Edmunds did dissuade him from that course; but some other friend's persuasions were more availing, and

he had determined to go to France, where he might live in safety and serve God quietly.

My lady's agitation at this news was very great. She said nothing should content her but to go with him, albeit she was then with child; and she should write to tell him so; but before she could send a letter Lord Arundel came to the castle, and held converse for many hours with her and Father Southwell. When I met her afterwards in the gallery, her eyes were red with weeping. She said my lord desired to see Basil and me in her chamber at nine of the clock. He wished to speak with us of his resolve to cross the seas, and she prayed God some good should arise out of it. Then she added, "I am now going to the chapel, and if thou hast nothing of any weight to detain thee, then come thither also, for to join thy prayers with mine for the favourable issue of a very doubtful matter."

When we repaired to her ladyship's chamber at the time appointed, my lord greeted us in an exceeding kind manner; and after some talk touching Basil's secret return to England, our marriage, and then as speedy as possible going abroad, his lordship said: "I also am compelled to take a like course, for my evil-willers are resolved to work my ruin and overthrow, and will succeed therein, by means of my religion. Many actions, which at the outset may seem rash and unadvised, after sufficient consideration do appear to be just and necessary; and, methinks, my dearest wife and Father Southwell are now minded to recommend what at first they misliked, and to see that in this my present intent I take the course which, though it imperils my fortunes, will tend to my soul's safety and that of my children. Since I have conceived this intent, I thank God I have found a great deal more quietness in my mind; and in this respect I have just occasion to esteem my past troubles as my greatest felicity, for they have been the means of leading me to that course which ever brings perfect quietness, and only procures eternal happiness. I am resolved, as my dear Nan well knoweth, to endure any punishment rather than willingly to decline from what I have begun. I have bent myself as nearly as I could to continue in the same, and to do no act repugnant to my faith and profession. And by means hereof I am often compelled to do many things which may procure peril to myself, and be an occasion of dislike to her Majesty. For, look you, on the first day of this parliament, when the Queen was hearing of a sermon in the Cathedral Church of Westminster, above in the chancel, I was driven to walk by myself below in one of the aisles; and another day, this last Lent, when she was hearing another sermon in the chapel at Greenwich, I was forced to stay all the while in the Presence-Chamber. Then also when on any Sunday

or holyday her grace goes to her great closet, I am forced either to stay in the privy chamber, and not to wait upon her at all, or else presently to depart as soon as I have brought her to the chapel. These things, and many more, I can by no means escape, but only by an open plain discovery of myself, in the eye and opinion of all men, as to the true cause of my refusal; neither can it now be long hidden, although for a while it may not have been generally noted and observed."

Lady Arundel sighed, and said:

"I must needs confess that of necessity it must shortly be discovered; and when I remember what a watchful and jealous eye is carried over all such as are known to be recusants, and also how their lodgings are continually searched, and to how great danger they are subject if a Jesuit or seminary priest be found within their house, I begin to see that either you cannot serve God in such sort as you have professed, or else you must incur the hazard of greater sufferings than I am willing you should endure."

"For my part," Basil said, "I would ask, my lord, those that hate you most, whether, being of the religion which you do profess, they would not take that course for safety of their souls and discharge of their consciences which you do now meditate? And either they must directly tell you that they would have done the same, or acknowledge themselves to be mere atheists; which, howsoever they be affected in their hearts, I think they would be loth to confess with their mouths."

"What sayest thou, Constance, of my lord's intent?" Lady Arundel said, when Basil left off speaking.

"I am ashamed to utter my thinking in his presence, and in yours, dearest lady," I replied; "but if you command me to it, methinks that having had his house so fatally and successfully touched, and finding himself to be of that religion which is accounted dangerous and odious to the present state, which her Majesty doth detest, and of which she is most jealous and doubtful, and seeing he might now be drawn for his conscience into great and continual danger, not being able to do any act or duty whereunto his religion doth bind him without incurring the danger of felony, he must needs run upon his death headlong, which is repugnant to the law of God and flatly against conscience, or else he must resolve to escape these perils by the means he doth propose."

"Yea," exclaimed his lordship, with so much emotion that his voice shook in the utterance of the words, "long have I debated with myself on the course to take. I do see it to be the safest way to depart out of the realm, and abide in some other place where I may live without danger to my conscience, without offence to the

Queen, without daily peril of my life; but yet I was drawn by such forcible persuasions to be of another opinion, as I could not easily resolve on which side to settle my determination. For on the one hand my native and O how dearly loved country, my own early friends, my kinsfolks, my home, and, more than all, my wife, which I must for a while part with if I go, do invite me to stay. Poverty awaits me abroad; but in what have state and riches benefited us, Nan? Shall not ease of heart and freedom from haunting fears compensate for vain wealth? When, with the sweet burthen in thine arms which for a while doth detain thee here, thou shalt kneel before God's altar in a Catholic land, methinks thou wilt have but scanty regrets for the trappings of fortune."

"God is my witness," the sweet lady replied, "that should be the happiest day of my life. But I fear—yea, much I do fear—the chasm of parting which doth once more open betwixt thee and me. Prithee, Phil, let me go with thee," she tearfully added.

"Nay, sweet Nan," he answered; "thou knowest the physicians forbid thy journeying at the present time so much as hence to London. How should it then behove thee to run the perils of the sea, and nightly voyage, and it may be rough usage? Nay, let me behold thee again, some months hence, with a fair boy in thine arms, which if I can but once behold, my joy shall be full, if I should have to labour with mine hands for to support him and thee."

She bowed her head on the hand outstretched to her; but I could see the anguish with which she yielded her assent to this separation. Methinks there was some sort of presentiment of the future heightening her present grief; she seemed so loth her lord should go, albeit reason and expediency forced from her an unwilling consent.

Before the conversation in Lady Arundel's chamber ended, the earl proposed that Basil and I should accompany him abroad, and cross the sea in the craft he should privately hire, which would sail from Littlehampton, and carry us to some port of France, whence along the coast we could travel to Boulogne. This liked her ladyship well. Her eyes entreated our consent thereunto, as if it should have been a favour she asked, which indeed was rather a benefit conferred on us; for nothing would serve my lord but that he should be at the entire charge of the voyage, who smiling said, for such good company as he should thus enjoy he should be willing to be taxed twice as much, and yet consider himself to be the obliged party in this contract.

"But we must be married first," Basil bluntly said.

Lady Arundel replied that Father Southwell could perform the ceremony when we pleased—yea, on the morrow, if it should be convenient; and that my lord should be present thereat.

I said this should be very short notice, I thought, for to be married the next day; upon which Basil exclaimed,

"These be not times, sweetheart, for ceremonies, fashions, and nice delays. Methinks since our betrothal there hath been sufficient waiting for to serve the turn of the nicest lady in the world in the matter of reserves and yeas and nays."

Which is the sharpest thing, I think, Basil hath uttered to me either before or since we have been married. So, to appease him, I said not another word against this sudden wedding; and the next day but one, at nine of the clock, was then fixed for the time thereof.

On the following morning Lord Arundel and Basil (the earl had conceived a very great esteem and good disposition towards him; as great, and greater, he told me, as for some he had known for as many years as him hours) went out together, under pretence of shooting in the woods on the opposite side of the river about Leominster, but verily to proceed to Littlehampton, where the earl had appointed to meet the captain of a vessel,—a Catholic man, the son of an old retainer of his family,—with whom he had dealt for the hiring of a vessel for to sail to France as soon as the wind should prove favourable. Whilst they were gone upon this business, Lady Arundel and I sat in the chamber which looked into the court, making such simple preparations as would escape notice for our wedding, and the departure which should speedily afterwards ensue.

"I will not yield thee," her ladyship said, "to be married, except in a white dress and veil, which I shall hide in a chamber nigh unto the oratory, where I myself will attire thee, dear love; and see, this morning early I went out alone into the garden and gathered this store of rosemary, for to make thee a nosegay to wear in thy bosom. Father Southwell saith it is used at weddings for an emblem of fidelity. If so, who should have so good a right to it as my Constance and her Basil? But I will lay it up in a casket, which shall conceal it the while, and aid to retain the scent thereof."

"O dear lady," I cried, seizing her hands, "do you remember the day when you plucked rosemary in our old garden at Sherwood, and smiling, said to me, 'This meaneth remembrance'? Since it signifieth fidelity also, well should you affection it; for where shall be found one so faithful in love and friendship as you?"

"Weep not," she said, pressing her fingers on her eyelids to stay her own tears. "We must needs thank God and be joyful on the eve of thy wedding-day; and I am resolved to meet my lord also with a cheerful countenance, so that not in gloom but in hope he shall leave his native land."

In converse such as this the hours went swiftly by. Sometimes

we talked of the past, its many strange haps and changes; sometimes of the future, forecasting the manner of our lives abroad, where in safety, albeit in poverty, we hoped to spend our days. In the afternoon there arrived at the castle my Lord William Howard and his wife and Lady Margaret Sackville, who, having notice of their brother's intent to go beyond seas on the next day, if it should be possible, had come for to bid him farewell.

Leaving Lady Arundel in their company, I went to the terrace underneath the walls of the castle, and there paced up and down, chewing the cud of both sweet and sad memories. I looked at the soft blue sky and fleecy clouds, urged along by a westerly breeze impregnated with a salt savour; on the emerald green of the fields, the graceful forms of the leafless trees on the opposite hills, on the cattle peacefully resting by the river-side. I listened to the rustling of the wind amongst the bare branches over mine head, and the bells of a church ringing far off in the valley. "O England, mine own England, my fair native land,—am I to leave thee, never to return?" I cried, speaking aloud, as if to ease my oppressed heart. Then mine eyes rested on the ruined hospital of the town, the shut-up churches, the profaned sanctuaries, and thought flying beyond the seas to a Catholic land, I exclaimed, "The sparrow shall find herself a house, and the turtle-dove a nest for herself,—the altars of the Lord of Hosts, my King and my God."

When Basil returned, he told me that the vessel which was to take us to France was lying out at sea near the coast. Lord Arundel and himself had gone in a boat to speak with the captain, who did seem a particular honest man and zealous Catholic; and the earl had bespoken some needful accommodation for Mistress Martingale, he said, smiling; not very commodious, indeed, but as good as on board the like craft could be expected. If the wind remained in the same quarter in the afternoon of the morrow, we should then sail; if it should change, so as to be most unfavourable, the captain should send private notice of it to the castle.

The whole of that evening the earl spent in writing a letter to her Majesty. He feared that his enemies, after his departure, would, by their slanderous reports, endeavour to disgrace him with the people, and cause the Queen to have sinister surmises of him. He confided this letter to the Lady Margaret, his sister, to be delivered unto her after his arrival in France; by which it might appear, both to her and all others, what were the true causes which had moved him to undertake that resolution.

I do often think of that evening in the great chamber of the castle—the young earl in the vigorous strength and beauty of man-

hood, his comely and fair face now bending over his writing, now raised with a noble and manly grief, as he read aloud portions of it, which, methinks, would have touched any hearts to hear them; and how much the more that loving wife, that affectionate sister, that faithful brother, those devoted friends which seemed to be in some sort witnesses of his last will before a final parting! I mind me of the sorrowful, dove-like sweetness of Lady Arundel's countenance; the flashing eyes of Lady Margaret; the loving expression, veiled by a studied hardness, of Lord William's face; of his wife my Lady Bess's reddening cheek and tearful eyes, which she did conceal behind the coif of her childish namesake sitting on her knees. When he had finished his letter, with a somewhat moved voice the earl read the last passages thereof:—"If my protestation, who never told your Majesty any untruth, may carry credit in your opinion, I here call God and His Angels to witness that I would not have taken this course if I might have stayed in England without danger of my soul or peril of my life. I am enforced to forsake my country, to forget my friends, to leave my wife, to lose the hope of all worldly pleasures and earthly commodities. All this is so grievous to flesh and blood, that I could not desire to live if I were not comforted with the remembrance of His mercy for whom I endure all this, Who endured ten thousand times more for me. Therefore I remain in assured hope that myself and my cause shall receive that favour, conceit, and rightful construction at your Majesty's hands which I may justly challenge. I do humbly crave pardon for my long and tedious letter, which the weightiness of the matter enforced me unto; and I beseech God from the bottom of my heart to send your Majesty as great happiness as I wish to mine own soul."

A time of silence followed the reading of these sentences, and then the earl said in a cheerful manner:

"So, good Meg, I commit this protestation to thy good keeping. When thou hearest of my safe arrival in France, then straightway see to have it placed in the Queen's hands."

The rest of the evening was spent in affectionate converse by these near kinsfolks. Basil and I repaired the while by the secret passage to Father Southwell's chamber, where we were in turn shriven, and afterwards received from him such good counsel and rules of conduct as he deemed fitting for married persons to observe. Before I left him, this good Father gave me, writ in his own hand, some sweet verses which he had that day composed for us, and which I do here transcribe. He smiling said he had made mention of fishes in his poem, for to pleasure so famous an angler as Basil; and of birds, for that he knew me to be a great lover of these soaring creatures:

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
 The sorest wight may find release of pain,
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower ;
 Times go by turn, and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
 Her time hath equal times to come and go,
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web ;
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost,
 The well that holds no great, takes little fish ;
 In some things all, in all things none are crossed,
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;
 Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
 Who least have some, who most hath never all.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring ;
 No endless night, yet not eternal day ;
 The saddest birds a season find to sing ;
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay ;
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall."

The common sheet of paper which doth contain this his writing hath a greater value in mine eyes than the most rich gift that can be thought of.

On the next morning, Lady Arundel conducted me from mine own chamber, first into a room, where with her own hands she arrayed me in my bridal dress, and with many tender kisses and caresses, such as a sister or a mother would bestow, testified her affection for her poor friend ; and thence to the oratory, where the altar was prepared, and by herself in secret decked with early primroses, which had begun to show in the woods and neath the hedges. A small but noble company were gathered round us that day. From pure and holy lips the Church's benison came to us. The vows we exchanged have been faithfully observed, and long years have set a seal on the promises then made.

Basil's wife ! O, what a whole compass of happiness did lie in those two words ! Yea, the waves of the sea might now rage and the winds blow. The haven might be distant and the way thither insecure. Man's enmity or accident might yet rob us each of the other's visible presence. But naught could now sever the cord, strong like unto a cable chain, which bound our souls in one. An-

chored in that wedded unity, which is one of God's sacraments, till death, ay, and beyond death also, this tie should last.

We have been young, and now are old. We have lost country, home, and almost every friend known and affectioned in our young years; but that deepest, holiest love, the type of Christ's union with His Church, still doth shed its light over the evening of life. My dear Basil, I am assured, thinks me as fair as when we did sit together fishing on the banks of the Ouse; and his hoary head and withered cheeks are more lovely in mine eyes than ever were his auburn locks and ruddy complexion. One of us must needs die before the other, unless we should be so happy that that good should befall us as to end our days as two aged married persons I have heard of. It was the husband's custom, as soon as ever he unclosed his eyes, to ask his wife how she did; but one night, he being in a deep sleep, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone out a hunting, and it was his custom to have his chaplain pray with him before he went out. The women, fearful to surprise him with the ill news, had stolen out and acquainted the chaplain, desiring him to inform him of it. But the gentleman waking did not on that day, as was his custom, ask for his wife, but called his chaplain to prayers, and joining with him, in the midst of the prayer expired, and both were buried in the same grave. Methinks this should be a very desirable end, only, if it pleased God, I would wish to have the last sacraments, and then to die just before Basil, when his time cometh. But God knoweth best; and any ways we are so old and so near of an age, one cannot tarry very long behind when the other is gone.

Being at rest after our marriage touching what concerned ourselves, compassion for Lady Arundel filled our hearts. Alas, how bravely and how sweetly she bore this parting grief! Her intense love for her lord, and sorrow at their approaching separation, struggled with her resolve not to sadden their last hours, which were prolonged beyond expectancy. For once on that day, and twice on that which followed, when all was made ready for departure, a message came from the captain for to say the wind, and another time the tide, would not serve; and albeit each time, like a reprieved person, Lady Arundel welcomed the delay, methinks these retardments served to increase her sufferings. Little Bess hung fondly on her father's neck the last time he returned from Littlehampton with the tidings the vessel would not sail for some hours, kissing his face and playing with his beard.

"Ah, dearest Phil!" her mother cried, "the poor babe rejoiceth in the sight of thee, all unwitting in her innocent glee of the short-

ness of this joy. Howsoever, methinks five or six hours of it is a boon for to thank God for;" and so putting her arm in his, she led him away to a solitary part of the garden, where they walked to and fro, she, as she hath since written to me, starting each time the clock did strike, like one doomed to execution. Methinks there was this difference between them, that he was full of hope and bright forecastings of a speedy reunion; but on her soul lay a dead, mournful despondency, which she hid by an apparent calmness. When, late in the evening, a third message came for to say the ship could not depart that night, I begun to think it would never go at all. I saw Basil looked at the weathercock and shrugged his shoulders, as if the same thought was in his mind. But when I spake of it, he said seafaring folks had a knowledge in these matters which others did not possess, and we must needs be patient under these delays. Howsoever, at three o'clock in the morning the shipman signified that the wind was fit and all in readiness. So we rose in haste and prepared for to depart. The countess put her arms about my neck, and this was the last embrace I ever had of her. My lord's brother and sisters hung about him awhile in great grief. Then his wife put out her hands to him, and, with a sorrow too deep for speech, fixed her eyes on his visage.

"Cheer up, sweetest wife," I heard him say. "Albeit nature suffers in this severance from my native land, my true home shall be wherever it shall please God to bring thee and me and our children together. God defend the loss of this world's good should make us sad, if we be but once so blessed as to meet again where we may freely serve Him."

Then, after a long and tender clasping of her to his breast, he tore himself away, and getting on a horse, rode to the coast. Basil and I, with Mr. William Bray and Mr. Burlace, drove in a coach to the port. It was yet dark, and a heavy mist hung on the valley. Folks were yet abed, and the shutters of the houses closed, as we went down the hill through the town. After crossing the bridge over the Arun the air felt cold and chill. At the steep ascent near Leominster I put my head out of the window for to look once more at the castle, but the fog was too thick. At the port the coach stopped, and a boat was found waiting for us. Lord Arundel was seated in it, with his face muffled in a cloak. The savour of the sea air revived my spirits; and when the boat moved off, and I felt the waves lifting it briskly, and with my hand in Basil's I looked on the land we were leaving, and then on the watery world before us, a singular emotion filled my soul, as if it was some sort of death was happening to me—a dying to the past, a gliding on to an unknown

future on a pathless ocean, rocked peacefully in the arms of His sheltering love, even as this little bark which carried us along was lifted up and caressed by the waves of the deep sea.

When we reached the vessel the day was dawning. The sun soon emerged from a bank of clouds, and threw its first light on the rippling waters. A favouring wind filled our sails, and like a bird on the wing the ship bounded on its way till the flat shore at Littlehampton and the far-off white cliffs to the eastward were well-nigh lost sight of. Lord Arundel stood with Basil on the narrow deck, gazing at the receding coast.

"How sweet the air doth blow from England!" he said; "how blue the sky doth appear to-day! and those saucy seagulls how free and happy they do look!" Then he noticed some fishing-boats, and with a telescope he had in his hand discerned various ships very far off. Afterwards he came and sat down by my side, and spoke in a cheerful manner of his wife and the simple home he designed for her abroad. "Some years ago, Mistress Constance," he said,—and then smiling, added, "my tongue is not yet used to call you Mistress Rookwood,—when my sweet Nan, albeit a wife, was yet a simple child, she was wont to say, 'Phil, would we were farmers! You would plough the fields and cut wood in the forest, and I should milk the cows and feed the poultry.' Well, methinks her wish may yet come to pass. In Brittany or Normandy some little homestead should shelter us, where Bess shall roll on the grass and gather the fallen apples, and on Sundays put on her bravest clothes for to go to Mass. What think you thereof, Mistress Constance? and who knoweth but you and your good husband may also dwell in the same village, and some eighteen or twenty years hence a gay wedding for to take place betwixt one Master Rookwood and one Lady Ann or Margaret Howard, or my Lord Maltravers with one Mistress Constance or Muriel Rookwood? And on the green on such a day, Nan and Basil and you and I should lead the brawls."

"Methinks, my lord," I answered, smiling, "you do forecast too great a condescension on your part and too much ambition on our side in the planning of such a union."

"Well, well," he said; "if your good husband carrieth not beyond seas with him the best earl's title in England, I'll warrant you in God's sight he weareth a higher one far away,—the merit of an unstained life and constant nobility of action; and I promise you, besides, he will be the better farmer of the twain; so that in the matter of tocher Mistress Rookwood should exceed my Lady Bess or Ann Howard."

With such-like talk as this time was whiled away; and whilst we

were yet conversing I noticed that Basil spoke often to the captain and looked for to be watching a ship yet at some distance, but which seemed to be gaining on us. Lord Arundel perceiving it, then also joined them, and inquired what sort of craft it should be. The captain professed to be ignorant thereof; and when Basil said it looked like a small ship-of-war, and as there were many dangerous pirates about the Channel it should be well to guard against it, he assented thereto, and said he was prepared for defence.

"With such unequal means," Basil replied, "as it is like we should bring to a contest, speed should serve us better than defence."

"But," quoth Lord Arundel, "she is, 'tis plain, a swifter sailer than this one we are in. God's will be done, but 'tis a heavy misfortune if a pirate at this time do attack us, and so few moneys with us for to spare!"

Now none of our eyes could detach themselves from this pursuing vessel. The captain eluded further talk, on pretence for to give orders and move some guns he had aboard on deck; but it was vain for to think of a handful of men untrained to sea-warfare encountering a superior force, such as this ship must possess, if its designs should be hostile. As it moved nigher to us, we could perceive it to be well manned and armed. And the captain then exclaimed:

"'Tis Keloway's ship!"

This man was one of a notorious infamous life, well known for his sea-robberies and depredations in the Channel.

"God yield," murmured the earl, "he shall content himself with the small sum we can deliver to him and not stay us any further."

A moment afterwards we were boarded by this man, who, with his crew, thrice as numerous as ours and armed to the teeth, comes on our deck and takes possession of the ship. Straightway he walks to the earl and tells him he doth know him, and had watched his embarkation, being resolved to follow him and exact a good ransom at his hands, which if he would pay without contention, he should himself, without further stop or stay, pass him and his two gentlemen into France, adding, he should take no less from him than one hundred pounds.

"I have not so much, or near unto it, with me," Lord Arundel said.

"But you can write a word or two to any friend of yours from whom I may receive it," quoth Keloway.

"Well," said the earl, "seeing I have pressing occasion for to go to France, and would not be willingly delayed, I must needs consent to your terms, no choice therein being allowed me. Get me some paper," he said to Mr. William Bray.

"Should this be prudent, my lord?" Basil whispered in his ear.

"There is no help for it, Master Rookwood," the earl replied. "Besides, there is honour even amongst thieves. Once secure of his money, this man hath no interest in detaining us, but rather the contrary."

And without further stopping, he hastily wrote a few lines to his sister the Lady Margaret Sackville, in London, that she should speak to Mr. Bridges, *alias* Grately, a priest, to give one hundred pounds to the bearer thereof, by the token that was between them, that *black is white*, and withal assured her that he now certainly hoped to have speedy passage without impediment. As soon as this paper was put into Keloway's hand, he read it, and immediately called on his men for to arrest the Earl of Arundel, producing an order from the Queen's Council for to prove he was appointed to watch there for him, and carry him back again to land, where her Majesty's officers did await him.

An indescribable anguish seized my heart; an overwhelming grief, such as methinks no other event, howsoever sad or tragical, or yet more nearly touching me, had ever wrought in my soul, which I ascribe to a presentiment that this should be the first link of that long chain of woes which was to follow.

"O my lord!" I exclaimed, almost falling at his feet, "God help you to bear this too heavy blow!"

He took me by the hand; and never till I die shall I lose the memory of the sweet serenity and noble steadfastness of his visage in this trying hour.

"God willeth it," he gently said; "His holy will be done! He will work good out of what seemeth evil to us." And then gaily added, "We had thought to travel the same way; now we must needs journey apart. Never fear, good friends, but both roads shall lead to Heaven, if we do but tread them piously. My chief sorrow is for Nan; but her virtue is so great, that affliction will never rob her of such peace as God only giveth."

Then this angelic man, forecasting for his friends in the midst of this terrible mishap, passed into Basil's hands his pocket-book, and said, "This shall pay your voyage, good friend; and if aught doth remain afterwards, let the poor have their share of it, for a thank-offering, when you reach the shore in safety."

Basil, I saw, could not speak; his heart was too full. O, what a parting ensued on that sad ocean whose waves had seemed to dance so joyously a short space before! With what aching hearts we pressed the young earl's hand, and watched him pass into the other ship, accompanied by his two gentlemen, which were with him arrested! No

heed was taken of us ; and Keloway, having secured his prey, abandoned our vessel, the captain of which seemed uneasy and ill-disposed to speak with us. We did then suspect, which doubt hath been since confirmed, that this seeming honest Catholic man had acted a traitor's part, and that those many delays had been used for the very purpose of staying Lord Arundel until such time as all was prepared for his capture. The wind, which was in our favour, bore us swiftly towards the French coast ; and we soon lost sight of the vessel which carried the earl back to the shores of England. Fancy, you who read, what pictures we needs must then have formed of that return ; of the dismal news reaching the afflicted wife, the sad sister, the mournful brother, and friends now scattered apart, so lately clustered round him ! Alas ! when we landed in France, at the port of Calais, the sense of our own safety was robbed of half its joy by fears and sorrowing for the dear friends whose fortunes have proved so dissimilar to our own.

Ancient Hymns for the Feasts of Irish Saints.

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE DENIS M'CARTHY.

(*From the Antiphonary of Bangor.**)

ST. COLUMBA.

Columba penna nivea,
Collo resplendens roseo,
Loca petit siderea,
De claustro mundi luteo.

A DOVE, with snow-white wing, with rosy-gleaming breast,
From out the world's dark ways seeketh the starry place;
High on the penitential rock it built its sacred nest,
And, like its tender young, brought souls to Christ through grace.
Instead of joyful songs, its notes were groans of pain,
And frequent tears were blended with the prayers of that sweet dove.
Glory to God alone be given, who, when life's goal we gain,
Will, through Columba's blessed aid, lead us to joys above. Amen.

ST. COLUMBA (2).

Jesu, redemptor omnium,
Servus benignus respice,
Per Columbæ suffragia
Mites et castos effice.

Jesu, Redeemer of mankind, benign thy servants view,
And through Columba's blessed prayers our hearts and reins renew;
He by his fervour as a lamp within the Church did shine,
By dove-like labours fired with zeal and purity divine;

* The *Antiphonarium Beucorense*—a Ms. copy of which, written in the eighth century, is still preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan—was composed in the Monastery of Bangor, county Down (*Beannchar in Altitudine Ulteriorum*—Bangor, in the Ards of Ulster), founded by St. Comgall in 558. The hymns belong to the seventh century, and are therefore among the most venerable liturgical remains of the Irish Church. The Antiphonary was published by Muratori in 1718 from the copy just mentioned. A more perfect and complete edition, edited by the Rev. W. Reeves, D.D., is about to be published by the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society.

Dreading the effeminate ways of life, from out the flood of sin
 He wisely sought securest rest the eternal ark within.
 Simple and childlike was his heart, and free from guile or strife,
 And thus in peace he flitted o'er the troubled waves of life;
 Spurning the world beneath his feet, he soared into the skies,
 And tastes (his sacred mission o'er) the joy that never dies.
 Glory to God alone be given, who, after life's brief race,
 Will give us, through Columba's prayers, rest in the holy place.
Amen.

ST. BRIGID.

Adest dies lætitia,
 Quo Sancta Brigida
 De tenebris miseriæ
 Transit ad regna lucida.

Now the festival of Brigid, now the day of joy's at hand,
 When she passed from death and darkness to the bright and better
 land;
 From her childhood fond she offered to the Lord her virgin vows,
 And by all her angel graces pleased she her eternal Spouse;
 Many signs and many wonders worked the virgin through the land—
 Even the dry wood of the altar sprang to life beneath her hand:
 'Tis the fair Hibernian laurel which ne'er sheds its verdant leaf;
 Full of pity, to the suppliant ever did she lend relief.
 Through the everlasting ages glory to the Lord be given,
 Who, through holy Brigid's prayers, leads His children up to heaven.
Amen.

The Daughters of the Duc d'Ayen.

PART II.

OF four daughters of the Duc d'Ayen, Madame de Grammont was the least attractive. Her person was small, her appearance stiff, her features marked; there was nothing soft about her look or manner. Her virtue was of a stern kind; she had schooled herself into a certain absence of feeling, neither right nor lovable; but fortunately her actions often contradicted her professions. Thus her kindness never failed, and her charity to the poor was boundless. There was a contradiction too between what she said and what she wrote; her speeches are always more or less stern, while her letters frequently betray deep affection; like a person who speaks from principle, but dares to let herself out on paper, sure of restraining emotion when necessary. Sacrifice was the prominent feature of her piety; duty dictated her every sentiment.

Eight out of her nine children she saw carried to their graves in youth, and each time she could say with composure, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Writing to Madame de Montagu about a daughter whose end was approaching, she uses these words: "As life ebbs away, her peace and self-possession are perfect. . . . I do not despair of helping her passage into the bosom of God after having erst borne her in my own; and it is sweet to make her repeat, 'I was cast into Thy arms, O Lord, from the beginning: Thou art my God even from my mother's womb.'" It was not in her character to disclose the struggle of natural feeling that was going on in her heart at the time that she was writing words like these.

Once Madame de Grammont writes to her sister: "The expectation, experience, and long continuance of misfortune have at length made me *impassible*." "And I," adds Madame de Montagu, commenting on the word in her journal, "am still a reed shaken by every breath." The two phrases aptly characterise each sister.

In 1848 Madame de Grammont, who had been an eye-witness of the two preceding revolutions, was quite surprised at the fears entertained by those around her. "But, grandmamma," said a member

of her family, "if the guillotine were set up again as in the Reign of Terror, surely you would feel some uneasiness?" "Poor child!" replied the old lady, "that has nothing to do with the question. Must we not all die? The important thing is to be well prepared; the mode of death is a mere detail." And thus unmoved, she lived on to the age of eighty-five—that is, till the year 1853—having survived all her sisters. Though her husband had been banished for some time, she never emigrated; and sixty-seven years of her life were passed in retirement at their château of Villersexel. There she was much beloved, being a true mother to all the poor.

Her sisters also were warmly attached to her. Madame de Montagu held her in such veneration, that though a little the older of the two, she always kept a journal for Madame de Grammont to read, that she might point out her faults and help her to amend. She called Madame de Grammont her *second conscience*, and the province in which she resided the kingdom of Virtue, with Peace (Villersexel) for its capital.

Madame de Grammont felt their mother's loss, in her way, as deeply as the rest. Perhaps, too, this heavy trial laid the foundation of her remarkable firmness; for there are some strong natures that cannot bend through fear of breaking. When able afterwards to communicate with Madame de Montagu, she writes:

"Since the immolation of those dear victims, the Cross is my sole place of refuge. With you, and all those we love in this world and the other, I cast myself into God's arms. There let all disquietude cease; there let our minds and hearts rest for ever; thence let us derive strength to perform our allotted task here below."

Her father had entreated Madame de Grammont to consult her personal safety in those perilous times by joining himself and Madame de Montagu in Switzerland. She declined, because her husband was only just recovering from a dangerous illness, and also through fear of compromising his family. Indeed, so much was circumspection necessary, that her letters were written on cambric handkerchiefs, which Madame de Grammont took the further precaution of sewing inside her messenger's waistcoat lining.

Madame de Montagu affords a strong contrast to Madame de Grammont. She went through life thrilling at every step; full of tears that often gushed for joy, but oftenest welled up from deep fountains of sorrow; heroic in faith, like the others, but quivering and writhing beneath each new load of anguish. She never grew accustomed to suffering, and yet God tried her well; but He could not weary her love for Himself. And thus, while human affections were ever causing sharp pain, divine love gave her strength to bear

it without asking her to overcome *them*. Such was her character, which grace supported without changing.

Madame de Montagu was admired in the world, but never cared for triumphs of any kind. Her sole wish was to please God and her home circle, and do good to her fellow-creatures. We may believe that the pauper sponsors who held her at St. Roch watched over their charge through life. For well and zealously, though full of natural shrinkings, did Madame de Montagu perform her part on the busy stage. Her timidity was put to its first great trial when, at sixteen, she had to undergo her first introduction to her intended husband, on whom she dared not raise her eyes, to see whether her parents' choice suited her, in appearance at least, until he fortunately turned away to look at a picture. Next came the further suffering of receiving congratulatory visits from all Paris, during which the poor bride elect was seated bolt upright, pale and trembling, beside her mother, and between two goodly rows of members of either family, ranged along both sides of the apartment. At church on the wedding-day she regained her composure, because all else was forgotten in the earnest prayer breathed that she might well perform her new duties.

Almost immediately the young wife had to sacrifice her greatest pleasure, that of seeing her mother and sisters frequently. M. de Montagu was obliged to join his regiment, and she was left under the tutelage of her father-in-law, a kind and clever man, but eccentric and full of vagaries. To please him, she did every thing not wrong, commencing that petty series of daily yieldings, insignificant to careless eyes, but so meritorious because so difficult. This is woman's battle-field, obscure but high; and in this path Madame de Montagu always walked, perfectly ignorant that her simplicity was in any way extraordinary. The good she did by example, and without any words, was immense; only near relatives and intimate friends could perceive it. One of these, M. de Mun, used to say that she was the only *dévôt* he ever knew who made him wish to be saved. So far could she condescend even to the pleasures of others, that in exile, after all her sorrows, she danced at a rustic ball. And to a nature like hers, such griefs as she had known were undying even in their keenness. One of her characteristic traits was that she never forgot an anniversary: every thing that had happened to herself and to those dear to her was treasured up, and recalled as the days came round. If it was an occasion of gladness, it was celebrated in public; but her life was more crowded with the memories of sorrow, and these she kept for the quiet of her own room.

We should occupy a larger space than that which is at our dis-

posal, were we to try to follow Madame de Montagu through the various stages of her exile from France. She first came to England, settling at Richmond; then she went with her husband to Aix-la-Chapelle, whence the success of the revolutionary armies drove them again to England. They stayed at Margate for a while; then the declaration of war between England and France brought out an order for the *émigrés* not to live on the coast, and Richmond received them once more. Economy, however, forced them to seek a cheaper abode at Brussels. Afterwards this place of refuge became unsafe, and Madame de Montagu was forced to separate from her husband, and accept the hospitality of an aunt, Madame de Tessé—a *philosophe* old lady, who had been a friend of Voltaire's, but who, as one of her grandnieces said of her, "*tout en se croyant incrédule, ne laissait pas de faire un grand signe de croix derrière ses rideaux chaque fois qu'elle prenait une médecine.*" Madame de Tessé lived at Lowenberg, in Switzerland; her character is charmingly hit off in the memoir before us; she would have delighted Mr. Thackeray. But the presence of Madame de Montagu brought persecution upon her kind relation, who took the characteristic resolution of selling her property and going elsewhere. She took her niece and family first to Erfurt, then to Altona, where many French *émigrés* were assembled. Her plan was to find a quiet spot beyond the Elbe, where she could live in peace, and carry on her farming operations; for her great delight was to manage every thing herself, and supply all the needs of her household from her own resources. They were a long time in finding a place that would suit Madame de Tessé. At length an estate named Wittmold was found, on the banks of the lake of Ploen; and here the exiles found rest for some time. The best elements of Madame de Montagu's beautiful character were developed under the hardships and sufferings of this life of poverty and continued apprehension. She had, of course, never known even the idea of want before she left France. When she left Paris, she so little expected to have to manage for herself, that it was only in consequence of Madame de Grammont's imperturbable prudence that she made any provision for the future. They had to part in secret, as it was dangerous to let their servants know of the intended flight of Monsieur and Madame de Montagu. In the suppressed agitation of the moment, Madame de Grammont was characteristically thoughtful. She asked her sister whether she was sure she had her jewels. "Why take them? we are not going to a fête." "*Raison de plus; c'est parceque vous n'allez pas à une fête, qu'il faut les emporter.*" The advice was afterwards found to have been indeed important; but even the sale of her jewels only supported Madame de Montagu for

a time. In the course of her long exile, she never made herself a very perfect manager.

She tried to study domestic economy; but she proved a greater proficient in not spending on herself than in learning how to manage household affairs on small means. Still her superintendence of the farm produced good results, from the zeal with which it inspired the workpeople. However low her funds, she always visited the sick and poor, managing to procure them some relief; she also worked unceasingly at objects for sale. Throughout life she never knew idleness, devoting fixed hours to prayer, reading, the instruction of her children, and works of charity. As years went on, she more and more begrudged the hours often forcibly given in social life to frivolous conversation. Her pleasure was to employ each moment usefully in some home duty; but this could not always be the case during exile, especially when residing with her kind but worldly aunt, Madame de Tessé.

At this period it was that she organised her *œuvre des émigrés*; a stupendous work, if we consider that there were 40,000 persons to assist, and 16,000,000 francs the moderate sum estimated as requisite for carrying it out with success. Unfortunately the details in figures of this work have been lost; for Madame de Montagu carefully noted down every fraction received, from what quarter it came, and how expended. But we know that the correspondence alone cost annually about 500 francs, during the four years it existed—that is, from 1796 to 1800. She collected money in Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, France, the Netherlands, and England; and besides distributing pecuniary assistance, solicited employment for persons of all ages and sexes. She had children to get into schools, young women to place as governesses, drawings and needlework to sell, &c. All this was done without quitting her quiet home on the borders of Lake Ploen, or giving up one domestic occupation. When pressed for time she sat up at night. Winter only increased her zeal. "The colder it is," said she, "the warmer my heart grows." Indeed she ended by selling for this work the mourning worn for her mother and sister, which she had kept as a relic; at another time she also sold her prayer-book for the same object. But she never would take from this fund for members of her own family; she preferred working for them, not from pride, but through delicacy. For another charity she once cut off her beautiful hair and sold it, receiving 80 francs.

It is curious to remark that this gentle woman nevertheless had her own firm opinions, even on politics; and though never obtruding, still constantly held them. One is surprised to find also that these opinions were not often identical with the views held by those she

most respected and loved. In 1790, M. de Beaune, her father-in-law, alarmed at the turn affairs were taking, wished to emigrate with all his family. His idea was to draw Frenchmen together on neutral ground, to place their families in safety, and having gained the support of foreign powers, to return with a good army for the protection of the king and the party of order in the State. Madame de Montagu fully shared these views; but her husband at this time disapproved of emigration, considering it the greatest mistake that could be committed by the king's friends. He hoped to arrive at an understanding between the liberal party and the *droite*, so as to save both the monarchy and liberty. His two elder brothers-in-law, MM. de Noailles and La Fayette, went far beyond these views. Without wishing to overturn royalty, their dream was to see it based on republican principles.

So indignant did this render M. de Beaune, that he broke with them entirely, and wished Madame de Montagu to give up seeing her two sisters, who naturally embraced their husbands' opinions. She could by no means understand that persons were to be proscribed because of their political opinions; but, not to irritate M. de Beaune further, she would not receive Madame de la Fayette, who offered to pay her a visit at Plauzat in Auvergne, and went instead to meet her privately at a neighbouring inn.

Meanwhile M. de Montagu had yielded to his father's wishes, and at the end of 1791 resolved to emigrate; his choice, however, fell on England rather than Coblenz, where M. de Beaune then was. Madame de Montagu was to accompany her husband. Ere leaving Plauzat she had the happiness of seeing her mother again, but could not summon up courage to tell her of her own approaching departure for England. Both mother and daughter looked on public matters exactly in the same way; there was great similarity between them as to judgment; but the duchesse was not impulsive, like Madame de Montagu. They parted most tenderly, with a presentiment of coming evil; but little did either dream that the guillotine was to separate them for ever.

Then commenced for Madame de Montagu the miseries and heart-burnings of exile. Twice she visited England, spending some time at Richmond and Margate. Grievs began to accumulate; she lost a child for the third time; Marat was lording it over Paris; M. de Montagu in disgust again quitted France, and went to serve under his father's orders on the banks of the Rhine; the massacres of September took place, followed by the fatal battle of Jemappes. The *émigrés* were henceforth banished. Then the king and queen fell victims to the revolution; Savenay destroyed the last hopes of the

Vendeans. In addition to all these public sorrows, and to the pressure of poverty, Madame de Montagu lost another child, her fourth; it seemed as if all her children were born but to die.

All her life she suffered from great delicacy of constitution, and this natural tendency was further increased by her extreme sensibility. Just after losing a child for the first time, and while she was praying, bathed in tears, beside its dead body, a messenger came to tell her that Madame de Grammont had just given birth to her first infant. Madame de Montagu, drying up all traces of her own sorrow, immediately hastened off to congratulate the young mother; but she had scarcely left her sister's room when she fainted in the adjoining apartment. A severe illness followed, the precursor of many others; indeed it may be said that her whole life was passed amid moral and physical suffering. Death was ever busy in her family.

She lost her only son Attale, a fine young man, just when he had attained his 28th year; and in this case sorrow was aggravated by the circumstance of his dying through accident—a gun went off in his hand. No fears, however, were entertained at first. Madame de Montagu herself was only recovering by slow degrees from a dangerous malady; a sudden and fatal termination had occurred for her son, and she knew it not. They dared not tell her. But the next day, being Trinity Sunday, Madame de Grammont suggested that she should receive holy communion, though still in bed: the priest in presenting the sacred Host invited her to meditate on the Passion, and especially on the sentiments of the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the cross where *her Son died*. Madame de Montagu immediately understood him. Her husband then brought to her bedside the young widow and three orphan girls. Attale's mother wept in silence, at length ejaculating: "Thy decree, O Lord, has thus ordained, and I submit. But strike no more, for I am ready to faint beneath the weight of my cross." But she reproached herself afterwards for this.

Often before had she endured the mother's agony; but this was the hardest blow of all. And Madame de Montagu lived on to see many loved ones go before her; father, and husband, and several other relations preceded her to the tomb; for she lingered till 1839. Among them was M. de la Fayette, who died in 1834, having survived his wife twenty-seven years. Madame de Montagu and all the members of her family requested to be buried at Picpus.

This spot was hallowed to them by sacred memories, for there reposed above thirteen hundred victims of the Revolution. Its continued existence as a cemetery was due to the pious labours of Madame d'Ayen's daughters. In the days of terror, a pit had been dug outside the Barrière du Trône, and all the persons immolated in that

quarter of Paris were promiscuously thrown into it. The savage mode of proceeding has been related. As each head fell from the guillotine, it was cast, together with the body, still dressed, into a large barrel painted red. Each night, after the executions were over, these barrels were taken to Picpus, and their contents indiscriminately emptied into the pit. The ground had formerly belonged to an Augustinian convent. There, it could not be doubted, lay the remains of Madame d'Ayen and her daughter. Madame de Montagu and Madame de la Fayette, on their return to France, ardently wished to raise a monument to their memory; but on discovering the immense number of victims interred together, it seemed more desirable that the undertaking should be of a less private nature. By their joint efforts many families of other victims were attracted to the pious enterprise; souls devoted to prayer gathered round; the old convent and church of Picpus rose from their ruins. A cemetery was constructed round that gloomy pit, where not even a single name had been scrawled to recall the memory of those who slept below. Madame d'Ayen's three daughters could at least enjoy the sad consolation of praying near their mother's tomb.

All the sisters had bitterly, keenly felt the cruel stroke that deprived them of three such near relatives, and in such a painful manner; but none suffered more enduringly than Madame de Montagu. She was staying with Madame de Tessé, in Switzerland. News had reached her of the execution of her grand-aunt and uncle, M. and Madame de Monchy; but she was completely ignorant of what had become of her mother and sister. Fears, however, were rife. One day she set out to meet her father, whom she had not seen for some time; and he was so changed, that perceiving him on the way, she only recognised him from his voice. Each alighted, and his first question was to ask whether she had heard the news; but seeing her excessive emotion, he hastened to assure her of his own perfect ignorance. She felt a calamity impending, but dared not press for information in presence of a third person. They drove to an inn; and when father and daughter were alone together, he, after some preparation, informed her that he had just lost his mother. A deadly paleness overspread her countenance; confused and dizzy, she exclaimed, with clasped hands, "And I—" "I am uneasy about your mother and sister," answered M. d'Ayen, cautiously. But she was not to be deceived. His looks belied his words. That was the hour of bitterest anguish in Madame de Montagu's life. Cries and tears gave no relief. Again and again she saw the scene reënacted. Reason trembled; but still she strove to pray and be resigned. Remembering her mother's pious practice in times of sorrow, he also recited

the Magnificat; then, with beautiful feeling, in the midst of her own anguish, she knelt down and prayed, all shuddering, for those that made them suffer. But nature struggled still; and days passed ere she recovered sufficient composure to be left alone. When all the details reached her, strong religious feeling transformed the dungeon, the cart, the scaffold, into so many steps by which the martyrs had ascended up to Heaven.

The love unceasingly manifested by the three sisters for their martyred relatives is very touching. They were first reunited at Vianen, near Utrecht, in 1799. The ostensible object was to settle the division of property rendered necessary by their mother's death; but in reality they were much more occupied in calling up sweet memories of her and of their beloved sister. Madame de la Fayette was then about forty years of age; Madame de Montagu had reached her thirty-second year; and Madame de Grammont was rather more than a twelvemonth younger. They remained a month together, their husbands and families being also on the spot. Not a little suffering was caused by cold and hunger, for their united purses could still only produce insufficient means; fuel was wanting, and they had scanty fare. The three, however, would sit up at night to enjoy each other's society, wrapping their mantles round them to keep out the cold, and sharing one wretched *chaufferette*. They spoke very low, so as not to disturb husbands and children sleeping in the adjoining rooms. One great subject of conversation was to point out their mutual defects,—a Christian habit acquired under Madame d'Ayen's training, and surprisingly brought into play again under such circumstances.

Madame de Grammont remarked that events were graven in letters of fire on Madame de Montagu's countenance, and characteristically advised her to become more calm. She also took the opportunity of teaching her how to meditate,—a service which the elder sister gratefully acknowledges in her diary. Madame de Montagu observed with admiration Madame de Grammont's recollected demeanour at Mass, which they attended almost daily, saying she looked like an angel, absolutely annihilated in the presence of God. "As for me, I feel overwhelmed at my poverty beside her." Indeed, the two sisters vied in humility with each other. Madame de Grammont having once said, "You excite me to virtue and attract me to prayer," Madame de Montagu quickly replied, "Then I am like the horses in this country; for one sees wretched-looking animals along the canals drawing large boats after them."

But the chief theme at night was ever their mother. Madame de Montagu was accustomed to unite herself with the dear victims in

special prayer every day at the "sorrowful hour," and the other two now undertook the same practice. They also composed beautiful litanies in remembrance of them, during this stay at Vianen. Madame de Grammont held the pen, writing sometimes her own inspiration and sometimes what her sisters dictated. They called these prayers "Litany of our Mothers."

One of the most interesting episodes in the life of Madame de Montagu was her intimacy with the celebrated Count Stolberg, whose conversion to Catholicism seems to have been mainly attributable to the influence of her character. She came across him during her residence at Ploen and Wittmold. He was at that time at the head of the government of the Duke of Oldenburg; and he assisted her with all his power in her charitable labours for the relief of the French emigrants. The acquaintance between them sprung up in 1796. Count Stolberg, with his wife and sister,—the only one of the three who did not afterwards become Catholic,—had already begun to see something of the inconsistencies and deficiencies of Lutheranism. They were calm, thoughtful, upright souls; grave, severe, and simple, after the best type of the German character. They often conversed on and discussed religious matters among themselves; but they were very ignorant about the Catholic Church and its doctrines. Madame de Montagu taught them more about Catholicism, without speaking on the subject directly, than a whole library of controversial theology. Fragile in health, sensitive to excess, overflowing with sympathy and tenderness, tried by long and varied suffering, and strengthened, elevated, and spiritualised by the Cross, without having been hardened or made impassible,—her whole character showed a force and power and greatness that was obviously not its own. Such persons have an irresistible attractiveness; and they speak with a strange silent eloquence to intelligent hearts in favour of the religion which can produce and sustain them. Madame de Montagu was not a person to introduce controversial topics; but she won upon her new friends gradually, and at last they could not help telling her so, after listening to the account they had begged her to give of her own and her sisters' sufferings. After a time their hearts strongly turned to Catholicism; but intellectual difficulties remained on the mind of Stolberg, which were not set at rest till 1800, after he had been engaged in a correspondence with M. de la Luzerne and M. Asseline, to whom Madame de Montagu and her sisters had introduced him. The French prelates did their part; but the illustrious convert must ever be considered as in truth the spiritual child of Madame de Montagu.

Records considered as a Source of English History.

IF our readers call to mind the various works on history with which they may be acquainted, they will not fail to remark that the authors have commonly given but little prominence to any notice of the authorities upon which their relation is founded; and although this cannot be said to the same extent of the great standard histories, yet it is almost universally true of the small and more popular works, from which alone the great mass of men must ever gain their knowledge of the past. But if it be true, as we unhesitatingly believe, that the study of history, even in its slenderest shape, yields to few in interest or importance, we think that not a little of this interest and utility is lost by the omission which we have noticed. Mr. Prescott, in his deservedly popular histories, has appended to each chapter a notice of what he could gather as to the chroniclers from whom he derives his materials; and this has enabled his most superficial readers to form some judgment upon the degree of credit to which his romantic accounts are entitled; and also to conceive more vividly the real nature of the scenes recorded by those with whom some acquaintance is thus made.

Of the history of our own country it is especially true that little is known of the materials from which it is constructed, except by those whose tastes or employments have led them to give particular attention to the point. A certain amount of acquaintance with the leading events of our history is rightly regarded as an essential element in a liberal education; and yet we believe that very few of those who have not made the matter a subject of special, or as we may say professional, study are acquainted with the names of those *Decem Scriptores*, to whom they may remember to have seen references made in the foot-notes of Hume or Hallam; while hundreds of thousands know that William II. was shot in the New Forest, and that Henry I. died from eating too largely of lampreys, into whose minds the question never entered how these facts had, after the lapse of so many centuries, become known to them; or who, if it did enter, would contentedly answer that they had read it in history. The statement that "Hollingshed tells us that 70,000 persons suffered death on the scaffold in the reign of Henry VIII." is copied from book to book, having been originally made, we believe, by Black-

stone. As he chanced to mention in his text the name of the chronicler whom he followed, the compilers who have used his *Commentaries* have done the same; and thus one name of an authority has been brought before many, who never heard of any other, and who probably soon forget this, which is to them a mere name, not representing any distinct person.

We have no intention in the present paper of giving any account of the authorities upon which the ordinary histories are founded: they are exceedingly various, and do not in the main differ from those which furnish materials for the history of the other countries of Christendom; but we think that there is one source of matter accessible to our historians which does not exist to the same extent upon the Continent, and which, though limited in its application, and in no way available without considerable labour, is yet of the highest order in regard to the almost infallible truth of its indications. This source is found in the collection of the Public Records. But, to enable our readers to form a right judgment upon its value and importance, we must attempt a classification of the various species of evidence as to past facts.

Events which, from distance of time or place, do not fall under our own immediate cognisance, cannot become known to us but in one of two ways: either we observe marks which we know cannot have had their origin but in the event in question, or we learn it by the testimony of others to whom it has, mediately or immediately, become known; and to these two species of evidence the writers upon the subject have applied the names *real* and *oral*; where, to prevent misconception, it must be observed that by real evidence is meant that derived from things; in distinguishing which from evidence derived from words, it is in no way implied that the latter is not really and truly evidence, and capable of leading to the highest certainty.

The distinction between real and oral evidence may be illustrated by an example. A person has been stabbed in a scuffle, and before death mentions the name of his assailant,—this is oral evidence: a knife bearing the same name is found on the spot, which, on comparison of shape and size, appears to have inflicted the wound,—this is real evidence: and such is constantly used in the administration of justice.

We have said that oral evidence may lead to the highest certainty, such as is in every respect on a par with that obtained by the direct testimony of the senses, or by any other means. It is not to our present purpose to investigate the conditions which must be fulfilled to secure this; for they seldom are found in any evidence which can be used as a foundation of history. But apart from this,

it is clear that, as to great and notorious events, mere oral evidence, such as a pure tradition, will often afford sufficient ground for unhesitating belief—so often, that is, as there is no ground for suspecting the good faith of those through whom the tradition comes: minor details may change, but if circumstances keep alive an interest in the main event, the narration of it will be faithfully preserved. It is not often that we can with certainty say whether the memory of any event has been kept alive by pure tradition, such wherein each successive holder of the deposit received the knowledge orally from one who was himself not indebted to books for his information; but some instances occur in which accident or design has provided machinery for the frequent renewal of the tradition. A most venerable example of the latter is found in the case of the yearly recital by which the father of each Jewish family, on occasion of the Paschal Feast, relates to his wondering children the history of the deliverance of their ancestors from the Egyptian slavery;—this rite was instituted in the desert thirty-three centuries ago, and a hundred generations of children have thus learned the history, of which they afterwards read more in the Sacred Writings. So too in our own country we may believe that Lammas-Day never comes round but what the children of some yeoman of the New Forest hear that on that day the wicked king was slain, while hunting in the solitude which his father had made; and that no sooner does any young descendant of the faithful brothers Pendrell become capable of claiming his share in the annual bounty of King Charles, than he asks and learns the story of the fearless loyalty whereby his ancestors earned for themselves and their children this so gracious acknowledgment.*

But while oral tradition is thus sufficient to raise a high degree

* As the circumstance here referred to may be new to some of our readers, and is moreover of peculiar interest to Catholics, we subjoin some particulars in a note. King Charles II., after the disastrous defeat at Worcester, while seeking to elude the search of Cromwell's troops and effect his escape to the Continent, received most important assistance from four brothers of the name of Pendrell. They belonged to the class of yeomen, farming their own land; were Catholics, and, like most Catholics of those times, staunch royalists. On the Restoration their services were not forgotten, and an annual pension of 100*l.* was settled by the king upon them and their descendants for ever. This is still paid: the custom is for the money to be received by the agent to the Duke of Norfolk, who has the care of registering the births and deaths which affect the number of the claimants. These have amounted for many years to about a hundred men, women, and children—all sharing equally. None of them have ever since risen much above, nor sunk below, the position held by their ancestors, nor has any one of them been known to abandon the faith: none of the Pendrell money has ever been paid but to a Catholic.

of probability, or even absolute certainty, it may be said that real evidence is perfectly infallible. To understand this, we must carefully distinguish that which the real evidence itself proves, from the deductions which seem to follow. Thus, in the case of the assassination above referred to, the circumstances connected with the knife may be taken to prove infallibly that a knife bearing the prisoner's name inflicted the wound, but not that this knife was the prisoner's, nor that his arm struck the blow. Footmarks in the garden of a house where a burglary has been committed may, by their peculiarity, afford real and infallible evidence that they were made by the shoes of some suspected individual, but they do not give infallible proof that he was the robber; for he may have been there for some other purpose, or his shoes may have been used by the real culprit. The pieces of pottery said to have been found at a great depth in the soil of Egypt may give real and infallible evidence that they were placed there after the appearance of man upon the earth; but equal certainty will not always attach to any other deductions from this evidence.

Our readers will have observed that we have not taken into account the possibility of forgery. But besides mere forgeries, there is another species of real evidence, which is by no means so highly trustworthy as that of which we have spoken; this, which we may distinguish as designed real evidence, is such as is called into existence after an event, with the purpose of preserving its memory. In this there is risk not only of positive deceit, but also of that warping of views, arising from individual wishes and feelings, which, as we shall see hereafter, so much detracts from the value of written evidence; but it will often happen that real evidence which as to one point is designed and of little value, as to another is undesigned and infallible. Thus, the visitors to the British Museum who look upon the old Egyptian picture wherein the reigning Pharaoh is represented as driving before him a crowd of naked negroes may well doubt whether a negro artist might not have represented the matter differently; but the vanquished tribe are depicted with the well-known features which now characterise the Nubian race, and here we have real and undesigned evidence that these features have not altered perceptibly in the course of 3000 years; a fact of no small importance in the natural history of man. Again, Matilda, the Queen of William I., and her ladies worked a tapestry recounting the history of the Norman Conquest of England; and the work of their fingers may yet be seen in the cathedral of Bayeux, in Picardy. There can be no doubt that the appearance of the chain-clad horsemen of Normandy and of the English archers is here represented with fidelity; but when the

Queen shows us Harold swearing by the holy relics that he would not oppose her husband's right to the Saxon throne, all feel that no weight is hereby added to the evidence for a story long and hotly asserted by the Norman conquerors, and as warmly denied by their Saxon subjects. So, too, many a medal has been struck to commemorate a victory that was never gained; but a piece of ordinary money surely proves that the sovereign whose head it bears was reigning at the time of coinage.

We now come to apply this distinction to written evidence, which must ever form the great bulk of the historian's materials. This evidence is partly oral, partly real; and the real is partly designed, and partly undesigned. It may sound like a contradiction to speak of oral evidence in writing; but by this we mean such written evidence as depends for its reception upon the credit of the writer. The same writing may afford real evidence of one fact, and oral evidence of another. Thus, if a letter be found giving certain information, and suggesting the course to be pursued, this is real evidence that the receiver of the letter was informed of the fact, and that such advice was offered him; but, at the same time, it is merely oral evidence of the fact mentioned. If in the course of some proceeding a solemn instrument be drawn up, it is real written evidence upon the subject; and this evidence would be designed as to the principal matter, but undesigned as to subordinate points. Thus, it may well happen that the contents of a deed are untrue; but, apart from the supposition of actual forgery, it proves infallibly that the persons whose names appear as witnesses were then alive. Chronicles furnish nothing but oral evidence; but we frequently find treaties and other such documents inserted in them verbatim. These are real evidence, and often serve to correct mistakes of the writer, who has failed to see the true import of what he copied.

Our readers are now in a position to understand the value of public records as affording infallible proof of a number of facts, which, though disjointed and of little value in themselves, afford to the historian points of support upon which he can firmly rely in his task of constructing a consistent narrative out of the discordant materials afforded him by earlier writers. We here do not confine the term 'record' to its technical sense of the authentic narrative of the proceedings of one of the higher courts of justice, but we extend it to all writings drawn up in the regular course of public business, and preserved for future reference. It is manifest how free from all suspicion of falsification must be the contents of the great mass of these documents, especially as to matters which are not their principal object; and we will adduce two instances to show the use to which

they may be turned, where the wardrobe accounts, containing the claims of persons who had expended money about the service of the king's person and household, were unexpectedly the means of settling for ever disputed questions,—the one of our civil, the other of our literary history.

There is a conflict of authority among the chroniclers with regard to the exact date of the battle of Cressy; and it may be readily understood of what cardinal importance this point is in the history of the campaign of which this victory was the most signal event. No means were known by which the doubt could be solved; but it chanced that the accounts of the king's kitchen for that period have survived the lapse of time, in which the cook claims to be reimbursed his charges for preparing the royal dinner each day. The cook has mentioned the place where from day to day he performed his office, and thus the exact day is learned on which Edward dined at Cressy. There is but one such day, which was undoubtedly that of the battle.

One of the chief standing controversies which has engaged the attention of curious inquirers into our minute history relates to the real name, period, and character of the great ballad-hero Robin Hood. The roll of our peers is too well known to admit of any but the most enthusiastic believers in whatever the ballad tells supposing he was Earl of Huntingdon; but whether he was a partisan of the Yorkist or the Lancastrian claimant of the throne in the 15th century, or an assertor of Saxon independence against Norman oppression in the 11th, these questions have been debated with the greater warmth in proportion to the slender amount of materials for argument on either side. Some have supposed him the creation of the minstrels of no remote age; others assert him to be a Teutonic god; while a recent writer on the subject gives him a yet less substantial existence, and at the end of a laborious collection of evidence avows his belief that Robin Hood is an allegorical personage. The ballads relating to Robin Hood are obviously of very various date and historic value; but one which seems free from any great admixture of fable tells that the hero met King Edward near Newark in Nottinghamshire, at an assigned period of the year—early spring, if we remember aright—and was induced to take service in his household. But the confinement of the Court little suited one accustomed to the freedom of forest life; and when the leaves came forth on the oaks of Sherwood, Robin was off to his old haunts. Now, it is known that Edward II. was the only king of the name who was ever at Newark; and in the accounts of his household an item occurs showing that Robin Hood, about the period of the year mentioned in the ballad, received his wages as king's valet, and a gratuity on leaving the service,

"for he can no longer serve." There can, we think, be little doubt that these two accounts, coming from widely dissimilar sources, refer to the same circumstance; and thus the real fleshly existence of Robin Hood and the period when he flourished are fully established.

Let us now proceed to state more particularly of what these records in England consist, and the causes which appear to have led to the preservation of a greater amount of material of the kind in our country than in any other kingdom. A few remarks upon the difficulties attending the use of our records will conclude the paper.

In order that a document should be entitled, in strict law, to the name and privileges of a record, it must be an authentic contemporary narrative of the proceedings of some court of justice: nor does every court enjoy the privilege of making records, but this is confined to such as have either enjoyed it from time immemorial, or have received it on their first erection. Such courts are called courts of record; and besides the right from which they derive their name, they have the power of committing to prison persons guilty of contempt of their authority. Such are the three Superior Courts of Common Law, the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, and the Exchequer, together with a multitude of inferior courts of limited local jurisdiction. In a wider sense, the term is extended to the proceedings in the Court of Chancery—which is not a court of record—and to all matters belonging to any of the various offices among which the business of the original *Curia Regis* is now distributed, of which we commonly speak by the title of government offices. The law by which the custody of records is now regulated comprehends all these; and the Master of the Rolls is empowered to take possession of such as are of the age of twenty years or upwards, and to bring them into the common repository. To this rule there is an exception in the case of wills, which are preserved in various offices at Doctors' Commons and elsewhere, the original being produced when required, while copies are readily accessible for the purpose of perusal.

It does not appear that the Saxons were accustomed to commit to writing any memorial of the proceedings in their courts; at any rate, none such survive. The earliest record now in existence, and in every respect the most noble, is the famous Domesday-Book, or record of the military and other services found to be due to William I. in respect of every acre of land in England. This was deposited in the Treasury of the Court of Exchequer, which was particularly concerned with matters of revenue; and it was continually appealed to as a precious memorial of the rights of the sovereign. On the abolition of feudal tenures, the book ceased to be of value for its original purpose, but it will ever remain the corner-stone of our

topographical and early family history, on account of the multitude of facts collateral to its main purpose which are to be gathered from it, and as to which, we may observe, it furnishes undesigned written evidence. Domesday-Book was, we believe, the first of our records to be printed in full; and photographed *facsimiles* of a portion have lately been issued.

Domesday-Book is an isolated document, which has ever been preserved with a respectful and almost religious care—attested at this day by its splendid binding; but those records are in some respects of more interest which receive annual additions, and present a series increasing in length with the lapse of time; and of this class is the Great Pipe Roll, which our archivists assert to be unrivalled in the whole of Europe. This Roll derives its name of Pipe from the circumstance of its being the conduit through which the royal revenue was received; and it contains, in fact, the accounts rendered annually by the sheriffs of the money that came to their hands for the king's use. Besides some portions of earlier date, this Roll exists in an unbroken series for every year from the reign of Henry II. to the year 1833, when the system of taking the accounts was altered. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the various classes of records; it will suffice to say that information is found in them upon every topic connected with our military, civil, or constitutional history, as well as upon the life, family, and fortunes of persons of every rank. How much the bulk of the collections adds to the difficulty of using them will be seen before the close of this article.

Of the causes which have contributed to secure to us the preservation of so large a bulk of public papers, the first that we shall mention is, the predominance which the central government has in England always enjoyed over all local powers. The authority of the King of London has always been exercised directly over the whole of England, with the exception of the Bishopric of Durham and the Duchy of Lancaster. But the bishop in whose name the patrimony of St. Cuthbert was governed, being a churchman, could not become founder of a powerful family; and the dukedom of Lancaster had existed for but a few years, and that in the hands of members of the royal family, when the accession of Henry IV. united it to the Crown. On the Continent the case was different. The history of St. Francis Borgia and of St. Aloysius Gonzaga shows us that the Dukes of Gandia and Marquesses of Castiglione enjoyed sovereign rights over the inhabitants of these towns, while they yet were themselves subjects of the King of Spain and the Emperor; and in France the assertion of the royal supremacy over the various provinces was for many centuries exceedingly precarious; and many dukes or earls con-

tended on equal terms with him who at Rheims had received the unction of the sacred oil and the name of king. Nothing of this kind was ever known in England. Long-continued misgovernment sometimes led to a league of powerful nobles, who together succeeded in bringing about a change of measures, though such enterprises perhaps more frequently terminated in discomfiture; but no single family was ever able to withdraw itself for any length of time from the authority of the head of the Plantagenets. The pedigree of the De Veres might well bear comparison with that of the noblest families of the Continent; but had any Earl of Oxford failed in his yearly render of service to the king at Westminster, the loss of lands, his title, and his life would have reduced his kinsmen to beggary, and have warned the rest of the nobility to measure well their strength before incurring the penalties of treason and felony. The head of the Percies and of the Howards kept well-nigh regal state at Alnwick and Arundel; but the king's justices came regularly into Northumberland and Sussex, and the king's writ was executed with certainty in those distant counties, and thence regularly returned to Westminster.*

In this predominance of the central power we see a reason of the accumulation of records in Westminster. That so many have been preserved to the present time is in part due to the fact that never since the commencement of our history has war been seen in the capital. Since the battle of Hastings no part of England, except the Scottish border, has ever seen a foreign hostile force worthy to

* Something may not be out of place here upon the origin of the sheriff's power, which is the chief agent by which the royal authority is exercised in England, and the memorials of which constitute the great bulk of our records. Originally each county had its earl, or comes, who was responsible for the preservation of the king's peace within it. These earldoms becoming hereditary, an officer was appointed to be, as it were, a deputy of the earl, whence he received the name of vice-earl, or vice-comes—in English, sheriff. His duty was to execute the orders conveyed to him in letters or writs from the king; and to aid him in this, he had the right of summoning the whole power of the county, *posse comitatus*. Such writs, commencing *Ilex Vicecomiti salutem*, and terminating with the regal words, *Teste meipso apud Westmonasterium*, and authenticated by one of those seals which it was treason to counterfeit, were the instruments of every exercise of the royal power, of the gravest act of state, and the most ordinary matter of routine. Every action at law began with such a writ; and when the ministers of Edward II. resolved upon the suppression of the powerful order of the Templars, they merely issued to the sheriffs writs, of which the purport is concisely expressed by the endorsement, "*De omnibus Templariis uno die arrestandis*." When the duty had been performed, the sheriff sent back the writ to Westminster, having previously written upon it his "return," usually, "I have done as it is within commanded me." The number of such writs existing is reckoned by hundreds of thousands.

be called an army; and although, from the accession of Stephen to the Jacobite rising of 1745, no long interval elapsed without some rebellion or civil war, yet we do not remember any case in which actual fighting approached the capital. Had London ever been sacked by the troops of Alva or Napoleon, perhaps Lord George Gordon's riots would be less remembered.

But we think that the cause which has been most influential in saving from destruction so large a mass of parchments and papers is to be found in our national character, which leads us to have what seems to foreigners a superstitious regard to precedent and reverence for antiquity. A curious illustration of this occurred in connection with that change in the method of keeping the public accounts, to which allusion has already been made. In that system pieces of wood, called tallies, were used, by lines cut into which various sums of money were indicated. In the course of centuries a vast mass of these had accumulated; and when the plan was changed, a question arose, what was to be done with the sticks, the engravings upon which would soon cease to be intelligible to any living man. In spite of many protests by reverers of antiquity, the reforming spirit of the time triumphed, and the Exchequer tallies were condemned to the flames. For the place of their destruction the stoves of the Houses of Parliament were chosen; but during the process the flues became overheated, the dry timber of Edward I.'s erection burst into flame, and shortly the whole of the venerable building was destroyed. There were not wanting some who gravely said that nothing but harm was likely to result from the burning of such sacred relics as the Exchequer tallies.

The national regard for precedent is chiefly manifested in the law, of which it may be said to be the soul. What has once been decided in a competent court is settled for ever, and the formal record is the only admissible evidence of the decision. No party is allowed to call in question the truth of a record; and should a mistake have been made in drawing it up, the regular remedy of the person aggrieved is by action against the clerk employed. We not unfrequently see questions of grave import decided by the production of some little fragment of parchment, and the opinion of some persons experienced in these matters whether the roll of which it once formed a part would five centuries before have been considered a record. Not only private controversies, but the gravest constitutional questions are decided among us by an appeal to the original parchments. When any matter of difficulty arises, the Houses of Parliament appoint committees to search for precedents; and some of our principal statesmen have owed much of their influence to their fami-

liarity with the contents of the treasuries of the courts. The course of events at a most critical period of our history was mainly determined by the success of Noy, the Attorney-general of Charles I., in his researches among the Exchequer records in the Tower. He there found an ancient writ for ship-money; and the chief part of the revenue of the country was for twelve years raised upon the strength of this precedent alone.

The House of Lords upon one occasion wished to contest the exclusive right of the Commons to originate money-bills, and called upon them to produce the record under which they claimed. The Commons retorted by calling on the Lords to produce the record of their right to examine witnesses upon oath, adding, that the memorial of their own privilege would be found endorsed on the back. They well knew that no such record existed, as both the one and the other right is merely customary.

We have left ourselves but little space for illustrating the difficulties attending the use of the records by the historical inquirer; but we may say, in brief, that the chief arise from the vast bulk of uncatalogued matter which is found in the offices. A roll belonging to the single Court of Common Pleas comprises no less than 1200 miles of parchment nine inches wide; and other series of documents approach the same size. Until lately to no part of this mass did any calendar of practical value exist. In this state of things the difficulty of finding matter bearing upon any particular question is obvious. The work of forming proper calendars was commenced some twenty-five years since, and may be expected to be completed before the end of the next century. Some of the most important records have been printed in full.

When a document is found, the searcher may deem himself fortunate if the effects of damp, with which those of fire have sometimes combined, allow of his reading a single word. If the membrane be clean, and the faded ink restored by chemical applications, the character will often be wholly illegible to the unpractised eye; and even experts in the art of reading can frequently do nothing better than guess from the number of minims or thick down-strokes what combination of letters may have been intended. But supposing a printed or fairly copied text be attained, the great difficulty sometimes remains—to make use of the information. It has been said that to attain a full understanding of Domesday-Book alone is a study for a lifetime. The difficulty arises partly from the change of manners, partly from the infinite variety used in naming persons and places, in stating dates, periods of time, and measures; but above all from the extreme brevity of the memoranda, which often alone remain. Often

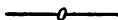
has a sanguine inquirer gone to Fetter Lane full of hope that there he will find the materials of the long-projected history of his parish in the country; and having spent a laborious holiday, he returns to his home convinced that the art of diplomacy*—for so that of consulting records is sometimes termed—is not to be learned in a week.

We shall conclude with one more illustration of the truth-disclosing power of records. Some documents, selected from various quarters on account of their peculiar importance, were in the course of the seventeenth century brought into one building in Whitehall, which acquired the name of the State-Paper Office. The collection here received increased from time to time, and all access to it was jealously denied to the public. Among the papers placed here were the whole of those relating to the Powder Plot; and consequently no account of the confessions made by the prisoners in that case was accessible to the historian, except that contained in the narrative published by King James's order. Some years since Mr. Jardine obtained leave to use these documents in compiling his history of the Plot. He found the original papers whereon the clerk had written the sentences which the rack had forced from Fawkes and his associates; to these the prisoner had appended a distorted signature. And the papers are full of additions and alterations in the handwriting partly of the king and partly of his worthy minister, Sir Edward Coke. From the confessions thus garbled the published narrative is drawn up. Thus does the paper afford "undesigned real evidence" of the nature of that kingcraft upon which James so much prided himself.

S.

*. This word is derived from *diploma*, which in late Greek and Latin signified a license under the emperor's seal; in low Latin it seems to have been extended to all legal documents.

Kirkstall Abbey: a Sonnet.



ROLL on by tower and arch, autumnal River;
 And ere about thy dusk yet gleaming tide
 The Phantom of dead Day hath ceased to glide,
 Whisper it to the reeds that round thee quiver—
 Yea, whisper to those ivy-bowers that shiver
 Hard by on gusty choir and cloister wide:
 “My bubbles break; my weed-flowers seaward glide:
 My Freshness and my Mission last for ever!”
 Young Moon, from leaden tomb of cloud that soarest,
 And whitenest those hoar elm-trees, wrecks forlorn
 Of olden Airedale’s hermit-haunted forest,
 Speak thus: “I died; and lo, I am reborn!”
 Blind, patient Pile, sleep on in radiance! Truth
 Fails not: and Faith once more shall wake in endless youth.

AUBREY DE VERE.

The Fine Arts at the Dublin International Exhibition of 1865.

DUBLIN, after the example of its larger neighbours, has organised an International Exhibition. The Palace of Industry in which it is contained does not cover the seventeen acres of that at South Kensington; but it is a structure as commodious for its purpose, and far more attractive in appearance. Unlike its large predecessor, it is not doomed to the same untimely dissolution, but is put together by a "Crystal Palace" company, and is to remain a permanent source of enjoyment to the social and cheery inhabitants of the Irish capital. It is placed in a pretty garden of some five acres in extent, made in the rather dreary space, that many of our readers will remember, between Stephen's Green and the station of the Wicklow Railway.

The structure itself is tastefully decorated, under the direction of Mr. Henry Doyle, the artist. He has had no more scope for this than the choice of the colours with which the different iron members are painted; but, by a delicate play on the different tones of air-colours, he has contrived to give the lightness and grace which an iron structure ought always to exhibit; and we are certain that the justice of his decisions will be admitted.

Of the commodiousness, however, of the various arrangements,—the excellent refreshment-rooms, clean waiters and comely Irish waitresses, post-office, news- and writing-room, and so forth,—it is not our business to discourse. Whether the Executive Committee, or Mr. Bagot, or Mr. Parkinson, ought to be the special recipients of the thanks of sight-seers, we cannot tell; but the spirited efforts of all concerned in this bold undertaking, following the Great Exhibition in Kensington, and preceding one as great or greater in Paris, deserve an ample meed of praise.

Our present object, we must repeat, is with the Art side of the Exhibition, not with its general arrangements and objects. It is in this respect that we propose to enter into details as far as our limited space will allow.

As an Art-Gallery the Dublin International, taken all round, is a great success. We understand that Mr. Henry Doyle has been supreme in this department; and he has done his work admirably.

In this present year, so soon after 1862, and before Paris of

1866, collectors are shy of sparing their pictures; while the wealthy markets of London and Paris naturally draw unsold works in those directions. Then there is the risk of sixty miles of sea additional in the way of transit. Many difficulties, in short, beset a collection of art-works in Dublin; and the success obtained is the more creditable. We proceed, however, to detail. The entrance, then, to the main nave of the structure is through a long hall, surrounded by a gallery and lighted from the roof. In this are placed the larger number of works of sculpture; some few overflowing into the nave, where busts are conveniently disposed against the iron columns. The gallery above contains pictures; while various well-lighted rooms lead off from it, in which the works of the several nations are classed apart.

As we enter through this sculpture-gallery, we may begin with that subject. The principal contributors are Rome and the Italian kingdom; the former, as usual, taking the lead in numbers and excellence. The delicate completeness of the Roman sculpture, as far as it goes, is as well preserved in the Dublin Exhibition as it always is. And the same may be said of the Italian. The most imposing of the Roman contributions is a colossal statue of the Holy Father (No. 185). He is in complete pontifical vestments, and holds in his hand the Bull of the Immaculate Conception. It is by Matteini, and is judiciously placed in the body of the Exhibition, of which it is the general place of meeting. The most popular and the best works are: (No. 23) Saul, by Storey. The figure is sitting, and the expression of vague and terrific absence of mind is admirably rendered. There are lines of weakness in the knee-drapery, which may perhaps be intentional. Judith (No. 37), by the same artist, is a noble and graceful figure, and well carried out all through. The Sleeping Fawn and Satyr (No. 15), by Miss Hosmer—a classic subject—is as well treated as we may expect such subjects to be in our own times, in which they must and do imply too much of a divorce from the habits of thought and ordinary objects of interest of the age. No. 16—The Reading Girl—by Magni, Milan, is already familiar to our readers from the stereoscopes of London. Zocchi of Florence (No. 22) has a vigorous and graceful statue of Michael Angelo sculpturing as a boy. There is more vigour and general “go” about this statue than we find in the Italian work round it, while it is thoroughly boyish and simple. Mr. Munro in No. 34—A Boy and Dog—keeps up his reputation. He contributes several other pieces—Nos. 211, 212, 213 being the most important of these. Mr. Woolner (No. 204) contributes a vigorous bust; and No. 202 is a sketch for his bold and masterly bronze statue of the late Mr. J. R. Godley, now in the South Kensington Museum, in

which every minute detail of modern dress has been grappled with. Perhaps the only point we feel inclined to dispute with him is the small departure from exactness in this respect, in the graceless bagginess of the coat, and one or two lines in the trousers, needlessly derogatory to the skill of Mr. Poole's workmen. No. 42 is a Veiled Bust, by Lombardi of Rome—a skilful *tour de force*, which maintains a singular popularity. It should be called "A Towel or Veil on a Bust," for this is the real object sculptured. Of complete female figures, perhaps Eve (No. 53), by Argenti of Milan, is among the most pleasing. No. 99, however—Beatrice Cenci asleep in her cell, Bottinelli—is singularly graceful and pure in treatment.

Amongst the busts in the main building we notice one by Mrs. Hill (No. 222); Barry Cornwall, by Foley (No. 225). Several contributions by Hogan the younger, Kirk, Farrell, Margaret Foley, and Miss Jane Morgan deserve all our attention. To see Irish exhibitors training themselves in Dublin, or elsewhere in Ireland, is a real source of interest to the profession. Ladies too are taking places amongst them; second, in Miss Hosmer's case, to no one.

Before taking leave of this gallery of sculpture, we cannot but be struck by the prominence of the feature of external smoothness and softness of surface, to the neglect of more vigorous general handling of the subject. This is specially characteristic of the Italian sculpture. A general softness of treatment has led to an immense prominence being given to the nude of the female rather than the male figure. Contrasted with the simple unconscious modesty that the classic sculptures exhibit in these subjects, we regret a prurient element of sensuality in a number of the female figures of the Exhibition that spoils much skilful handling and creditable knowledge of the structure and movements of the human figure.

We pass on, or rather up the stairs—of which there are plenty of convenient flights—to the picture-gallery of the central hall. There a variety of nations are represented: the French, indeed, scarcely at all. Nineteen works only appear on their list. Of these (No. 7), A Monk, by H. Brown, is serious in character and well painted. No. 9, The Widow's Mite—a touching and graceful composition, by Dubufe—and a Dog Portrait, by Rosa Bonheur, are the best; the latter true, as ever, to nature; but it is not an important production of such a painter.

Amongst the Germans we note (No. 32) a fine landscape, with a Cuyp atmosphere, and admirably painted figures and cattle, by Voltz, Munich. No. 36, also by a Munich artist, Bethke; and No. 37—The Important Question—by Lasch of Dusseldorf, are well worth attention. No. 55—The Emperor Henry IV. doing penance—is a more

important work, vigorously treated and well painted, by H. Pheddermann; as well as No. 56, The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa reconciling the Princes and Legates in the Diet of Besançon.

No. 64 has some admirable painting of winter moonlights on the snow, by Donzette, Berlin.

The German painters contribute some exceedingly meritorious landscapes; of which No. 90—The Sogne Fiord in Norway—shows, perhaps, as well-painted rock and fern foreground as we have ever seen. Other works of a similar nature are also well carried out in these respects.

The Germans have added a somewhat novel and very striking feature to the Exhibition, in a number of large cartoons. These are hung in the large music-hall, opening, like the central hall, out of the main body of the structure; of which, in its proper musical capacity, we shall have a word or two to say before closing our notice.

The most remarkable of these cartoons is No. 541 (Kaulbach), The Destruction of Babel. The tribes and families of the earth are full of life and movement, rushing, in an enlarging circle, to people the globe. Several of the Prophets, by Hess, and various important works by Pixis, are amongst the number. These large productions appear to be chiefly, if not entirely, from Munich. If the artists could have sent or contrived on the spot some kind of frames for these, it would have contributed to do their grand works more justice. Mr. Doyle, however, has done well to find room for them, as most interesting and effective additions to the established characteristics of picture-hanging.

As in London in 1862, the Scandinavian School is rich in good painting. Tidemand, besides The Preacher (No. 110), has a beautiful picture (No. 114), Grandmother's Bridal Crown; an old peasant, with a noble northern head, showing her marriage ornaments to a group of grandchildren, the different degrees of whose admiration are powerfully distinguished.

Amongst other good works of this school, we note in the great music-hall an admirable national domestic scene, The Proposal (No. 417), by Fagerlin, Sweden. The puzzled expression of the simple-hearted father could not, as a piece of painting, be surpassed. Madame Jerichau, Denmark, has several works of merit in this hall. We trace the influence of the school even in the Belgian room (No. 309). Nor are the Scandinavians less good in landscape. No. 435 is a painting of a Fiord in Norway, with good mountain and unsurpassed rock foreground painting. F. Sorensen in No. 409—Bell-Rock, Scotland—gives us some admirable sea-painting; and again in No. 403. Here indeed, if anywhere, the races that produced the hardy sea-

kings of bygone ages should be at home. These stormy seas are equal to the best of Stanfield's wave-drawing. Their domestic peasant-life, too, has a singular freshness and vigour; and seems to be a more genuine portraiture, with but few exceptions, of national life than the sentimental productions we see on our Academy walls.

There are many good Dutch paintings, and the average of power is well maintained. They are Dutch in minuteness and general characters, following the older schools.

The Roman School includes two religious works by Rohden, and a landscape by Bompiani (No. 138). The Italians are more numerous represented. A somewhat unusual method of painting is to be seen in several of their works, the colour being laid on in a thick dry mass, to give fullness and airiness of tone with solidity. The effect of it is a great flatness of tone, and sometimes a roughness resembling worsted-work. As far as we see it practised at this Exhibition, it seems a failure.

There are some thoroughly well-painted pictures, however, in this school; amongst which the most masterly is (No. 166) by Miola—Plautus, as a miller, reading one of his Comedies. The drawing and painting of the whole group is admirable. There is a great deal of knowledge of the figure; and the artist has contrived to give to the audience of women and others, peasants or slaves, a thoroughly genuine expression throughout. We consider this a complete and imaginative work of the highest order. We may also call attention to Gastaldi's Atala (No. 477), in the great music-hall; and to several good interiors and fair specimens of Italian landscape,—a subject in which Italian Art has seldom been thoroughly happy.

The Belgians have a large room to themselves, besides covering a considerable space in the great music-hall. The average is not high. No. 234, in the corridor, is a fine painting by Mennier—The Obsequies of a Trappist. It is dignified and simple in treatment, and well painted throughout. In the room we notice (No. 289) an admirable likeness of Mr. H. Barron the diplomatist, by Dewinne; and more than one excellent architectural landscape painting by Bossuet; The Church of St. Dominick at Catalataynd (No. 295); and again (No. 333), The Ruins of the Caliph's Palace at Zahra, in Spain.

By far the most striking national contributions to the gallery are the Spanish paintings. It was rumoured that we were to expect a considerable accession of works of art from that country previous to the opening. We were, notwithstanding, surprised by the number, importance, and excellence of the Spanish works. So little are we used to see the works of modern Spanish painters, that we may be

pardoned if we devote a more detailed examination to their contributions.

No. 171 (Hispaleta)—The Orphan's Sorrow—is a tender and well-sustained piece; and No. 173, by Vales, a larger work, representing the exposure of the body of Beatrice Cenci on the bridge of St. Angelo—citizens and others offering alms for Masses for her, and expressing their sympathy with the general solemnity of the scene. The whole treatment of this work is simple and effective, particularly that of a group, on the right side of the picture, of peasant women. No. 174, a large work by Rosales—Isabel the Catholic dictating her Will. In this, again, a number of characters are well distinguished throughout; and, as in the Cenci, the principal (dead) figure is represented with a thorough sense of reality, but free from any thing morbid or repulsive.

We remember a very striking Spanish work in the Exhibition of 1862, representing an execution, in which the same artistic reserve and dignity was maintained, in a subject naturally repulsive, with singular skill. We cannot recollect whether the artist's name was Vales or not.

No. 177—The Ancient Hall of the Cortes of Valencia—is the finest interior that we have seen in modern days. Nearly half the picture is occupied by the perspective of the ceiling, and a quantity of architectural detail repeated without any violence of perspective, or the slightest impression of dullness or redundancy from the repetition of the details. It has a group of figures in the centre, and the light is well arranged. Nothing of the kind in the Exhibition comes near this work.

The Chapel of Don Alvaro de Luna, Toledo, P. Gonzalvo (No. 196), is also a well-painted interior. No. 191—Torquato Tasso retiring to St. Onofrio in Rome by Maureta—should be carefully studied. No. 491—The Funeral Convoy of Friar Felix Lope de Vega Carpio passing the convent in which his daughter was a nun—is a dignified and powerful rendering of the struggle between religious resignation and natural grief; and No. 496—The Burial of St. Lawrence in the Catacombs—wholly free from the kind of affectation common to these representations of classic Christianity. Here we may also notice a funereal or rather dying scene on the staircase wall, full of touching solemnity, that represents the last moments of Friar Carlos Climaque. The dying monk is embracing the Superior of his monastery, to express his gratitude for having saved his soul in the religious life, which would have been lost in the world. The whole tone and feeling of this painting is in admirable keeping with the character of the subject, and the design and execution are masterly.

Other Spanish paintings might well be selected, had we space for more than a passing notice of individual works. We observe throughout these works the expression of that mixed type of seriousness, reserve, and dignity we are apt to look for in our estimate of the Spanish character—proud indeed, but religious, grave, and courteous. We cannot but regard the contributions from that country as an immense addition to the European Art of the day, treating as they do, and as the reader cannot fail to observe, subjects of a serious, often of a melancholy nature appropriately, and with entire freedom from the melo-dramatic element so usual where these subjects are handled by schools of men less serious and reserved in character.

There is a good water-colour gallery, in which we recognise Mr. F. W. Burton in several admirable works; some of which, especially the Child holding a flower, have already been published in the Water-Colour Gallery in Pall Mall.

Mr. Jones has (No. 30) a good drawing of Marguerite in the Cathedral; Mr. Doyle a portrait of Cardinal Wiseman, already favourably known in the Royal Academy. It would not be fair, however, to Mr. Doyle, to omit a visit to his wall-paintings at the Dominican Convent at Cabra.*

In the nave and apse of this small church Mr. Doyle has painted a series of figures, the most important representing the Holy Family and the Saints of the Dominican Order. No better religious mural painting has been seen in our days either at home or abroad, taking the compositions as far as they go, and including the element of colour. These can be seen by means of a half-crown, and the services of one of that useful class of her Majesty's servants, the Dublin car-men.

Of the British Gallery we shall not attempt any lengthened criticism. It is as good a selection as could be got together, with the pressure of the Royal Academy in view. The large majority of the works have long since been reviewed, most of them many times over. Several good portraits by Catterson Smith are new to us, as is an exceedingly interesting painting by Mr. Sheil (No. 167), *The Angel of Intercession*. The picture consists of a central figure—an angel swinging a censer, to represent the act of prayer; while a number of subjects in small frames or compartments round the picture suggest a variety of scenes in daily life, in which every form of temptation threatens the soul of man, and from which he is saved by intercessory prayer. The whole composition is well designed and painted,

* We submit this spelling under correction, not having the means of verification at hand.

and full of interest. Mr. Sheil will, we hope, show us more of his works another year on the walls of our Academy.

We have, besides these, a gallery of the old masters, amongst which are three Hogarths. The greater portion is contributed by Lord Portarlington and Sir C. Coote; and a number of interesting works that few of us could otherwise see are by this means open to the public. To offer criticisms of these works would carry us beyond our limits, as they must be regarded as an accession altogether beyond the necessary features of a modern Exhibition. They are a kind and hospitable addition to the whole, and add in no small degree to the pleasure of the visit, as we hope our readers will be able to say for themselves.

Music does not properly fall under our notice; but having alluded to the great music-hall, we must go on to say that it is, though only temporarily completed, already furnished with a fine organ, and the floors are occupied by pianos of various kinds for sale. Amateurs and professionals treat the public to exceedingly good music on these instruments from time to time when no military band is in attendance; and occasional social gatherings, under the permission of the authorities, take place after hours, or on late mornings, before the time of admission. At these meetings amateur music, vocal and instrumental, may be heard of the very highest merit; and the easy kindness with which our genial neighbours exert themselves to give as much pleasure as is in their power to those fortunate enough to gain admittance, will long remain amongst the pleasant memories with which we shall look back to the Dublin International Exhibition of this summer of 1865.

J. H. P.

Christian Antiquities in the East.

ONE of the later poets, or poetasters, of Greece lamented that he had been born at a time when the field open to labourers of his class had been already so well worked as to be nearly exhausted. We shall not discuss the question whether his complaint showed or not a true apprehension of the nature and office of the poetic faculty; though, certainly, there are many senses in which it may be true to say that later generations are at a disadvantage, as compared with their ancestors, in the matter of poetry. In other fields also of human activity and enterprise it might seem that the world was almost worked out. If Columbus were to be born again in our century, he could find no new world to discover. If the North and South Poles ever give up their secrets, we can hardly expect that the revelation will possess much human interest. Captain Burton will not allow us yet to claim for our countrymen the solution of the eternal riddle of the source of the Nile; but at all events we have got a pretty fair idea as to what may be expected from further African discovery. The ocean, which covers the larger portion of the surface of the globe, may have a few more wonderful islands to disclose to future navigators; but it can hide nothing comparable in interest to that which we already know. He would be a bold man who should venture to limit the further discoveries of physical science, and the services which they may hereafter render to social convenience and improvement; and yet it may not be unreasonable to conjecture that we have already mastered the best secrets that nature has been commissioned to yield to our industry and research. The mind of our century seems to be turning back upon the old, in despair of finding fresh food in the new. We are rediscovering antiquity, hunting up old documents and monuments, writing history over again; and, as if the few thousand years that our race has lasted were not enough, some adventurous spirits pile century upon century to begin with. Leaving dreams alone, those who occupy themselves with ascertained facts, and prefer industry to speculation, find plenty to undo, plenty to do afresh, with regard to our records of the past; and their labours are often rewarded by real discoveries, which fill up a gap where nothing existed before. It would seem that in this respect we are but beginning to work in a field that promises the richest and most abundant harvest of truth.

To those who have the spirit of adventure, and the courage to brave danger in the pursuit of novelty, the wonderful East is still the land of promise. It is continually yielding fresh treasures to its pilgrims. It has made in our time several conspicuous reputations, and may make many more. Go into the desert for a year or two by yourself, and if you re-appear at all, your face will shine with the halo of celebrity. We are very far indeed from implying that the honour won by Oriental discoverers has not been justly earned. In many cases they have undergone the greatest privations and the most serious dangers; in almost all they have at least shown great tact, courage, perseverance, and the most honourable industry. Fascinating as the East is, the labourers of whom we speak have had far higher merits than if they had merely sought to revel in romance. It is the cradle of humanity, of religion, of civilisation. Philosophy, history, and science were born there; and the heavenly flame of poetry was first kindled at its sanctuaries. Its history is the oldest, the grandest, the most significant in the world, or rather, no history has any significance or any grandeur but through it. By a marvellous arrangement of Providence, though those fair regions have been for more than a thousand years placed under a curse, and their children enslaved to a system of abominable unbelief which blights everything that it touches, they have yet in many respects retained with unparalleled fidelity the manners of primitive times; and the traveller finds himself in the midst of biblical customs as well as of biblical scenery. Finally, the monuments of the former civilisation of the East have remained in numberless instances untouched and undefaced, and have thus become the most valuable of all collateral sources of information as to the history briefly told or alluded to in Scripture, supplying at the same time an abundance of materials of knowledge on all points connected with the life and manners of ancient nations, which has come like a flood upon the students of Europe before they were prepared for it. It will take many years of patient industry to interpret, digest, and arrange the information that has been already accumulated; and when that has been dealt with, there are rich stores enough still untouched to satisfy the energies of future generations.

We are accustomed to connect the discoveries of Eastern monuments with the shedding of new light on history of the most ancient times, with regard to which we have hardly any existing records—except, perhaps, some passing mention in the books of the Hebrew Scriptures. It would, however, be a mistake to limit the field of Oriental discovery to the most remote times. It is far from impossible that the progress of research may bring to light a great treasury of materials by which the history of Eastern churches may be illus-

trated to a wonderful degree. The whole East, far into what are now the unvisited and almost unknown regions beyond the Caspian Sea, was studded with Christian churches; and it was not till the rise of Mohammedanism that the further progress of Christianity was checked, and the frontiers of the Cross beaten back towards the west. To that one great judgment upon the levity and pride of the Orientals we may attribute the fact that any religion but that of Christ exists in the vast continent of Asia. Mohammedanism has brutalised man, and almost withered up the face of nature where it has set its foot; but it has not destroyed cities along with their inhabitants, and it has even preserved many Christian churches by degrading them into mosques. The time may come when the Church may reclaim her own, and when we may feel grateful, in a certain sense, that St. Sophia and a thousand other less famous churches have been desecrated instead of being destroyed. Christian antiquaries will then have access to new sources of information, that will promise an ample reward to their most industrious efforts. The monuments of the centuries that passed between the conversion of Constantine and the inroads of the Mussulmans have not yet engaged the attention that they deserve; and the results that Cavaliere Rossi has already arrived at in his labours in subterranean Rome—labours necessarily carried on under great disadvantages—seem to imply that research in the direction of which we speak would probably be very fruitful and important. It is not, however, in great cities like Constantinople that we might expect the only, or even the richest discoveries. The Mohammedan power was essentially a cause of desolation rather than of subjection; in many cases it simply depopulated cities and countries without supplying the place of their inhabitants, whom it swept away by the sword, or carried off as slaves. In such places, consequently, the cities and towns have been deserted; but their features have not been changed by the succession of generations that have occupied them since the Christian times. It is true that a number of causes have been at work to ruin them; but whatever remains belongs to the period of their desolation.

The attention of the learned world was called a year or two ago to a number of cities in the state of which we speak by the French savant, M. Melchior de Vogué. These cities lie in the neighbourhood of the ancient Antioch. He says that there are as many as a hundred and fifty of them within the space of thirty or forty leagues. They can hardly be called ruins; so untouched are they, so completely unruined, save by the hand of time. He compares the impression he received when among them to that which is felt on a visit to Pompeii, though more injury has indeed been done in their case;

for Pompeii was preserved from the effects of weather by the ashes of Vesuvius, and they have been exposed to the frequent earthquakes of the region of Syria. On the other hand, the novelty is greater; for we, strange to say, in reality know less of the Christian civilisation of the East in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries than of the Roman civilisation of the period of Pliny.

The French traveller tells us that these cities show considerable magnificence and opulence spent on the embellishment of private life. The houses are large, built of stone, with covered galleries and balconies; their gardens, cellars, wine-presses, and stables can be traced out. The public buildings are equally sumptuous; baths, porticoes, churches, and tombs all bearing witness to the time when Christianity was no longer hiding itself in their catacombs, but dominant in the empire, penetrating the whole of social and political life with its influence, and moulding to its own requirements a civilisation more ancient than that of Italy.

The mention of Antioch carries us back to the time when the Christian name was first given within its walls; to the days of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Ignatius; to the beloved physician Luke, and the Theophilus for whom he wrote his Gospel and then his Acts. But the antiquities of which we are speaking are those rather of the days of St. Chrysostom and his contemporaries and successors; and it is very probable that many a brilliant passage of this great preacher of the Eastern Church may find unexpected illustration in the remains of these deserted cities. It would be natural also to expect that additional evidence might be gathered from them as to the practical belief of the Church of that time in some of the points of doctrine that have since been made subjects of controversy. Christian inscriptions, monograms of the Holy Name, texts, and crosses abound; though, as M. de Vogué tells us, proper names are almost universally left out, as it would seem, from humility.

Another traveller in a region which actually formed part of the possessions of the Israelites, though it has been hitherto seldom visited, and never fully explored, testifies incidentally to the same abundance of monuments of the most prosperous centuries of the Eastern Church. The chief interest in Mr. Porter's late work is intimated in the name that he has selected for it; though his account of the *Giant Cities of Bashan* occupies but a small portion of the whole volume. The ancient Bashan, lying beyond the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, has often tempted the wistful gaze of travellers who have explored the western parts of Palestine; but it has up to this time been almost untrodden ground to Europeans. It is a region that is mentioned in the Psalms and other poetical books

of the Old Testament with a frequency that proves the high idea entertained of its fertility and beauty. It was the land of the old giants, the Rephaim, the last of whom was that Og, king of Bashan, whose huge bedstead was preserved long after the conquest of his people as a trophy and a curiosity. "For only Og king of Bashan remained of the race of the giants. His bed of iron is shown, which is in Rabbath of the children of Ammon, being nine cubits long, and four broad after the measure of the cubit of a man's hand" (Deut. iii. 11). But more lasting trophies than this huge bedstead remain to our own day to attest the power, if not the size, of these "giants." There is a remarkable statement in the description of the conquest of Bashan by Jair, the chief of the tribe of Manasseh, in the chapter already quoted, which at first sight might seem a great exaggeration. The "Argob," mentioned in the earlier verses of the chapter, seems to have been only a part of Bashan. Mr. Porter identifies it with a remarkable tract of country called the Lejah. It is a field of basalt, rising out of the midst of the plain of Bashan, above which it is elevated only about thirty feet, and in which it stands like an island in the sea, with a sharply-broken cliff bounding it all around. It measures about thirty miles by twenty; yet it is said to have in it "sixty cities fenced with high walls and with gates and bars, besides innumerable towns that had no walls." These wonderful cities still remain, thickly scattered over the rocky surface of the Lejah and of the rest of the plain of Bashan. They have never been destroyed by the hand of man; for man, it seems, in those countries at all events, has not yet invented any engines of war that could demolish them; nor have the ravages of time and climate been more successful. Walls, floors, roof, doors, window-shutters are all of stone slabs. The walls of the first examined by Mr. Porter, in the deserted town of Burak, "were perfect, nearly five feet thick, built of large blocks of hewn stone, without lime or cement of any kind. The roof was formed of large slabs of the same black basalt, lying as regularly, and jointed as closely, as if the workmen had only just completed them. They measured twelve feet in length, eighteen inches in breadth, and six inches in thickness. The ends rested on a plain stone cornice, projecting about a foot from each side wall. The chamber was twenty feet long, twelve wide, and ten high. The outer-door was a slab of stone, four and a half feet high, four wide, and eight inches thick. It hung upon pivots, formed of projecting parts of the slab, working in sockets on the lintel and the threshold; and though so massive, I was able to open and shut it with ease" (p. 26).

Another room in the same house was a great deal larger; and there were hundreds of such houses ready to shelter the traveller in

that one town of Burak, all deserted and in the same condition as that already described. The whole country is full of these empty cities. Another traveller, Mr. Cyril Graham, who went further eastward than Mr. Porter, says of one of these which he visited: "On reaching this city, I left my Arabs at one particular spot, and wandered about quite alone in the old streets of the town, entered one by one the houses, went upstairs, visited the rooms, and in short made a careful examination of the whole place; but so perfect was every street, every house, every room, that I almost fancied I was in a dream, wandering alone in this city of the dead, seeing all perfect, yet not hearing a sound. I don't wish to moralise too much, but one cannot help reflecting on a people once so great and so powerful, who, living in these houses of stone within their walled cities, must have thought themselves invincible; who had their palaces and their sculptures, and who, no doubt, claimed to be *the* great nation, as all Eastern nations have done; and that this people should have so passed away, that for so many centuries the country they inhabited has been reckoned as a desert, until some traveller from a distant land, curious to explore these regions, finds these old towns standing alone, and telling of a race long gone by, whose history is unknown, and whose very name is matter of dispute. Yet this very state of things is predicted by Jeremiah—xlvi. 9" (p. 53).

As to their number, the same writer says: "When we find one after another, great stone cities, walled and unwalled, with stone gates, and so crowded together that it becomes almost a matter of wonder how all the people could have lived in so small a place; when we see houses built of such huge and massive stones that no force which can be brought against them in that country could ever batter them down; when we find rooms in these houses so large and lofty that many of them would be considered fine rooms in a palace in Europe; and lastly, when we find some of these towns bearing the very names which cities in that very country bore before the Israelites came out of Egypt,—I think we cannot help feeling the strongest conviction that we have before us the cities of the Rephaim of which we read in the Book of Deuteronomy" (p. 85).

The interest, however, that may be felt in these wonderful old cities, about which we have hitherto heard so little, ought not to be derived solely from their curious architecture, or from their connection with the Old-Testament history. The country in which they stand did not become a desert till the withering blast of Mohammedanism made it such: it was popular and flourishing in Roman times, and contained large Christian communities and churches, and the sees of numerous bishops. These cities, therefore, contain abundant monu-

ments of the different civilisations which, like strata placed one above another, have successively moulded the lives and manners of their inhabitants. The old houses may be those of the Rephaim, but the Israelites dwelt in them, the Greeks and Romans embellished them: they have sounded with Christian hymns and the holy names dear to Christians before the Mussulman came, not to dwell in them, but to make them tenantless, save by wild beasts.* Greek and Roman remains are predominant; at least they attracted most the attention of our travellers. Let us take, for example, a city now called Kunawat, which is supposed to be the ancient Kenath. "At the Saracenic conquest Kenath fell into the hands of the Mohammedans, and then its doom was sealed. There are no traces of any lengthened Mohammedan occupation, for there is not a single mosque in the whole town. The heathen temples were all converted into churches, and two or three new churches were built; but none of these buildings were ever used as mosques, as such buildings were in most parts of Syria. Many of the ruins are beautiful and interesting. The highest part of the site was the aristocratic quarter. Here is a noble palace, no less than three temples, and a hippodrome once profusely adorned with statues. In no other city of Palestine did I see so many statues as there are here. Unfortunately they are all mutilated. We found, on examination, that the whole area in front of the palace has long ranges of lofty-arched cisterns beneath it, something like the temple-court at Jerusalem. These seemed large enough to supply the wants of the city during the summer. About a quarter of a mile west of the city is a beautiful peripteral temple of the Corinthian order, built on an artificial platform. Many of the columns have fallen, and the walls are much shattered. Early in the morning we set out to examine the ruins in the glen; it appears to have been anciently laid out as a park or pleasure-ground. We found terraced-walks, and little fountains now dry, and pedestals for statues, a miniature temple, and a rustic opera (theatre), whose benches were hewn in the side of the cliff: a Greek inscription in large characters, round the front of the stage, tells us that it was erected by a certain Marcus Lysias, at his own expense, and given to his fellow-citizens. From the opera a winding staircase, hewn in the rock, leads up to the round tower on the summit of the cliff. Beside the tower are the remains of a castle or palace, built of bevelled stones of enormous

* "The ring of our horses' feet on the pavement awakened the echoes of the city, and startled many a strange tenant. Owls flapped their wings round the gray towers; daws shrieked as they flew away from the housetops; foxes ran out and in among shattered dwellings; and two jackals rushed from an open door, and scampered off along the streets before us" (p. 84).

size. The doors are all of stone, and some of them are ornamented with panels and fretted mouldings, and wreaths of fruit and flowers sculptured in high relief."

"Shulba is almost entirely a Roman city; the ramparts are Roman; the streets have the old Roman pavement; Roman temples appear in every quarter; a Roman theatre remains nearly perfect; a Roman aqueduct brought water from the distant mountains; inscriptions of the Roman age, though in Greek, are found on every public building. A few of the ancient massive houses, with their stone-doors and stone-roofs, yet exist; but they are in a great measure concealed, or built over with the later and more graceful structures of Greek and Roman origin." Just before, Mr. Porter visited a city, one of whose temples had long been used as a church, and in which the ruins of another church existed, which, according to an inscription, was dedicated by Bishop Tiberius to St. George in A.D. 369. At another city, Suweideh, are ruins heaped upon ruins, temples transformed into churches, churches again transformed into mosques, and mosques now dreary and desolate. Inscriptions were here, side by side, recording each transformation, and showing how the same building was dedicated first to Jove, then to St. George, and finally to Mohammed. It was the same at Bozrah, where there were found two theatres, six temples, and ten or twelve churches and mosques, besides palaces, baths, fountains, aqueducts, triumphal arches, and other structures almost without number. "In one spot, deep down beneath the accumulated remains of more recent buildings, I saw the simple, massive, primitive dwellings of the aborigines, with their stone-doors and stone-roofs. High above them rose the classic portico of a Roman temple, shattered and tottering, but still grand in its ruins. Passing between the columns, I saw over its beautifully-sculptured doorway a Greek inscription, telling how, in the fourth century, the temple became a church, and was dedicated to St. John. On entering the building, the record of still another change appeared on the cracked plaster of the walls; upon it was traced, in huge Arabic characters, the well-known motto of Islamism: 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.'" Bozrah also has the remains of a large church, which seems to have been the ancient cathedral. "It is built in the form of a Greek cross; and on the walls of the chancel are some remains of rude frescoes, representing saints and angels. Over the door is an inscription, stating that the church was founded by Julianus, Archbishop of Bostra, in the year A.D. 513, in honour of the blessed martyrs, Sergius, Bacchus, and Leontius. Our guide," adds Mr. Porter, "called the building 'the church of the monk Bohira;' and a very old tradition represents this monk as

playing an important part in the early history of Mohammedanism. It is said he was a native of this city, and that, being expelled from his convent, he joined the Arabian prophet, and aided in writing the Koran, supplying all those stories from the Bible, the Talmud, and the spurious Gospels which make up so large a part of that remarkable book" (p. 71).

The churches that flourished in this tract of country were probably more largely composed of Jewish converts than those of whose antiquities we know the most; and consequently Jewish traditions and practices may have lingered in them to a much later date than in the churches around the shores of the Mediterranean. Mr. Porter and Mr. Graham hardly lead us to expect that we should find on the walls of these ruined cities of Bashan as many and as perfect records of the faith of their Christian inhabitants as struck the eye of M. Melcheoir de Vogué in the neighbourhood of Antioch. Still it is obvious that the English travellers had but little time for leisurely examination, and that their chief interest lay in the remains of the Rephaim, or of the pagan worship of Greece. We know that one of the many morsels of the Christian system that have found their way into the Koran—perhaps by means of the very monk just mentioned—is the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. The unchangeable Easterns have always maintained that doctrine; the Patristic scholar may have been struck by the large amount of Eastern testimony to the belief of the Church regarding it accumulated in the great work of Passaglia. It would be interesting, indeed, if some sculpture or painting in an old city in Syria were to show us how the contemporaries of St. Chrysostom and St. Ephrem were in the habit of representing it in art.

This, however, may be mere speculation. It is certain, however, that the two instances which we have dwelt on in this paper abundantly show that Asia Minor, Syria, and the countries about the Euphrates may be considered as inviting the Christian as well as the biblical antiquary to labour among their countless and marvellous ruins with every prospect of the richest recompense. A cry is now raised for the thorough exploration of Palestine; and there can be no doubt that Jerusalem and Galilee have the first claim on our attention. We trust to hear that cry swell into a demand for investigations that shall lay open to us the very abundant remains of Christian times that lie scattered over the whole East.

Literary Notices.

THE DECIPHERING OF CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS.

(Concluded.)

COMPARED with the Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions, which we are now about to mention, those of the two preceding classes—namely, the Persian and the Scythic, of which we have treated in the earlier portion of this article—are few in number. It had long been supposed that the characters of this species were monogrammatic—each character, that is, being expressive of an idea. Grotefend, guided by the Aryan text, picked out the groups answering to the names of Cyrus, Hystaspes, Darius, Xerxes, and Nabuchodonosor. All advance, however, was slow: up to the year 1840 nothing of importance had been accomplished. Tychsen and Münster saw that certain characters *must* represent whole words. The truth is that the writing is both syllabic and monogrammatic. The monograms are degenerate hieroglyphics—that is, originally they were images of objects, but those objects can be recognised at present in very few instances. The oldest style of character, called hieratic, was found on the vase of Naramsin (now unfortunately at the bottom of the Tigris): it bears no trace of wedge-shaped or arrow-headed limbs, each line being formed of a straight stroke, and the figure formed by the lines approaching very closely to a hieroglyphic form. Intermediate between this species and the modern is the archaic, bearing evident traces of a simplification from the hieratic form. In fact, the common opinion now is that all alphabets have been produced by gradual simplification from hieroglyphics, or actual pictures of the objects intended to be represented. Herr Weber of Berlin has shown the primitive identity of the Sanscrit devanagari and the Phœnician alphabet; and we know that all ancient and modern European alphabets may be traced to this Semitic source. The old Phœnician characters, again, bear a striking resemblance to those cuneiform letters which correspond to them in sound.*

* Whilst avowing our present conviction that alphabetic signs originated in pictorial representations, we are anxiously looking forward to the publication of Dr. Levy's treatise, "Die Geschichte der Semitischen Schrift." This learned paleographer, now so famed for his researches in the old Phœnician language and extant inscriptions,—a worthy successor of Gesenius,—has undertaken to lay before his readers, in this long-promised work, the results of his investigations regarding the origin of the Semitic alphabet. So far he opposes the theory advocated here, and shares Hitzig's view, that the elements of words are to be found in, so to say, constantly-recurring *monads*, and that the sounds thus constantly recurring were noted by signs slightly modified so as to correspond with the slight variations of those sounds which are closely allied but not identical. See his *Phœnizische Studien*, i. 47 et seqq., and iii., Vorrede: Breslau, 1856-64.

In 1845 Löwenstern gave as his opinion that the language of the third species was Semitic. At length a short sentence was successfully deciphered by M. de Longpérier. In 1848 M. Botta, whose magnificent work on the monuments of Nineveh astonished the European world, proved the identity of the inscriptions of Van, Khorsabad, and Persepolis, and in those obtained in the two latter places an identity of grammatical forms; he also showed that the same sound was sometimes represented by different characters. In 1849 M. de Saulcy attempted an interpretation and analysis of the Elwend inscription. This was the first Assyrian text read, translated, and published with a commentary. The values which he gives to the Assyrian characters are alphabetic; and he tries to account for the great number of signs by supposing that the sign varied in shape according to the nature of the vowel inherent in the consonant; in a way analogous to that in which consonants are affected in the Ethiopic alphabet. It appears, therefore, that much more has yet to be done. Another memoir soon followed, based upon the same principles; but M. de Saulcy advanced no further than simply suspecting the syllabic character of the signs he was dealing with.

In 1849, aided by M. de Saulcy's acquisitions, the greater number of trilingual inscriptions in the hands of European scholars had been deciphered. It was about this time that Dr. Hincks set his hand to the work. He established the syllabic nature of the signs, and explained what had hitherto been considered as *homophones* (different signs expressive of the same sounds), by admitting the consonant, but changing the vowel-sound. This is now universally admitted. All investigators by this time were agreed that the language was Semitic, except M. Luzzato, who had made up his mind, on *a priori* principles, that the language was Sanscritic. The essay he sent out on the subject was an unfortunate production. In 1850 Sir Henry Rawlinson published a dissertation, in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, on the inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria, together with the translation of an inscription on the Nimrod obelisk, but without any transcription or commentary. With this aid, nevertheless, M. de Saulcy managed to translate a long inscription of one hundred and fifty lines, obtained from the palace of Khorsabad.

In 1851 Mr. Layard published his inscriptions; and in the same year Sir H. Rawlinson published the Assyrian text of the Behistun inscription, with interlinear translation and an alphabet of two hundred and forty-six characters. Continental scholars have never forgiven him the literary misdemeanour of having retained this text in his possession for so long a space of time, without making it accessible to the public. They charge him with having acted in this manner in order to make it impossible for his discoveries to be anticipated. Our business is simply to state the fact, without at all entering into the case. He was the first who pointed out the polyphonic nature of some signs—that is to say, that a sign which he had read as A, for instance, in the transcription of a proper name, must be read as P A L in another, &c.: in other words,

that some signs were susceptible of many values and many sounds. This certainly seemed a strange state of things. On examining the group of symbols which should contain the name of Nabuchodonosor, according to the reading of the Persian and Scythic columns, the group presented these sounds, A N, P A, S A, D U, S I S. Hence the necessity for concluding that certain groups of signs form complex ideograms, and that these signs lent to ideographic expressions pronunciations different from those which they had under other circumstances. It is upon this point principally that Assyrian scholars and their opponents join issue. The latter refuse to swallow such a bitter pill, and will hear no more of any translations from the cuneiform character, in which such a strange course is necessitated. And yet nothing is easier than to explain this apparently singular phenomenon. When the Semites received from another people the character which represented a *house* for instance, they at the same time received the sound *val* applied to this character in the idiom of the inventors of the symbols, *val* being their word for *house*. But instead of this sound of *val*, the Semites gave to the sign the sound *bit*, which in Assyrian signified *house*. Hence the sign derived from the figure of a house has the two syllabic values, *val* or *mal* and *bit*. In like manner we have borrowed *ç*, a contracted form of *et*, from the Latin, but we always pronounce it *and* in English. Now the case would be exactly parallel to what takes place in Assyrian, if in English the sign *ç* were used not merely for the word *and*, but also for the two letters *et* where they occur together.

In 1852 Dr. Hincks published his memoir *On the Assyrio-Babylonian Phonetic Characters*, justifying the conclusions already formed. M. de Saulcy almost despaired at the curious turn the whole subject was taking. Meanwhile Mr. Layard published the results of his second journey. Still the opponents of this system of deciphering were not at all convinced. Such a state of things could not continue long. It was absolutely necessary that something more satisfactory should be done to quiet the straining minds of the public; and accordingly, in March 1857, Mr. Fox Talbot sent to the Royal Asiatic Society, in a sealed packet, a translation of a cuneiform inscription found on a cylinder. It was the first of those lithographed by authority of the Trustees of the British Museum. In doing this his wish was that Sir H. Rawlinson and Dr. Hincks should also translate the same inscription separately, and without any communication with each other, in order to show that practically, and considering the newness of the study, there was "a fair amount of agreement between different interpreters in their versions of the Assyrian historical writings of average difficulty." He thus expresses the objections raised:

"Many persons have hitherto refused to believe in the truth of the system by which Dr. Hincks and Sir H. Rawlinson have interpreted the Assyrian writings, because it contains many things entirely contrary to their preconceived opinions. For example, each cuneiform group represents a syllable, but not always the same syllable; some"

times one and sometimes another. To which it is replied, that such a license would throw open the door to all manner of uncertainty; that the ancient Assyrians themselves, the natives of the country, could never have read such a kind of writing, and that therefore the system cannot be true, and the interpretations based upon it must be fallacious." *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xviii. p. 160.

To the three translators already named Dr. Oppert was added; and a committee appointed to examine and report upon the translations, consisting of the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Whewell, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Grote, the Rev. W. Cureton, and Professor H. H. Wilson. Their report was given in on May 29th, and contains this passage: "Having gone through this comparison, the examiners certify that the coincidences between the translations, both as to the general sense and verbal rendering, are very remarkable." The first sentences of paragraph the sixth (i. 89) are thus translated:

RAWLINSON.

"Then I went on to the country of Comukha, which was disobedient and withheld the tribute and offerings due to Ashur, my lord; I conquered the whole country of Comukha. I plundered their moveables, their wealth, and their valuables. Their cities I burnt with fire, I destroyed and ruined."

TALBOT.

"I then advanced against Kummikhi, a land of the unbelievers who had refused to pay taxes and tribute unto Ashur, my lord. The land of Kummikhi throughout all its extent I ravaged. Their women, &c., I carried off. Their cities I burnt with fire, destroyed and overthrew."

HINCKS.

"At that time I went to a disaffected part of Qummukh, which had withheld the tribute by weight and tale belonging to Assur, my lord. I subdued the land of Qummukh as far as it extended. I brought out their women, their *slaves*, and their cattle; their towns I burned with fire, threw down, and dug up."

OPPERT.

"In these days I went to the people of Dummukh, the enemy who owed tribute and gifts to the god Asur, my lord. I subdued the people of Dummukh; for its punishment(?) I took away their captives, their herds, and their treasures; their cities I burnt in fire; I destroyed, I undermined them."

Nevertheless even the results of this experiment did not satisfy all parties.

M. Oppert continued his labours. In 1857 he sent out the text, translation, and commentary of the Borsippa inscription, which, according to him, contains distinct mention of the building of the Tower of Babel, and the confusion of tongues caused thereby. At this time another name was added to the small number of Assyrian scholars in the person of M. Ménant; and it is probable that the list will soon contain other names, now that Sir H. Rawlinson and Mr. E. Norris, deputed by the authorities of the British Museum, have sent out two folio volumes of *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*, many of which have now been translated. These volumes consist, the first of seventy

large lithographed plates of inscriptions, ranging from the brief legends on the bricks of the earliest Chaldean kings, which cannot be placed lower than 2000 years B.C., to the genuine edicts of the first Assyrian monarchs, and thenceforward in a continued series to those of the successors of Nabuchodonosor. More than sixty of these are strictly historical; they record the warlike expeditions and the architectural achievements of the princes of Nineveh and Babylon for eight centuries. The second volume contains nearly three hundred explanatory lists and vocabularies, which greatly facilitate the study of the inscriptions.

We come now to speak of the scientific expedition into Mesopotamia, undertaken at the desire of the French Government in 1851, by MM. Fulgence Fresnel, Félix Thomas, and Jules Oppert, the results of which have been made known to the public by the last-named gentleman. The first volume of the work contains a relation of the journey, with a short account of the principal objects of archæological interest in the various places they visited,—Malta, Alexandria, Beyrout, Baalbek, Nahr-el-Kelb, Alexandretta, Aleppo, Diarbekr, Severeke, Gesireh, Nisibin, Mosul, Bagdad, Ctesiphon, Seleucia, Babylon, and Nineveh.

M. Oppert enters into a few interesting details regarding the Jews of Bagdad. They are tolerably well instructed; many speak ancient Hebrew with a melodious pronunciation, which he thinks approaches the original sound. They ignore the *dagesh lene*; they pronounce *vau* like the English *w*, and *ain* like the corresponding Arabic letter; in fact, all Orientals avoid the disagreeable and absurd sound given to this letter by the Portuguese Jews. The commerce of the city is in their hands. There is a saying in Bagdad, that it takes two Jews to cheat a Greek, two Greeks to cheat an Armenian, and two Armenians to cheat a Persian. The English Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews has not neglected Bagdad. Its missionaries are recruited from among Polish Jews, with whom baptism is a last resource. The two missionaries at Bagdad had succeeded in making one proselyte in ten years; but even this one went to the synagogue on Saturdays. Their position is any thing but enviable. Babylon and Nineveh, together with their environs, are of course described at great length, every interesting ruin here finding its place, and the ancient inscriptions connected with the spots visited being translated. The objects discovered in the numerous excavations they made were abundant and of the greatest importance. Bricks and inscriptions, finely-constructed cylinders, statues, various objects both in silver and gold, cinerary urns, glasses of all sizes, apparently of Phenician make, alabaster vases, painted vases, combs, mirrors, ivory styles with which the cuneiform letters were formed in the clay, and many other curiosities, were the reward of their two years' search. Unfortunately, on the 23d of May 1855, sixty-eight cases of these curiosities were swallowed up in the waters of the Tigris.

The second volume of this admirable work is devoted to the deciphering of inscriptions. A concise history of the study is given, and

the basis of investigation laid down. From the discoveries of Mr. Layard it is shown that the Assyrians themselves found a difficulty in reading this form of writing. Sardanapalus V. (660-647 B.C.) had a number of clay tablets constructed to facilitate the reading. He had them inscribed with signs, which he marked with their respective significations. Many of them have been discovered. One in the British Museum (K. 39) contains the following record :

"The palace of Sardanapalus, king of the earth, king of Assyria, to whom the god Nebo and the goddess of instruction [or the goddess Tasmil] have given ears to hear, and whose eyes they have opened to see, which is the foundation of government. They have revealed to the kings, my predecessors, this cuneiform writing. The manifestation of the god Nebo, of the god of supreme intelligence, I have written upon tablets, I have signed it, I have arranged it, I have placed it in the midst of my palace for the instruction of my subjects."

These so-called *syllabaria* are a sort of vocabulary or dictionary of the language, and are arranged in three columns. The middle column exhibits the sign which is to be explained ; that on the left generally gives the syllabic signification expressed in simple characters, and that on the right the ideographic value expressed in the corresponding Assyrian word. Specimens of these *syllabaria* are given in M. Oppert's work, and also in the British Museum series of cuneiform inscriptions edited by Sir H. Rawlinson and Mr. E. Norris, of which we have already spoken. Fragments of grammars in two languages have also been found.

We have then inscriptions in Babylonian, Assyrian, Armenian, Scythian, and Persian, all the letters of which can be traced to one source. From the syllabic values attached to the letters, it seems clear that that source is not Semitic, but Finno-Uralian or Turanian. It is quite possible that the ancient Chaldeans may claim the merit of invention ; for, as Mr. George Rawlinson has shown, this people was of Hamitic or Turanian origin.

M. Oppert examines the archaic form of letter, and traces it to the hieroglyphic. He then analyses grammatically and philologically a great number of texts, acknowledging difficulties where he finds them, and ready to listen to suggestions from others. He wishes nothing more than unprejudiced examination of his labours and impartial criticism. He has given copies and translations, in whole or in part, of the important inscriptions of Xerxes, Darius, Artaxerxes, Nabuchodonosor, Neriglissor, Nabonidus, Naramsin, Sargon, Sardanapalus V., and many others. We cannot speak too highly of this work ; it is the best and the most complete on cuneiform inscriptions which we have yet seen. Commenced in 1856 at the request of M. Achille Fould, minister of state, and continued under the auspices of the Imperial government, it was only completed in 1863. To the student of this subject it is invaluable ; and M. Oppert's place among cuneiform scholars is now fairly admitted to rank very high.

Among other contributions of this eminent scholar to the study to

which he now seems to have entirely devoted himself, we must not omit mention of his *Eléments de la Grammaire Assyrienne*, where he has collected into a grammatical form, and printed in Hebrew letters, the condensed results of his many years of labour.

In 1863, uniting his efforts to those of M. Ménant, he published *Les Fastes de Sargon, Roi d'Assyrie*, with text and translation; and in the same year he edited a philological commentary on the same inscription. These first appeared in the *Journal Asiatique*, but were afterwards published separately for the benefit of students.

In the same year appeared *Inscriptions de Hammourabi, Roi de Babylone (xvi^e siècle avant J. C.)*, with text, translation, and commentary, by M. Ménant. In this work the editor pronounces himself in favour of the Semitic, not Hamitic, descent of the ancient inhabitants of Chaldea, for at least 2000 years before Christ. Sir H. Rawlinson, on the other hand, maintains, that about 2500 B.C. the primitive population which inhabited the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and which was of the Semitic family, was displaced in Babylonia by Turanian tribes from the Persian mountains. Co-existent with this Turanian empire in Babylonia there was an independent Semitic empire in Babylonia in the earliest times; and a Turanian dialect continued to be the prevailing language in Babylonia down to the age of Nabuchodonosor, or even later.

In 1860-1863 Mr. Fox Talbot published several translations of Assyrian inscriptions in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, but unaccompanied by a copy of the text.

It may be well to mention here an important document brought to light in a fragmentary form by Dr. Hincks in 1854, and afterwards reduced to form by Sir H. Rawlinson in 1862. This document, or rather these fragments of documents, contain an *Assyrian chronological canon*—that is to say, a list extending over a period of 264 years, of annual functionaries, archons, or eponymes, who gave their names to the Assyrian year. It is the most valuable contribution towards the recovery of ancient Asiatic chronology which has been made since the time when Selden deciphered and published the contents of the Parian chronicle, in the reign of Charles I. This discovery has given great confidence to cuneiform students.

So far we have followed the labours of those scholars, who, seeing a language in these strange signs, zealously set themselves to the task of deciphering them. As we have before remarked, 250 years have elapsed since the attention of Europeans was called to them; and all that has been accomplished in the way of rigorous and scientific analysis has been done within the present century, we may almost say within the last thirty years. As long, indeed, as the study of comparative philology was neglected, it was impossible to advance one step in the matter. Now, certainly, much, as we have seen, has been performed; but much yet remains to be done. We have followed with great and increasing interest the gradual progress made by M. Oppert and Sir H. Rawlinson;

and the public have perused with unexpected pleasure the volumes sent out by Mr. George Rawlinson, where the results of the investigations, and the conclusions to be drawn from the sculptured monuments of ages long since past, have been drawn up in the form of history. It would, indeed, be strange if all this time we had been wandering in fairy-land,—if the historical inscriptions, painfully deciphered, were nothing but spells, charms, cabalistic forms, and necromantic invocations; and yet this theory has at least one upholder. The genuineness of the almost universally-accepted translations is boldly denied.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis could not admit the polyphonic character of certain signs. He saw that the translators differed among themselves, and guarding himself against a complete denial, boldly stepped forward and declared that the key had yet to be found. Others either followed in his train or withheld their consent. But it was left to the Count de Gobineau to formularise his reasons for dissent, and at the same time propound a theory of his own.

The Count de Gobineau is the Colenso of the cuneiform inscriptions; but we fear that Dr. Colenso has found many more admirers and followers in his attacks upon the authenticity of the Pentateuch than the Count de Gobineau ever will in his attacks upon these translations. The learned Bishop has put forward real difficulties, in many cases extremely hard to solve: he has done this too in a very popular way, so that the very weakest intellect may see their application. We cannot say as much for the less learned Count. He has certainly exposed difficulties; but the real difficulties had been long ago known and avowed by the decipherers themselves. He has tried to make out a case for himself and against others; but this he has done in any thing but a popular way; and it requires no strong intellect to see that all his exertions have been thrown away, and that he has been engaged in building a castle in the air. With most admirable energy he has followed out his own idea; but, unfortunately, it is only too plain that it is a wrong idea. His mind, instead of following in the line laid down by those earnest and toiling scholars of England, France, Germany, and Denmark, whom we have mentioned above, has turned aside to a line of his own construction, which leads him at every step farther and farther from the right track, until in the end we find him in a most singular situation.

That there is something wanting in the shape of positive proof on the part of the decipherers of these inscriptions—something which will show to a demonstration that our cuneiform scholars have certainly struck upon the right track—no one pretends to deny. Bilingual and trilingual tablets and cylinders exist in abundance; but of what use are they when each language is in the arrow-headed letter? The equation for ever resolves itself into terms with an unknown quantity. What is really wanted is a bilingual inscription, of which one of the languages shall be known to any scholar. It is true that an inscription on a vase was published by the Count de Caylus, and the corresponding Egyptian hieroglyphics translated by Champollion, before the cuneiform letters

had been deciphered, and that the translations now agree. The same may be said of the vase belonging to the library of St. Mark at Venice, containing the name *Artaxerxes* both in hieroglyphics and in cuneiform letters. We would also call attention to the great similarity between the style in which Darius speaks of himself in the first and second paragraphs of the first column of the Behistun inscription, and the style in which Xerxes speaks as related in Herodotus (vii. 11). Darius thus speaks :

"I (am) Darius, the great king, the king of kings, the king of Persia, the king of the provinces, the son of Hystaspes, the grandson of Arsames the Achæmenian. . . . My father (was) Hystaspes ; of Hystaspes the father (was) Arsames ; of Arsames the father (was) Ariyaramnes ; of Ariyaramnes the father (was) Teispes ; of Teispes the father (was) Achæmenes."

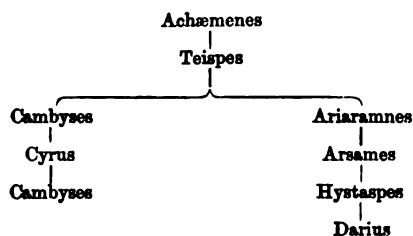
Xerxes is mentioned by Herodotus as saying, in a set speech :

"Did I not take vengeance on the Athenians, I should not be the son of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames, the son of Ariamnes, the son of Teispes, the son of Cyrus, the son of Cambyses, the son of Teispes, the son of Achæmenes."

These instances are held to be by no means decisive.

Meanwhile the Institute of France, the first critical body in the world, has marked its due appreciation of the present results by awarding to M. Oppert, for his Assyrian decipherings, its biennial prize of 20,000 francs. Surely there must be some truth in that method of interpretation which, on reading the great inscription of Asshur-idannipal, shall find mention made of a figure of Tiglath-Pileser I., with an indication of its whereabouts, and mainly in consequence of that indication shall depute an explorer (Mr. John Taylor) to make the requisite search, until, as expected, it is found sculptured on a rock near Korkhar. In the face of such evidence disbelief must give way, unless probability stand for nothing.

It is true that, having no data to work upon, Grotefend had recourse to conjecture. He verified the results, and the verification did not overthrow his hypothesis. M. Oppert thus arranges the Persian dynasty according to the two branches of the house of Achæmenes :



Of the eight kings who preceded Darius, only Achæmenes, Cyrus, and Cambyses are mentioned here. The other five must have been ancestors of Achæmenes, who was not the founder of a dynasty, but

the last of a constant succession, upon whom therefore Cyrus rested his claim.

Still the attention of scholars is being directed to those bilingual inscriptions, which, though exceedingly scanty and imperfect, seem nevertheless to be of some worth as a means of justifying the received translations. In 1864 Sir H. Rawlinson, in an article printed in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, thus expresses himself :

"The weak point in cuneiform decipherment, and that which, from its prominence, has especially tended to discredit the science, is the difficulty of reading proper names. Now I have never attempted to conceal this defect ; on the contrary, I have repeatedly explained that as Assyrian proper names are usually composed of the name of a god represented by an arbitrary monogram, and of one or two other elements expressed by the primitive Turanian roots, it requires a very large induction, and if possible collateral illustration, to ascertain how such compounds were pronounced in vernacular Assyrian. I should have been quite content, for my own part, in all such doubtful cases to have indicated the names by mere signs (*x, y, z*, and so forth), but this was generally declared inadmissible ; and I was obliged therefore to propose *some* reading, guarding myself, however, against the charge of empiricism by a query (?) Of course, as my studies advanced, other readings occurred to me as preferable, and were accordingly substituted ; and it thus happens that in my published papers the same name will be sometimes found to exhibit successively three or four different forms ; but this is rather an evidence of good faith than of imposture. I candidly confess that I am still in doubt as to the ordinary and vernacular pronunciation of the names of many of the chief divinities of Assyria . . . and that my proposed readings of the names of kings in which these elements occur are therefore in no way to be depended on. But this uncertainty does not in the least affect the authenticity of the translation of historical inscriptions, which are written for the most part phonetically, and the grammar of which can be analysed with as much confidence as any portion of the Hebrew Scriptures." Vol. i. N. S., p. 187, note.

It appears that among the Assyrian collections in the British Museum several clay tablets had been discovered bearing legends both in Assyrian and Phœnician, those in the latter language being a sort of "docket" in the margin. These tablets relate to the varied transactions in the social life of the Assyrians, such as buying and selling ; many, in particular, record the sale of slaves. Sir H. Rawlinson then undertook to compare the two inscriptions together ; but unfortunately in hardly a single instance are the two clear and complete. The documents are for the most part frayed, or otherwise injured ; the inscriptions are very short, and principally composed of proper names, or are couched in such brief phraseology that it is very difficult to understand them. So far, therefore, they have not proved of much utility in corroborating the previous translations.

There are, besides the Persian, Scythic, Babylonian, and Assyrian forms of writing, three others of which we have not spoken, and of which the languages are as yet almost unknown. They are the Susian, the Armeniac (ancient Armenian), and what M. Oppert calls the Casdo-Scythic.

If now, at the close of our remarks, we ask ourselves what are the great acquisitions with which the cuneiform decipherings and the Assyrian excavations have enriched the learned world, we shall find that they naturally class themselves under two heads—history and philology. For the historical part we must refer to Mr. George Rawlinson's *Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World*, where the results of the latest investigations are put in order, and handled in the way most befitting them.

The philological results are equally interesting. Two or three new languages have been discovered, of which the old Persian especially recommends itself to the students of Zend and Sanscrit; the Assyrian, on the other hand, to the students of the Semitic tongues. There can be little doubt that as soon as the Assyrian inscriptions have been thoroughly sifted and analysed, the philological portion of Hebrew dictionaries and grammars will have to be rewritten. This is not the place for a minute investigation of the subject; but we cannot refrain from mentioning one result which strikes us as of very great importance. It has been found that analogous to the *nunation* which obtains in Arabic substantives, there also prevailed in Assyrian a *mimation*, taking the place of an article, which part of speech does not exist in this language. In later Assyrian the consonantal termination was gradually corrupted into a vowel, whence perhaps arose the *emphatic state* of nouns in the Aramean idioms. Now, that a *mimation* formerly existed in Hebrew we have abundant proof in certain relics of nouns now used as adverbs. In ancient Hebrew a termination in *m* may have either expressed the emphatic state of a substantive or served as a case-ending, the preceding vowel being *short* in the singular and *long* in the plural. Have we not here the real origin explained of the form *Elohim*, about which commentators have disputed so much, which grammarians have hitherto considered as a plural, but which we suppose to be the emphatic state of the singular noun? In a name pronounced with such great reverence and respect by the Jews as were all the names of the Deity, it is natural to expect that the ancient form would not be so much corrupted as the terminations of other nouns. So also the termination in the words *Adonai* and *Shaddai* would then be fully intelligible. The *mimation* would have been lost in these more commonly used words; but the vowel would have remained behind as a fragment, to point out the history of the original form and subsequent change. We beg to submit this theory to the consideration of Semitic scholars more capable than ourselves of pronouncing upon this philological question.

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DR. NEWMAN'S HISTORY OF HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.*

A YEAR ago the whole of England was talking of Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and thanking the rude impertinence of Mr. Kingsley for having furnished the occasion, rather than the necessity, for a volume of such wonderful interest and power. We say the occasion, rather than the necessity, because it was obvious that neither by the character of his assailant nor by the specific charge put forward by him, was Dr. Newman obliged to do more than ask for his proofs; and, when these were so confessedly not forthcoming, to leave to the judgment of the public the question between one so recklessly attacked and a writer who showed himself at once so ready to make the blackest accusations, so impotent to justify them, and so reluctant manfully to retract them. But it was felt then, and indeed it was avowed by Dr. Newman, that under the circumstances of the case the full and open defence of himself contained in the *Apologia* was most opportune. Dr. Newman's commanding intellectual position, the straightforwardness and simplicity of his conduct, the great influence over his countrymen that he had seemed to throw away so carelessly, the logical accuracy with which he had, at the greatest cost to himself, followed out his principles to their legitimate conclusion, made him a person whom it was impossible to forget or to ignore; and any plausible charge that might dwarf or obscure him, morally or intellectually, was eagerly sought for by the more ungenerous among those who were earnestly opposed to the conclusions at which he had arrived. It may be truly said that he has never lost the admiration and even the sympathy of the best and noblest hearts among those whom he has left behind him; and even the animosity with which he has been assailed by men of a very different character is a proof how much he has been feared. As his course had certainly and confessedly been an abandonment of a position that he had once thought tenable, and whom no one had ever defended more loyally or more successfully, it was very natural that an attempt should be made to fasten upon him the charge of treachery—the charge which it is so easy to make against any one who, being in a prominent and influential position, has changed his opinions; and as in Dr. Newman's case the change was not made suddenly, but after many years of patient prayer and intense mental anxiety, it was almost impossible but that the circumstances of such a time of suspense and trial should furnish malevolent critics and willing detractors with many opportunities for their attacks. Dr. Newman's path was in itself one of the most difficult that a conscientious man ever had to tread; few now will venture to say that they can find any fault with the way in which he trod it. This is the victory over the public mind that has been gained by the *Apologia*. It has been criticised in every organ of public opinion; and a most interesting volume might be written on the

* *History of my Religious Opinions.* By J. H. Newman, D.D.

criticisms that it called forth. Many have shown great incapacity to understand the intellectual grounds of Dr. Newman's course, and have consequently contained severe remarks upon his logic ; many have speculated on the supposed morbid tendencies of his mind, his over-sensibility, or his refined subtlety, or his craving for impossible certainties ; thus seeking to elude the force of his witness and his example by elevating him into a sphere of his own, and treating him as a being differently constituted from the rest of mankind. There have been some unkind, some ungenerous remarks ; but there has been universal agreement among all critics worthy of the name as to the honesty of his purpose and his perfect sincerity throughout. But this, as we said, is a victory gained over the public mind at the cost of the pain and exertion that were expended on the composition of the *Apologia* ; and before that book was written there was an indefinite floating impression of a different kind upon the public mind, the result of many combining causes, most unfair as well as most painful to Dr. Newman, and the chief strength of such assailants as Mr. Kingsley. Dr. Newman tells us that he had always had a sort of tacit understanding with himself that, if an opportunity were ever given him, he would endeavour to remove and change that impression ; and that it was in consequence partly of this resolution that the attack of Mr. Kingsley received from him so much more attention than in itself it might seem to have deserved.

The *Apologia*, as every one knows, was in form polemical and occasional ; but it contained under that form the substance of a perfect autobiography, as far as religious opinions make up a man's life. It is very natural, therefore, that now that the immediate occasion of the book has passed away, Dr. Newman should recast it, and take the opportunity to exclude such portions of it as are related simply and entirely to Mr. Kingsley. He has now therefore given us the substance of the *Apologia* under a new name : the greater part of the Introduction, which dealt with his adversary's line of argument and the way to meet it, is omitted, as well as those wonderfully pungent passages in the Appendix, in which " blot " after " blot " of the pamphlet of accusation was so clearly exposed. The more important parts of the Appendix, such as the passage on the Anglican Establishment, and on the sermon on " Wisdom and Innocence," are retained in the form of notes. Dr. Newman has also added a very interesting note on Liberalism, on which we may speak presently ; and has taken the opportunity of inserting the prospectus and catalogue issued by him in 1843, when he proposed to bring out the series of the *Lives of English Saints*, some of which were afterwards published independently. The book has thus taken the shape in which Dr. Newman wishes it to stand among his works for the future ; and if the copies of the *Apologia* were all to be lost, some literary New Zealander, many years hence, who might undertake to illustrate for the benefit of his contemporaries the writers of the nineteenth century, might have to search diligently among the records of what will then be antiquity, and frame ingenious conjec-

tures from the comparison of different passages in order to arrive at a certain conclusion as to the name and character of the "accuser" of Dr. Newman.

The note on Liberalism has a twofold interest. Dr. Newman has in various passages spoken of Liberalism in a way that shows the strongest dislike and disapproval of the form of opinion signified by the term, and yet he has a genuine admiration for some who have called themselves Liberals. The description which he now gives of Liberalism removes the apparent inconsistency :

"Liberty of thought is in itself a good ; but it gives an opening to false liberty. Now, by Liberalism I mean false liberty of thought, or the exercise of thought upon matters in which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue, and therefore is out of place. Among such matters are first principles, of whatever kind ; and of these the most sacred and momentous are especially to be reckoned the truths of Revelation. Liberalism, then, is the mistake of subjecting to human judgment those revealed doctrines which are in their nature beyond and independent of it, and of claiming to determine on intrinsic grounds the truth and value of propositions which rest for their reception simply on the external authority of the Divine Word" (p. 288).

This definition, to which no one can possibly object, points out the thorough *unreasonableness* of the false Liberalism which infects so large a part of the educated mind of the country in the present day, and is consequently sure to be extremely unpalatable to certain critics in the public press who are themselves labouring under the malady. Some of them have *writhed* around it, as snakes round the steel that has pierced them. They have tried to raise the question, "But what *are* first principles?" and they have fastened upon a catalogue of falsely liberal propositions subjoined by Dr. Newman, in the hopeless endeavour to escape from the keen reason that has transfixed so many of their own favourite opinions. We have even heard Dr. Newman's logical powers called in question because he has not taken the trouble to point out the connection between the general propositions and the particular opinions that he has classed under them. On the whole, this catalogue of liberal propositions, like other passages in Dr. Newman's works, contains in a short space a storehouse of argument against the "Liberalism" he condemns. The propositions that he gives underlie a great portion of the thought and current literature of the day.

Dr. Newman further speaks of a personal and historical matter. His statement in the *Apologia*, that it was the Liberals that drove him from Oxford, seems to have given pain, if not offence, and he has been urged to withdraw the statement. Instead of withdrawing it, he justifies and repeats it. He gives an interesting sketch of the rise of the "Liberal" party in Oxford, of the stand made against it by Mr. Keble, and of its ultimate modification when younger men than himself, especially the pupils of Dr. Arnold, joined it. He assigns the proceedings of 1841 — when the "Four Tutors" protested against No. 90, and the Tracts were stopped — as the turning-point of the contest in Oxford. Those proceedings were the work of the Liberal party.

No one will venture to question the historical fact, though the Liberals of our time are ashamed of it, because the move which had results so pregnant was, in fact, contrary to the professed principles of their party. It was a distinct appeal to the Protestantism of the country. That power once aroused against him, Dr. Newman's position became hopeless, even if it had not been on other grounds untenable in itself. That power supported the "Liberal" heads and masters in their assault upon him, though Oxford, putting aside the question of Catholic tendencies, is not by tradition "Liberal." It can bear with and honour Dr. Pusey as long as he has no Roman tendencies; it can discard Mr. Gladstone because he seems to it to be too "Liberal."

7.

"WILD TIMES."

THE writer of this tale has been struck with the fact that no period of English history presents more ample materials for the better kind of romantic and sensational fiction than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. A sovereign was on the throne whose title was not without a flaw; who was obliged by the necessities of her antecedents to oppress, but to oppress with craft, in preference to open persecution—where that could be avoided—the old religion of the nation, which still remained the religion of the majority; and who was in continual fear of formidable hostilities from without. Such a state of things forced on the government a system of grinding vexation, of insidious eaves-dropping, closet-hunting espionage,—a system that bought the blood of the master from the servant, and sometimes that of the elder brother from the younger, or that of the head of the family from his nearest relation, whose avarice or ambition was tempted by the prospect of taking the place and inheriting the property of his victim. No method of government that has ever existed within the four seas of Britain was more un-English; none even leant to so large an extent upon mendacity, torture, the corruption of judges, and the intimidation of jurors—in a word, upon the employment of the foulest means and the most loathsome instruments. On the other hand, the position of the persecuted was one of great perplexity as well as great suffering; every kind of trap was laid to ensnare consciences, and the most loyal nobles and gentry in the land found themselves stained with the imputation of treason and the charge of corresponding with Spain, because they wished to save their souls in the faith of their ancestors. As the priest-hunter and persecutor passed from house to house, and sought, above all things, to have the way prepared for him by domestic treachery, the most intimate family life was invaded and often desolated by the basest villany. This searching persecution had to be met by secrecy, disguise, feigned names, secret chambers, and all the devices by means of which the wisdom of the serpent could be brought to defend the innocence of the dove; and in many cases the hard circumstances of the time gave occasion for actions of great daring and

valour, as well as the patient exercise of all the virtues that are the special ornament of the suffering and the injured.

The scene of *Will Times* is chiefly laid in Dorsetshire, in the year following the defeat of the Spanish Armada. We shall leave our readers to make acquaintance with the plot of the story for themselves. The principal characters are Sir Hugh Glenthorne, a Catholic gentleman, already more than half ruined by the exactions which drained the fortunes of the recusants; his sister Amy, and her betrothed Sir Guy de Montemar, sheriff of the county, who, though a Protestant, is an unwilling executor of the tyranny of the government; and the third member of the family, the younger brother Amadée, who has devoted himself to the priestly life, and whose return from abroad to exercise his functions for the benefit of souls in England gives occasion to the various complications of which the story is made up. On the other side, we have the Earl of Montemar, president of the western counties, a time-serving aspirant after favour and honour, and his daughter Blanche, the betrothed of Hugh. The *dramatis personæ* are completed by a Gipsy Queen and her adherents, who come in as occasion serves to help the cause of the oppressed, and the odious Topcliffe, who, with the assistance of a traitor in the household of Sir Hugh, brings about all the misery.

The characters are carefully drawn, and the author's design in balancing them shows much discernment. The supernatural strength derived from the priesthood shines out more conspicuously in the otherwise somewhat too feminine character of Amadée; on the other hand, Hugh, the elder brother, has far more of the gifts of nature, and is drawn as a pattern of the high-minded, courageous English gentleman; but he fails for a moment characteristically at the sight of the tortures to which his brother is subjected by Topcliffe. There is the same kind of antithesis between the female characters. Some of the scenes are powerfully drawn, and none of the incidents exceed in strangeness real facts of the history of the time; though the author has, perhaps, yet to learn that historical fiction, which represents the *ordinary* circumstances of a particular period, must often not allow itself to be as strange in its incidents as the more exceptional facts of real history.

On the whole, *Will Times* is a very good novel, and we trust that the author may again meet us in the same line of literature. If he should ever have occasion again to introduce the machinery of carrier-pigeons, we trust that he will not make the same pigeon go to and fro with messages at the discretion of the young lady to whom it belongs; and, as another morsel of minute criticism, we may add, that although Shakespeare has made us familiar with the expression of "a Daniel come to judgment," it strikes us as a new form of the phrase when we find Lord de Montemar telling his indignant daughter, "Even so; I avow it; you are a very *Daniel in the lions' den* this evening."

BUBBLES OF FINANCE.*

As nothing will ever prevent more than half the world from desiring to get rich all at once, and from believing that there are many safe and sure ways of doing so, if only they can hit upon the right speculation, so nothing will ever put a stop to the invention of new financial schemes, decked out in the most attractive colours, each of which may in turn be presented to the unwary as the one safe investment which is to make them millionaires at once. The demand creates the supply; and the class of men who live upon the avarice and gullibility of the public, the men who "promote" and "bring out" new joint-stock companies which they themselves are the first to abandon, seems to be largely on the increase. Under these circumstances, the papers which are collected in this little volume, and which appeared originally in Mr. Charles Dickens' *All the Year Round*, attracted much attention, and were welcomed as a reasonable addition to popular information. They range over most of the more hazardous departments of speculation. They are cast in the light narrative form, most suited to the pages in which they originally appeared; but there seems no reason to doubt that they contain more solid information on the subjects of which they treat than is elsewhere to be found. These things are matters of experience; and the state of things depicted in these chapters is certainly worthy of very serious attention. The author writes in a lively, entertaining style; but the real worth of his book is not in its writing, but in its facts. There is no reason to doubt the general truthfulness of the representation; and as the victims of the bubbles of finance are often the most industrious or the most helpless of the community—men who have saved up a small competence by the labours of a life and are anxious to provide for their families, widows who have a number of children to bring up, invalids, retired servants, and the like—it is very much to be wished that real information as to the kind of schemes, that are so often presented to the public under false colours, should be as widely diffused as possible.

GIBSON'S CATECHISM MADE EASY.†

OUR present number contains a poem on the *Workhouse*, the author of which has spoken in strong and severe language of the miseries of workhouse schools. At Liverpool the pauper children have a building to themselves in Kirkdale; and Mr. Gibson speaks highly of the care that is taken of them. They are taught industrial occupations, and ultimately put out to service or apprenticed. Liverpool, we believe, is honourably distinguished among the great towns in England for the liberality with which its institutions are conducted as to the vital

* *The Bubbles of Finance: Joint-Stock Companies, Promoting of Companies, Modern Commerce, Money-Lending, and Life-Insuring.* By a City Man. 1865.

† *Catechism made easy: being a familiar Explanation of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine.* In 3 vols.; vol. i. Liverpool, 1865.

question of the religious rights of their inmates of different creeds. In this Kirkdale school, however, there is provision made for a Protestant chaplain out of the rates; none at all for a Catholic chaplain, though the *majority of the children* profess the Catholic religion. A chaplain is, however, paid by the Catholics themselves, and he has the religious instruction of his children unmolested.

The little work which Mr. Gibson has begun to publish is the result of the experience of many years, during which he has had to teach these children. Such experience has, of course, led him to aim at the utmost simplicity and plainness. We may say further, that it seems to us to have enabled him to attain these qualities. The present volume contains instructions on the first three chapters of the ordinary Catechism. Each instruction is enriched by an appropriate story.

WE must confine ourselves for the present to an acknowledgment of the receipt of several works that we may take an early opportunity of noticing, especially Canon Oakeley's *Lyra Liturgica*; and *Catholic Missions in Southern India*, the joint work of the Rev. W. Strickland and Mr. T. W. M. Marshall.

Thoughts on St. Gertrude.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

WHEN a voice from the thirteenth century comes to us, amid the din of the nineteenth, it is difficult for those interested in the cause of human progress not to feel their attention strongly challenged. Such a voice appeals to us in a work which has now first appeared in an English version.* We owe it to a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares; a daughter of St. Francis thus paying to St. Benedict a portion of that debt which all the religious orders of the West owe to their great patriarch. The book possesses a profound interest, and that of a character wholly apart from polemics. The thirteenth century, the noblest of those included in the "Ages of Faith," was a troubled time; but high as the contentions of rival princes and feudal chiefs swelled, we have here a proof that

"Birds of calm sat brooding on the charmed wave."

Not less quieting is the influence of such records in our own time. They make their way—music being more penetrating than mere sound—amid the storm of industrialism and its million wheels. Controversialists may here forget their strifes, and listen to the annals of that interior and spiritual life which is built up in peace and without the sound of the builder's hammer, much less of sword or axe. There is here no necessary or direct contest between rival forms of belief. Monasteries have been pulled down and sold in Catholic as well as in Protestant countries; and in the latter also are to be found men whose highest aspiration is to rebuild them, and restore the calm strength and sacred labours which they once protected. Such books are not so much a protest against any age as the assertion of those great and universal principles of truth and peace which can alone enable each successive age to correct its errors, supply its defects, and turn its special opportunities to account. It is not in a literary point of view that they interest us chiefly, although they include not a little which reminds us of Dante, and reveal to us one of the chief sources from which the great Christian poet drew his inspiration.

* The Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude, Virgin and Abbess. By a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares.

VOL. III. SEPTEMBER 1865.

Their interest is mainly human. They show us what the human being can reach, and by what personal influences, never more potent than when their touch is softest, society, in its rougher no less than in its milder periods, is capable of being moulded.

The *Revelations of St. Gertrude* were first translated into Latin, as is affirmed, by Lamberto Luscorino in 1390. This work was, however, apparently never published; and the first Latin version, by which they became generally known, was that put forth under the name of *Insinuationes Divinæ Pietatis*, by Lanspergius, who wrote at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. The work has appeared in several of the modern languages; but the French translation, by which it has hitherto been chiefly known among us, has many inaccuracies. The present English translation has been carefully made from the Latin of Lanspergius, and the original is frequently quoted in the foot-notes. The *Insinuationes* consist of five books. Of these the second only came from the hand of the Saint, the rest being compiled by a religious of her monastery, partly from personal knowledge, and partly from the papers of St. Gertrude. Two works by the Saint, her *Prayers* and her *Exercises*, have lately appeared in an English version.

St. Gertrude was born at Eisleben in the county of Mansfield, on the 6th of January 1263, just sixty-nine years after the birth of St. Clare, the great Italian saint, from whose convent at Assisi so many others had already sprung in all parts of Europe, and whose name had already become a great living power in Germany and Poland, as well as in the sunny South.* St. Gertrude was descended from an illustrious house, that of the Counts of Lackenborn. When but five years old she exchanged her paternal home for the Benedictine Abbey of Rodersdorf, where she was soon after joined by her sister, afterwards the far-famed St. Mechtilde. When about twenty-six she first began to be visited by those visions which never afterwards ceased for any considerable time. At thirty she was chosen abbess; and for forty years she ruled a sisterhood whom she loved as her children. The year after she became abbess she removed with her charge to another, but neighbouring convent, that of Heldelsf. No other change took place in her outward lot. Her life lay *within*. As her present biographer remarks, "she lived at home with her Spouse."

The visions of St. Gertrude are an endless parable of spiritual truths, as well as a record of wonderful graces. From the days when

* An interesting life of this Saint and of her earlier companions has lately been published in English: *St. Clare, St. Colette, and the Poor Clares; by a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares.* J. F. Fowler, Dublin.

our Divine Lord Himself taught from the hill-side and the anchored ship, it has been largely through parable that divine lore has been communicated to man. Religious and symbolic art is a parable of truths that can only be expressed in types. The legends through which the earlier ages continue to swell the feebler veins of later times with the pure freshness of the Church's youth are for the most part facts which buried themselves deep in human sympathies and recollections, because in them the particular shadowed forth the universal. It is the same thing in philosophy itself; and that *Philosophia Prima* which, as Bacon tells us, discerns a common law in things as remote as sounds are from colours, and thus traces the "same footsteps of nature" in the most widely-separated regions of her domain, finds constantly in the visible and familiar a parable of the invisible and unknown. The very essence of poetry also consists in this, that, not only in its metaphors and figures, but in its whole spirit, it is a parable, imparting to material objects at once their most beautiful expression and that one which reveals their spiritual meaning. So long as the imagination is a part of human intellect, it must have a place in all that interprets between the natural and the spiritual worlds.

The following characteristic passage, while it shows that St. Gertrude made no confusion between allegory and vision, yet suggests to us that so poetical a mind might, under peculiar circumstances, be more easily favoured with visions than another.

"Whilst Thou didst act so lovingly towards me, and didst not cease to draw my soul from vanity to Thyself, it happened on a certain day, between the Festival of the Resurrection and the Ascension, that I went into the court before Prime, and seated myself near the fountain; and I began to consider the beauty of the place, which charmed me on account of the clear and flowing stream, the verdure of the trees which surrounded it, and the flights of the birds, and particularly of the doves,—above all, the sweet calm,—apart from all, and considering within myself what would make this place most useful to me, I thought that it would be the friendship of a wise and intimate companion, who would sweeten my solitude, or render it useful to others; when Thou, my Lord and my God, who art a torrent of inestimable pleasures, after having inspired me with the first impulse of this desire, Thou didst will also to be the end of it; inspiring me with the thought, that if by my continual gratitude I return Thy graces to Thee, as a stream returns to its source; if, increasing in the love of virtue, I put forth, like the trees, the flowers of good works; furthermore, if, despising the things of earth, I fly upwards freely, like the birds, and thus free my senses from the

distraction of exterior things, my soul would then be empty, and my heart would be an agreeable abode for Thee" (p. 76).

If in this passage we see how the natural yearning for sympathy and companionship may rise into the heavenly aspirations from which mere nature would divert the heart, we find in the following one a type of that compensation which is made to unreserved loyalty. The religion of the Incarnation gives back, in a human as well as a Divine form, all that human instincts had renounced. "It was on that most sacred night in which the sweet dew of Divine grace fell on all the world, and the heavens dropped sweetness, that my soul, exposed like a mystic fleece in the court of the sanctuary, having received in meditation this celestial rain, was prepared to assist at this Divine Birth, in which a Virgin brought forth a Son, true God and Man, even as a star produces its ray. In this night, I say, my soul beheld before it suddenly a delicate child, but just born, in whom were concealed the greatest gifts of perfection. I imagined that I received this precious deposit in my bosom" (p. 85).

One of the chief tests as to the Divine origin of visions consists in their tending towards humility; for those which come from a human, or worse than human source, tend to pride. The humility of St. Gertrude was profound as the purity of which humility is the guardian was spotless. "One day, after I had washed my hands, and was standing at the table with the community, perplexed in mind, considering the brightness of the sun, which was in its full strength, I said within myself, 'If the Lord, who has created the sun, and whose beauty is said to be the admiration of the sun and moon; if He who is a consuming fire is as truly in me as He shows Himself frequently before me, how is it possible that my heart continues like ice, and that I lead so evil a life?' " (p. 106.)

There can be no stronger argument in favour of the supernatural origin of St. Gertrude's visions than their subjects. The highest of her flights, far from carrying her beyond the limits of sound belief, or substituting the fanciful for the fruitful, but bears her deeper into the heart of the great Christian Verities. She soars to heaven to find there, in a resplendent form, the simplest of those truths which are our food upon earth. As the glorified bodies of the blessed will be the same bodies which they wore during their earthly pilgrimage, so the doctrines, "sun-clad," in her *Revelations* are still but the primary articles of the Creed. Her special gift was that of realisation: what others admitted, she believed; what others believed, she saw. It was thus that she felt the co-presence of the supernatural with the natural, the kingdom of spirit not to her being a future world, but a wider circle clasping a smaller

one. From this feeling followed her intense appreciation of the fact, that all earthly things have immediate effects on high. If a prayer is said on earth, she sees the sceptre in the hand of the heavenly King blossom with another flower; if a Sacrament is worthily received, the glory on His face flashes lightning round all the armies of the blessed. That such things should be seen by us may well seem wonderful; that they should *exist* can appear strange to no one who realises the statement, that when a sinner repents there is joy among the angels in heaven.

A vision, from which we learn the belief of one of God's humblest creatures that something was lost to His honour by her compulsory absence from choir, but that He was more than compensated for the loss by the holy patience with which she submitted to illness (p. 180), is not more wonderful than the fact, that God's glory should be our constant aim, or that God should have joy in those that love Him. The marvel is, that the Saint was always believing what we profess to believe. She lived in an everlasting jubilee of Divine and human love: it was always to her what a beaming firmament might be to one who for the first time had walked up out of a cave. She was ever seeing in visible types the tokens of a transcendent union between God and man,—a deification, so to speak, of man in heaven. Is this more wonderful than the words that bow the foreheads and bend the knees of the faithful, "He was made man"? If such things be true, the wonder is, not that a few saints realise them, living accordingly in contemplation and in acts of love, but that a whole world should stand upon such truths as its sole ground of hope, and yet practically ignore them.

Neither in ordinary Christian literature nor in the ordinary Christian life do we find what might have been anticipated eighteen centuries ago by those who then first received the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Communion of Saints. How many have written as if Christianity were merely a regulative principle, introduced to correct the aberrations of natural instincts! Yet even under the old dispensation the sacred thirst of the creature for the Creator was confessed: "As longeth the hart for the water-springs, so longeth my soul after Thee, O Lord." The royal son of the great Psalmist had sung in the Book of Canticles the love of the Creator for the creature. What might not have been expected from Christian times!

How much is not actually found in all those Christian writings, the inspiration of which, in the highest sense of the word, is *de fide*! How supernatural at once and familiar is that Divine and human relationship set forth by our Lord in His parables! What closeness

of union! what omnipotence of prayer! Some perhaps might say, "If our Lord were visibly on earth, as He was during the thirty-three years, then indeed the closeness of intercourse between Him and His own would be transcendent." But the exact contrary is the fact. The closest intercourse is in the spirit, and apart from all that is sensual; the sense is a hindrance to it. So long as He was visibly with them, the affection of the Apostles themselves for their Lord was too material to be capable of its utmost closeness. Even earthly affections are perfected by absence, and crowned by death. Till they are purified by the immortalising fire of suffering, sense clings to the best of them more than we know; not by necessity corrupting them, but limiting, dulling, depressing, and depriving them of penetration and buoyancy. While He was with them, the Apostles sometimes could not understand their Master's teaching—where to the Christian now it seems plain—and replied to it by the words, "Be it far from Thee!" When the Feast of Pentecost was come, they loved Him so, that they did not fear to die for Him; but they no longer so loved Him as to see in Him but the restorer of a visible Israel, and to lament His death. But this Pentecost has continued ever since in the Christian Church! What, then, was to be expected except a fulfilment of the earlier promises: "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh;" and as a natural consequence of perfected love, the development of the spiritual sight: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy: your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions" (Joel ii. 28)? Such was the condition of that renewed world for which the Apostles wrote, and to which they promised the spiritual gift and the hidden life. More plainly than the Jewish king they proclaimed that the union between the Creator and the creature was no dream, but that the servants of sense and pride were dreamers; and, in words like a musical echo from the Canticle of Canticles, they affirmed that between Christ and His Church there exists a union, the nearest type of which is to be found in the bridal bond. This was the doctrine that made the world in which St. Gertrude lived. The clear-sighted will see that, the charges brought against her and her Church are charges brought against the Bible no less.

But all is not said when it is affirmed that the ascetics, like the Apostles, enjoyed a closer union with their Lord in His Spirit because He had withdrawn His visible presence from the earth. Sense may separate those whom it seems to unite; but there is a nearness notwithstanding, which has no such paradoxical effect. No one can even approach the subject of the visions of the saints unless he duly appreciates the Real Presence, not only as a doctrine, but in its prac-

tical effects. The saints had a closeness to their Lord denied to the Jewish prophets. He was absent as regards visibility; but He was present in the Blessed Eucharist. If the absence made the love more reverential, the Presence made it more vivid. A large proportion of the visions of the saints were connected with the Blessed Sacrament. In it the veil was not lifted; but the veiled nearness quickened that love which perfects faith. To sense all remained dark; but the spirit was no longer enthralled by sense, and it conversed with its Deliverer.

There are those who could not be happy if they did not believe that the world abounds in persons nobler than themselves. There are others who are affluent but in cavils. The visions of saints must, according to them, be illusory, because they are not demonstrably divine! But are the ordinary graces of Christians distinguished from illusions by demonstration? Is penitence, or humility, or simplicity, demonstrable? Do we believe that nothing is an object of prayer, or an occasion for thanksgiving, till it is proved to be such? Those who know that religion has its vast theological region of certainty know also that there exists an outward region in which, though credulity is an evil, yet needless contentiousness is the note of a petty mind. Or the visions must be fabulous, because the caviller does not understand the mode of spiritual operation to which they are referable! But how much do we know as to the separate or joint action of our bodily, intellectual, and moral powers? We believe in results; but we understand little of processes.

The only visions received as *de fide* are those recorded in the Holy Scriptures. Do we know by what process even these came to exist? Were they external manifestations, such as, if shown to two persons, must have worn for both the same semblance; or may they have had an existence only within the mind of the seer? Is not the real question this—whether or not they had a Divine origin; not whether He who sent them worked on the mind from without, or stimulated its action from within? In this case the visions of some event—such as the Crucifixion—possessed by two different saints, might not have been the less authentic although different from each other in some particulars. Who can say to what extent habitual grace may not determine the action of the imaginative faculty, as of other faculties, so as to produce vision in one man, while it produces prudence or wisdom in another? That grace acts on the mind as well as on the heart no one will deny, since some of the gifts of the Holy Ghost are of an intellectual order, and it is through spiritual discernment that we understand religious truth. It seems, indeed, but natural to suppose that grace should operate on the imagination, and thus counter-

work the seductions by which an evil power assails that faculty—a form of temptation often, but not consistently, insisted on by those who scoff at visions. If this be granted, then, as we can neither measure the different degrees in which grace is granted, and increased by coöperation, nor ascertain the intellectual shape and proportions of those to whom it is accorded, who can affect to determine to what extent that grace may not suffice, in some cases, to produce vision, even when accorded mainly for other purposes?

But this is not all. The imagination does not act by itself; the other faculties work along with it; by them also the vision is shaped in part; and as they are developed, directed, and harmonised in a large measure by grace, in the same degree the vision must, even when not miraculous, be affected by a supernatural influence. Once more: God works upon us through His providence as well as through His grace; and the colour of our thoughts is constantly the result of some external trifle, apparently accidental. A dream is modified by a momentary sound; and a conclusion may be shaped not without aid from a flying gleam or the shadow of a cloud. Our thoughts are “fearfully and wonderfully made,” partly for us and partly by us, and through influences internal and external, which we trace but in part. We can draw a line between the visions which command our acceptance and those which only invite it; but in dealing with the latter class, it seems impossible to determine *a priori* how far they may or may not be accounted supernatural. It will depend upon their evidence, their consequences, their character, and the character of those to whom they belonged.

“But,” the caviller will object, “unassisted genius has visions of its own.” What then? Does that circumstance discredit all visions that claim to be supernatural? Far from it; the visions of genius are elevated by virtue. They are not only purified thus, but edged with insight and enriched with wisdom. Has Virtue, then, nothing of the supernatural? or would Dante have “seen” as much if, instead of following her voice, he had followed that of the siren? Again, simplicity of character, and what Holy Scripture calls “the single eye,” have a close affinity with genius; for which reason the poor possess many characteristics of it denied to the rich,—its honest apprehension of great ideas, for instance, and the inspiration of good sense; its power of realising the essential and of ignoring the accidental; its freshness in impressions and loyalty in sentiment. But simplicity is a Divine gift. Above all, Faith communicates often what resembles genius to persons who would otherwise, perhaps, have narrow minds and wavering hearts. It appears, then, that the whole of our moral and spiritual being—which is of course under supernatural influence

—admits of such a development as is favourable to genius, and may eminently promote that natural “vision” which belongs to it. Education and life may do the same. What disperses the faculties over a vast field of heterogeneous knowledge saps genius; what gives unity to the being strengthens it. It evaporates in vanity; it is deepened by humility. Society dissipates its energies and chills them; solitude concentrates and heats them. Indulgence relaxes it; severity invigorates it. It is dazzled by the importunate sunshine of the present; its eyes grow wider in the twilight of the past and the future. All the circumstances, exterior and interior, that favour genius are thus indirectly connected with Grace or with Providence. What, then, is not to be thought in a case like that of St. Gertrude, in which we find, not genius trained on towards sanctity, but sanctity enriched with genius?

It is, however, to be remembered that we in no degree disparage the claim to a Divine character possessed by St. Gertrude’s visions in admitting that some of them may not claim that character. In one favoured with such high gifts, it is not unphilosophical to suppose that the natural qualities, as well as supernatural graces, which lend themselves to visions would probably exist in a marked degree. We have no reason, indeed, to conclude that the Hebrew prophets, to whom visions were sent by God, never possessed, when not thus honoured, any thing that resembled them—any thing beyond what belongs to ordinary men. They, too, may have had unrecorded visions of a lower type, in which the loftiest of their thoughts and deepest of their experiences became visible to them; and if so, they had probably something ancillary to vision in their natural faculties and habits, independently of their supernatural gifts. Among the peculiar natural characteristics of St. Gertrude may be reckoned an extraordinary *literalness* of mind, strangely united with a generalising power. She had a value for every thing as it was, as well as for the idea it included. There was a minuteness as well as a largeness about her. These qualities probably belonged to that pellucid simplicity which kept her all her life like a child. This childlike instinct would of itself have constantly stimulated her colloquies with Him who was the end of all her thoughts. In the spiritual as in the intellectual life, the powers seem augmented through this dramatic process, as though fecundated from sources not their own. The thoughts thus originated seem to come half from the mind with which the colloquy is held, and half from native resources.

Let us now pass to another cavil. Devotions such as those of St. Gertrude have sometimes been censured because they are full of love. There is here a strange confusion. Most justly might

dislike be felt for devotions in which love is not supplemented by a proportionate veneration. Among the Dissenting bodies devotions of this sort are to be found, though we should be sorry rudely to criticise what implies religious affection, and is a recoil from coldness. The fault is not wholly theirs. An age may be so characterised that it cannot be fervent, even in its prayers, without being earthly; but such an age is not religious, and may not judge those that were. In them reverence and love are inseparable. God reigns in man's heart through love and fear. True devotion must therefore have at once its fervid affection and its holy awe. Thus much will be conceded. It does not require much penetration to perceive also that the more it habitually possesses of awe, the more it admits of love. If the expression of Divine resembles that of human affection, this results by necessity from the poverty of language. Those who object to the use of the word "worship" in connection with God's saints as well as with God (though of course used in a different sense) see nothing to surprise them in the circumstance that the terms "love" and "honour" possess equally this double application. Yet when expressions of real and zealous love are addressed to Almighty God, they are sometimes no less scandalised than when worship (that is, honour and veneration) is addressed in a subordinate sense to the saints! In both cases alike they labour under misconceptions which may easily be removed.

To abolish the resemblance between the expression of Divine and human affections, it would be necessary to break down the whole of that glorious constitution of life by which human ties, far from being either arbitrary things or but animal relations improved upon, are types of Divine ties. The Fatherhood in heaven is admitted to be the antetype of human parentage; and the adoptive brotherhood with Christ, the second Adam, to be the antetype of the natural brotherhood. Can any other principle prevail in the case of that tie which is the fountain whence the other domestic charities flow? Not in the judgment of those who believe, with St. Paul, that marriage is a type of that union which subsists between Him and His Church. If there be an analogy between Divine and human ties, so there must be between the love that goes along with them and the blessedness that is inseparable from love.

In such cavils as we have referred to there is a latent error that belonged to the earliest times. The caviller assumes that an element of corruption must needs exist in religious affections which betray any analogy to human affections, whereas it is but a Manichean philosophy which affirms the necessary existence of corruption in the human relations themselves. Human relations are not corrupt

in themselves, either before or since the Fall; but human beings are corrupt and weak, and do but little justice to those relations. Praise, both in heaven and on earth, is held out to us in Holy Scripture as one of the rewards of virtue. It may not be the less true, on that account, that few orators have listened to the acclamations that follow a successful speech without some alloy of self-love. Possessions are allowable; it may be, notwithstanding, that few have had "all things" as though they "had nothing." It is not in the human relations that the evil exists (for they retain the brightness left on them by the Hand that created them), but in those who abuse them by excessive dependence on them, or by disproportion. It is mainly a question of due subordination. Where the higher part of our being is ruled by the lower, or where the lower works apart from and in contempt of the higher, there evil exists. Where the opposite takes place,—where a flame enkindled in heaven feeds first upon the spiritual heights of our being and descends by due degrees through the imagination and the affections,—there the whole of our being works in a restored unity, and there proportionately the senses are glorified by the soul. This has ever been the teaching of that Church which encircles the whole of human life with its girdle of Sacraments. It has naturally come to be forgotten in those communities which admit the legal substitution of divorce and polygamy for the sanctity and inviolability of Christian marriage.

That those who do not understand the relation of human to Divine ties should not understand the devotions of saints is far from strange. The expressions of the saints are bold, because they are innocent. They have no part in that association of ideas which takes refuge in prudery. The language of St. Gertrude is that of one on whose brow the fillet had dropped when she was a child, and who had neither had any experience of earthly love nor wished for any. It is indeed the excellence of the domestic ties that they are indirect channels of communication with Heaven. But in her case the communication was direct and immediate,—a clear flame rising straight from the altar of perpetual sacrifice. The beautiful ascent of affections from grade to grade along the scale of life had in her been superseded by a yet diviner self-devotion. She had not built upon the things that are lawful, within due measure, but upon those Counsels the rewards of which are immeasurable. She had reaped immortal love in the fields of mortification. She had begun where others end. She had found the union of peace with joy. Had there been added to this whatever is best in the domestic ties, it could to her have been but a rehearsal, in a lower, though blameless form, of affections which

she had already known in that highest form in which alone they are capable of being realised in heaven.

Expressions associated with human affections are to be found in St. Gertrude's devotions, because she *had* human affections. In the monastic Renunciation the inmost essence of them is retained; for that essence, apart from its outward accidents, is spiritual. What is the meaning of the Incarnation, if God is not to be loved as man? To what purpose, without this, the helpless childhood, the fields through which He moved, the parables so homely, the miracles of healing, the access given to sinners, the tears by the grave of him whom He was about to restore to life, the hunger and the weariness, the reproach for sympathy withheld? These domestic memories of the Church are intended to give the higher direction to human affections *before* they have strayed into the lower, in order that the lower may receive their interpretation from the higher. Nothing is more wonderful than to see the natural passing into the supernatural in actual life; nothing more instructive than to see this in devotions. It is not the presence of a human element in them, but the absence of a Divine element, that should be deplored. The natural may be shunned where the supernatural is not realised. It can only be realised through love; and love is perfected through self-sacrifice, the strength and science of the saints.

It is easy to distinguish between devotions that are really too familiar and those of the saints. The latter, as has been remarked, are as full of awe as of love. Their familiarity implies the absence of a servile fear; but every where that filial fear, the seat of which is in the conscience, reveals itself. Again, if they regard our Lord in His character of Lover of souls, they regard Him proportionately in His other characters, as Brother and as Friend, as Master and as Lord, as Creator and as Judge. The Manhood in Christ is ever leading the heart on to His Divinity; and the Incarnation, as a picture of the Divine character, is the strongest preacher of Theism. Again, the love that reveals itself in them has no pettiness, no narrowness; it exults in the thought of that great army of the elect, each member of which is equally the object of the Divine love, as a single drop reflects the firmament no less than the ocean of which it is a part. Once more: in such devotions the thirst after the Divine purity is as strongly marked as that for the Divine tenderness; and death is ever welcome, that God may be seen in the spirit.

"But in these Devotions," it is said, "we trace the yearnings of a woman's heart." And why not? With what else is woman to love God? May not the devotion of a child be childlike, and of a man be manly? Why are female affections alone to strain them-

selves into the unnatural, instead of advancing to the supernatural? In such sneers there is as little philosophy as charity. The whole structure of our being—together not only with all its experiences, but with all its capacities,—is that which, yielding to Divine grace, constitutes the mould in which our devotion is cast. It is not religion alone, but every thing,—art, science, whatever we take in,—that is coloured by whatever is special to the faculties or the dispositions of the recipient. Religion is the only thing that holds its own in spite of such modification. It does so on account of its absolute simpleness. But it does much more than hold its own. It is enriched. Religion is as manifold as it is simple. The faculties and instincts of the mere isolated individual are too narrow to allow of his fully accepting the gifts which it extends to us. But fortunately our incapacities balance each other; the characteristics of religion least appreciated by one being often those which will most come home to another. Not only individuals but nations and ages, both by what they have in common and by what they have of unlike, unconsciously help to make up the general store. Christianity has become in one sense to each of us what it was to an à Kempis as well as what it was to an Aquinas; and why not also what it was to a Gertrude or a Theresa? All things subserve this vast scheme. How much we are enriched by those different aspects of religion presented to us by the chief authentic architectures! In the Gothic, which is mystic, suggestive, infinite, it is chiefly the spirituality of religion that is affirmed. In the Roman Basilica, orderly and massive, it is the “law” that is insisted on. In the Byzantine style, precious marble and beaming gold, and every device of rich colour and fair form, preach the inexhaustibility of Christian charity and the beauty of the Eden it restores. These aspects of religion are all in harmony with each other. The mind that embraces them is not endeavouring to blend contradictions into a common confusion, but to reunite great ideas in the unity from which they started. Still more is the manifold vastness of Religion illustrated by those diversities of the *Religious Sentiment* which result from diversities in the human character.

All modern civilisation rests on reverence for woman, both in her virginal and maternal character; the Mother of God, from whom that reverence sprang, being in both these relations alike its great type. In the restored, as in the first Humanity, there is an Eve as well as an Adam; and it has been well remarked, that among the indirect benefits derived from this provision is the circumstance that there thus exists a double cord, by which the two great divisions of the human family are drawn to the contemplation of that true Humanity. From the beginning woman found herself at home in Christianity;

it was to her a native country, in which she fulfilled her happiest destinies, as Paganism had been a foreign land, where she lived in bondage and degradation. In the days of martyrdom the virgins took their place beside the youths amid the wild beasts at the Coliseum. In the days of contemplative monasticism the convents of the nuns, no less than those of the monks, lifted their snowy standards on high, and, by the image of purity which they had there exalted, rendered intelligible the Christian idea of marriage—thus refreshing with ethereal breath those charities of hut and hearth which flourished in the valleys far down. In those convents too the scholastic volume, and the psalm sustained by day and night, proved that the serious belonged to woman as well as the soft and the bright. Since the devastations of later times womanhood has won a yet more conspicuous crown. Through the active orders religion has measured her strength with a world which boasts that at last it is alive and stirring. By nuns the sick have been nursed, the aged tended, the orphan reared, the rude instructed, the savage reclaimed, the revolutionary leader withstood, the revolutionary mob reduced to a sane mind. There are no better priests than those of France; yet they tell us that it has been in no small part through the Sisters of Charity that religion has been restored in their land. In how many an English alley is not the convent the last hope of purity and faith? On how many an Irish waste does not the last crust come from it?

The part of woman in Christianity might have been anticipated. For it she is strengthened even by all that makes her weak elsewhere. In the Christian scheme the law of strength is found in the words, "When I am weak, then I am strong." It is a creaturely, not self-asserting strength; it is not godlike, but consists in dependence on God. In proportion as Self is obliterated, a Divine Presence takes its place, which could otherwise no more inhabit there than the music which belongs to the hollow shell could proceed from the solid rock. To woman, who in all the conditions of life occupies the place of the secondary or satellite, the attainment of this selflessness is perhaps more easy than to man. Obedience is the natural precursor of faith; and to those whose hands are clean the clearer vision is granted. Moreover, religion is mainly of the heart; and in woman the heart occupies a larger relative place than in man. Paganism, with the instinct of a clown, addressed but what was superficial in womanhood, and elicited but what was alluring and ignoble. Christianity addressed it at its depths, and elicited the true, the tender, and the spiritual. The one flattered, but with a coarse caress; the other controlled, but with a touch of air-like softness. In pagan times woman was a chaplet of faded flowers on a festive board; in Christian, it became a "sealed

fountain," by which every flower, from the violet to the amaranth, might grow. Even the chosen people had forgotten her claims;—but "from the beginning it was not so." Christianity reaffirmed them; it could do no less. It addresses distinctively what is feminine in man, as well as what is manly. It challenges, at its first entrance, the passive, the susceptible, the recipient in our nature; and it ignores, as it is ignored by, the self-asserting and the self-included.

That which Christianity claims for woman is but the readjustment of a balance which, when all merit was measured by the test of bodily or intellectual strength, had no longer preserved its impartiality. Milton's line,

"He for God only: she for God in him,"

is more in harmony with the Mahometan, or at least the Oriental, than with the Christian scheme of thought. It is as represented both by its stronger and its gentler half, that man's race pays its true tribute to the great Creator. The modern poet gives us his ideal of man in the form of a prophecy:

"Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man he more of woman—she of man."*

Singularly enough, this ideal of humanity was fulfilled long since in the conventual life. The true nun has left behind the weakness of her sex. The acceptance of her vocation, implying the renunciation of the tried for the untried, the seen for the unseen, is the highest known form of courage—

"A soft and tender heroine
Vowed to severer discipline."†

Her vow is irrevocable; and thus free-will, the infinite in our nature, stands finally pledged to the "better part." In her life of mortification, and her indifference to worldly opinion, she reaches the utmost to which fortitude may aspire; yet she perfects in herself also the characteristic virtues of woman—love, humility, obedience.

The true monk also, while more of a man than other men, includes more of the virtues that belong least often to man. It is preëminently the *soul* within him that has received its utmost development, and become the expression of his being. The highest ideal of the antique world, *mens sana in corpore sano*, implied, not the subordination of the body to the mind, and of both to the soul, but the equal development of the former two, the soul being left wholly out of account. Such a formula, it is true, rises above that

* Tennyson's *Princess*.

† Wordsworth's *Ode to Enterprise*.

of the mere Epicurean, who subordinates the mind to the body, and makes pleasure the chief good. It leaves, however, no place for the spiritual. By the change which Christianity introduced, virtues which Paganism overlooked or despised became the predominant elements in man's being. Purity, patience, and humility bear to Christian morals a relation analogous to that which faith, hope, and charity bear to theology. The former, like the latter, triad of virtues will ever present to the rationalist the character of mysticism, because they rest upon mysteries—that is, upon realities out of our sight, and hidden in the Divine character. The earthly basis upon which they are sometimes placed by defenders that belong to the Utilitarian school is as incapable of supporting them as the film of ice that covers a lake would be of supporting the mountains close by. These are Christian virtues exclusively, and it was to perfect them that the convents which nurtured saints were called into existence.

We know the hideous picture of monastic life with which a morbid imagination sometimes amuses or frightens itself. Let us frankly contrast with it the true ideal of a monastic saint. No ideal, of course, is fully realised; but still it is only when the ideal is understood that the actual character is appreciated. The monastic life is founded on the Evangelical counsels, the portion of practical Christianity most plainly *peculiar* to the Christian system. It is obedience, but the obedience of love. It is fear, but the fear of offending, far more than the fear of the penalty. It is dependence glorified. It is based on what is feminine as well as on what is masculine in our nature; on a being which has become recipient in a sacred passiveness. It lives by faith, which “comes by hearing;” and its attitude of mind is like that indicated by the sweet and serious, but submitted, face of one who listens to far-off music or a whisper close by. In the stillness of devout contemplation the soul, unhardened and unwrinkled, spreads itself forth like a vine-leaf to the beam of truth and the dews of grace. In this perfected Christian character we find, together with the strength of the stem, the flexibility of the tendril and the freshness of the shoot. For the same reason we find the consummate flower of sanctity—a Bernard or a Francis—and with the flower the fruit, and the seed which has sown Christianity in all lands; for monks have ever been the great missionaries. The soul of the monk who has done most for man has thus most included the womanly as well as the manly type of excellence. It has unity and devotedness. It has that purity which is not only consistent with fervour, but in part proceeds from it. It shrinks not only from the forbidden, but from the disproportionate, the startling, and the abrupt. It is humble, and does not stray as far

as its limit. It regards sin, not as a wild-beast chained, but as a plague, and thinks that it cannot escape too far beyond the infection. It has a modesty which modulates every movement of the being. It has spontaneity, and finds itself at home among little things. It is cheerful and genial, with a momentary birth of good thoughts, wishes, and deeds, that ascend like angels to God, and are only visible to angels.

Nor is this all. It is in the conventual life that the third type of human character—that of the child—is found in conjunction with the other two. In the world even the partial preservation of the child in the man is one of the rare marks of genius. In the cloister the union is common. Where the character is thus *integrated* by harmoniously blending the three human types—viz. man, woman, and child—then man has reached his best, and done most to reverse the Fall. It is among those who have most bravely taken the second Adam for their example that this primal image is most nearly restored. We see it in such books as the *Imitation*, and the *Confessions* of St. Augustine. We see it in the old pictures of the saints, where the venerable and the strong, the gracious and the lovely, the meek and the winning, are so subtly blended by the pencil of an Angelico or a Perugino. We see it within many a modern cloister. It has its place, to the discerning eye, among the evidences of religion.

In the North the world now finds it more difficult than in the South to appreciate such a character as St. Gertrude's. If it is sceptical as to visions and raptures, still more is it scandalised by austerities and mortification. The temperament of the South tends too generally to pleasure: but the great natures of the South, perhaps for that reason, renounce the senses with a loftier strength. They throw themselves frankly on asceticism; leaving beneath them all that is soft, like the Italian mountains which frown from their marble ridges over the valleys of oranges and lemons. The same ardour which so often leads astray, ministers, when it chooses the soul for its residence, to great deeds, as fire does to the labours of material science. In the North, including the land of St. Gertrude, many of the virtues are themselves out of sympathy with the highest virtue. Men can there admire strength and industry; but they too often believe in no strength that is not visible, no industry that is not material. Mortification is to them unintelligible. Action they can admire; in suffering they see but a sad necessity, like the old Greeks, to whom all pain was an intrusion and a scandal.

Christianity first revealed the might of Endurance. It was not the triumph over Satan at the Temptation that restored man's race;

though Milton, not without a deep, unintended significance, selected that victory as the subject of his *Paradise Regained*. It was not preaching, nor miracle, but Calvary. Externally, endurance is passive; internally it is the highest form of action,—the action in which there is no self-will, the energy that is one with humility. The moment the Church began to live she began to endure. The Apostles became ascetics, “keeping the body under,” and proclaiming that between spirit and flesh, between watching and sloth, between fast and feast, there was not peace but war. While the fiery penance of persecution lasted, it was easy to “have all things as though one had nothing.” There was then always a barrier against which virtue might push in its ceaseless desire to advance, and to discipline her strength by trial. When the three centuries of trial were over, monasticism rose. In it again was found a place for mortification—for that detachment which is attachment to God, and that exercise which makes Christians athletes. There silence matured Divine love, and stillness generated strength. There was found the might of a spiritual Motive; and a fulcrum was thus supplied like that by which Archimedes boasted that his lever could move the world.

It is difficult to contemplate such a character as that of St. Gertrude without straying from her to a kindred subject—that wonderful monastic life, with its rapturous visions and its as constant mortifications—to which we owe such characters. Without the cloister we should have had no Gertrudes; and without the mortification of the cloister, the ceaseless chaunt and the incense would have degenerated into spiritual luxuries. It is time for us to return, and ask a practical question: What was this St. Gertrude, who found so fair a place among the wonders of the thirteenth century, and whom in the nineteenth so few hear of or understand? What was she even at the lowest, and such as the uninitiated might recognise? She was a being for whom nature had done all that nature could do. She was a noble-minded woman, pure at once and passionate, more queenly and more truly at home in the poverty of her convent than she could have been in her father's palace. Secondly, she was a woman of extraordinary genius and force of character. Thirdly, she was one who, the child of an age when the dialectics of old Greece were laid on the altar of Revealed Truth, dwelt habitually in that region of thought which, in the days of antiquity, was inhabited by none, and occasionally approached but by the most aspiring votaries of the Platonic philosophy. This was the human instrumentality which Sovereign Grace took to itself, as the musician selects some fair-grained tree out of which to shape his lyre. There was in her no contradictory past to retrieve. Without a jar, and

almost without consciousness, she passed with a movement of swan-like softness out of innocence into holiness. Some have fought their way to goodness, as others have to earthly greatness, and won the crown, though not without many a scar. But she was "born in the purple," and all her thoughts and feelings had ever walked with princely dignity and vestal grace, as in the court of the Great King. Her path was arduous; but it stretched from good to better, not from bad to good. She did not graduate in the garden of Epicurus, nor amid the groves of Academus, nor amid the revel of that Greek society, in which the glitter of the highest intelligence played above the rottenness of the most corrupt life. She had always lived by faith. The spiritual world had been hers before the natural one, and had interpreted it. Man's supernatural end had ever for her presented the clue to his destinies, and revealed the meaning of his earthly affections. Among these last she had made no sojourn. She had prolonged not the time, but done on earth what all aspire to do in heaven: she had risen above human ties, in order to possess them in their largest manifestations. The Faith affirmed that we are to have all things in God, and in God she resolved to have them. Her heart rose as by a heavenward gravitation to the centre of all love. A creature, and knowing herself to be no more, her aspiration was to belong wholly to her Creator. To her the Incarnation meant the union of the human race, and of the human soul, with God. Her Devotions are the endless love-songs of this high bridal. They passed from her heart spontaneously, like the song of the bird; and they remain for ever the triumphant hymeneal chaunt of a clear, loving, intellectual spirit, which had renounced all things for Him, and had found all things in Him for whom all spirits are made.

Crabelling in the East.

WHAT the "grand tour" of our forefathers was to fashionable young men before, and for many years after, our long war with France, the Eastern trip has become of late years. Without the regular round of Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and the Holy Land, the youth of good family or good means is not considered to bring his educational course to perfection. So much so is this the case, that there are certain seasons of the year when at Jerusalem, Damascus, Beyrout, or Jaffa, the English language is almost as much spoken as it is in Pall Mall or Hyde Park. That the rising generation of senators, lawyers, country gentlemen, and members of parliament, must derive benefit from this tour there can be little doubt. Travelling, no matter how performed, must to some extent expand the mind. The objectionable part of what may be called the regulation Oriental trip is its sameness,—by which I mean that every party of travellers follows the preceding party, just as one soldier does another in the ranks, or as the string of people at the door of a French theatre move forward by each one stepping where the person in front last stood. Thus, when young Lord A, the Honourable Mr. B, and Sir Henry C, have between them engaged as travelling tutor the Reverend Mr. D, they invariably proceed whenever their party is ready, *viâ* Dover, Calais, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Malta, to Alexandria. They don't tarry long in that city of Anglo-Indian travellers, sore-eyed inhabitants, saddle-donkeys, Levantine Italians, Greek merchants, and consuls-general of all nations. The day after landing in Egypt generally sees them at Cairo, which they reach by rail in a few hours. In that by far the most Oriental city in the East—except, perhaps, Damascus—they engage a dragoman, and make their preparations for the boat-trip up the Nile. The dragoman is either a Maltese, a Syrian, or an Alexandrian-Italian. He talks Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, and English, equally fluently and equally badly; but as times go, and considering the opportunities he has to cheat his temporary masters, he certainly cannot be called dishonest. His engagement with the travelling party partakes more of the nature of a contract than of services given for wages paid. He undertakes for a certain sum per head to convey the party over their two or three months' journey, and

to "see them through it" in every possible way. The terms and stipulations are regularly drawn up in writing, and a duplicate copy deposited with the English Vice-Consul at Cairo, or wherever the contract may have been made. In this document the dragoman binds himself to provide tents, horses, good food—consisting of so many meals, and each meal of such and such articles—hotel accommodation when possible, and all that the travellers can possibly want during their Eastern trip. The prices he charges range from fifteen shillings to two and even three pounds a-head each day, according to the number of the party and their various requirements. If the travellers amount to six or seven, and will put up with a few hardships—or rather the want of a few luxuries—in parts where the carriage of luggage is difficult and expensive, the dragoman will probably undertake to find them in every thing for about thirteen or fourteen shillings a-day; the word "every thing" meaning as good a horse of the country to ride as can be hired; a tent for the party to sleep, and another to dine in; three good meals, consisting of breakfast, with eggs, ham, cold meat, tea, bread, &c., before starting; a luncheon of cold meat, bread, wine of the country, and coffee, at the mid-day halt; and a dinner of soup, roast meat, fowls, &c., on arriving at night. This, with good camp-beds to sleep upon, and a sponge-bath in which to "tub" every morning, with carriage for a fair quantity of clothes, cannot be deemed dear at the price I have mentioned. Not but what much higher rates are asked and given. I remember meeting at Damascus a dignitary of the English Church, who had just come across the desert from Jerusalem, and who paid his dragoman at the rate of five pounds a-head for himself, wife, child, nurse-maid, and English man-servant—twenty-five pounds a-day. But the party had its luxuries in proportion to the price paid. "Even coming through the desert, sir," said the reverend gentleman to me, "my wife had a tepid bath every morning, the baby a warm bath every morning and evening, whilst I never wanted for my cold tub." Now, considering that all the water for these ablutions had to be carried on camels, most of it for upwards of a hundred miles, it was no wonder that the dean or archdeacon—I forget which—had to pay pretty highly for his cleanliness, which, although it is certainly next unto godliness, need not be indulged in at such a fearful price. I never shall forget this clergyman and his party. He evidently was a most worthy man, had been long a fellow of his college—so he told me—and had married late in life. In all that regards the antiquities of the East whether sacred or profane, he was quite at home; but of modern habits or customs, out of England, he could make nothing whatever. Most travellers in the East, if alone, or if only

accompanied by wife, brother, or intimate friend, make one tent serve for every purpose; and even when half-a-dozen are together, a dining and a sleeping tent are considered enough. Not so the gentleman of whom I speak. His camp consisted of no less than seven tents, besides the usual little cooking tent in which the dinner is prepared. One of these served himself, wife, and child, as bedroom; in another they dined; a third was their sitting-room; a fourth the head of the family used as his dressing-room; whilst not only had the nurse and valet each a tent to sleep in, but they had between them a third in which to dine and sit. No wonder if the very reverend had to pay his dragoman a hundred pounds every four days; for if a man is mad enough to bring babies, nurses, and English valets into the desert, he ought to be rich enough to pay for his folly.

But I have digressed most shamefully. The anecdote of this traveller I relate merely to show what a man *may* pay his dragoman in the East if he be so inclined. This is the highest charge I ever knew made for any journey in Syria, Palestine, or the Holy Land; and the cheapest I ever heard of was one made by a party—of which I made one—in the spring, after the civil war of 1860. We were four in number—namely, a French officer, belonging to the French Expeditionary Army, then in Syria; a French missionary priest; the Special Correspondent of a London paper; and the present writer. We agreed to take no dragoman with us, but to leave the management of every thing in the hands of the priest, who had been many years in the country, and spoke the language like a native. We hired a native cook, and had also with us the soldier-servant of the French officer, who turned his hand to any thing; a Maltese, who was in my own service; and a native lay brother, who belonged to the same religious establishment as the missionary. We started from Beyrout, and took the coast road to Sidon, where we put up for the night with the Spanish Franciscan fathers—*I padri di Terra Santa*, as this order is called in the East. From Sidon we went on to Tyre, from Tyre to St. Jean d'Acre, and so to Mount Carmel, where we halted three days at the famous convent. Thence we went by easy stages to Nazareth, Cæsarea, Cana of Galilee, on to Jerusalem; always putting up when we could in convents, and carrying no tents with us. From Jerusalem we made the usual excursions to visit Bethlehem and the river Jordan. After nearly a fortnight's sojourn in the Holy City, we returned to the coast *viâ* Nablous, and from Tyre took the road by what is called the natural bridge to Baalbec, and thence over into Lebanon to the Cedars, returning by the coast road from Tripoli to Beyrout. When we got

back to the latter town, we had been absent from the place about forty days; and when we came to make up our accounts, each person's share amounted to a trifle less than two thousand piastres, or sixteen pounds sterling; and for this sum we had seen all that was best worth visiting in Palestine, the Holy Land, Syria, and Mount Lebanon, and had enjoyed ourselves most thoroughly.

As I said before, this was the cheapest, as that of the English clergyman's was the dearest, journey I ever knew to be made in the East. It is true that we had particular advantages. Our caterer—he is still alive, and on the mission in Mount Lebanon, where he has laboured for some twenty years—(I only hope he will meet with this Number of *The Month*, and remember the pleasant days we spent together both on this and in other trips in the East)—spoke Arabic as few Europeans do, and was acquainted with the country we had to pass through as well as any reader of this periodical knows the way from his dwelling-house to his club. Moreover, we not only had no dragoman, whose duty and pleasure it would have been to make a profit out of us, but our worthy leader was exceedingly economical; and although we lived well *en route*, we had no foolish luxuries. Then again, by living at the various Latin or native convents we came across, we not only saved a considerable sum in carrying provisions, but also were able to dispense with tents, tables, iron beds, cooking-pots, and other heavy articles necessary to the comfort of those who sojourn under canvas. If we could not meet with a convent, we asked our way to the house of either the priest of the village or one of the chief inhabitants. In Palestine and Syria hospitality is considered a sacred duty; and therefore you are rather conferring a favour on your entertainer than he on you when you take up your abode at his house. If he, or if—as in the case of a convent—the community is poor, you desire your servant to purchase the meat, eggs, vegetables, and whatever you require for your evening meal. But if you put up at the house of a rich man or wealthy convent, your host provides every thing. At a private house it is customary to give a present to the servants before leaving; in a convent you generally present the Superior with something for the church. In neither case is a present asked for, nor if you don't give it is any thing said; but such is the usual custom; for it would be impossible for any community to entertain every traveller that passes through the place and receive nothing in return by way of payment. On the journey I have mentioned, we lived at the Convent *di Terra Santa* in Jerusalem ten days, and at Mount Carmel three; and as our party consisted of four persons, besides three private servants and two mule-drivers, it would have

been a very considerable tax upon these convents if we had been entertained gratis, more particularly as the house where you lodge invariably finds barley for your horses and mules. The rule we made was to give from one to two napoleons a-night for the feeding and lodging of ourselves, our servants, and our horses and mules; and these two pieces of gold the worthy monks used to look upon as an almost royal present.

The great difference of travelling in the East with or without a dragoman is, that whereas in the former case you are very much the servant of your servant, in the latter you are your own master, and can come and go and do as you like. But for strangers in the land, who know nothing of the language or the country, and whose time is probably limited, it is impossible to do altogether without some person to guide them. What I recommend is, to engage a dragoman, but not to leave him to fix the day or hour at which you will arrive at or depart from any place. English travellers in the East seem all bitten with the mania of punctuality for the time they are in the country. They would forego the pleasure of visiting Palmyra, Baalbec, Jerusalem, Mount Lebanon, Bethlehem, or Nazareth, rather than miss this or that steamer which arrives and departs on a certain day at a given hour. I remember an English peer, a man with plenty of means and nothing to do but amuse himself, who threw over the sheik who had promised to escort him from Damascus to Palmyra, and to whom he had paid an advance of fifty pounds, which he of course lost—rather than not be at Beyrout on a certain day, when his yacht was due at that port from Malta. In fact, just as the great majority of American travellers seem to visit Palestine for the purpose of discovering where the holy sites are *not*, so almost every English party in that land appear to be going through it as if for a wager against time. During the eight years I lived in the East, I hardly ever met an American who did not hold as almost an article of faith, that our Lord was not crucified where He is said to have suffered; or that the Mount of Olives of the gospel was not that of the present day; or that the Holy Sepulchre ought to be in some other spot than where it is; or that the ancient and modern Capernaum are different places; or that the Holy Grotto at Nazareth—where on the marble pavement is inscribed (as marking the spot where Our Lady stood during the Annunciation), VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST—is not a complete take-in. Our cousins are not unbelievers in religion, but they are in places; or rather they seem always impressed with a morbid anxiety to prove that this, that, or the other spot should be somewhere else than where it now is. So with English travellers in the East,—their besetting sin is hurry.

They hurry from one place to another, and seem to forget entirely the trouble and expense they have been at to reach the spot, as well as the fact that they will, in all probability, never see the land again. I remember once going with an old friend, who came out to visit the East, to see the famous Cedar Grove of Mount Lebanon. I made him leave his dragoman at Beyrout; and we took three days to go by easy stages *viâ* Baalbec to the Cedars, at which we arrived on a Saturday. We had brought a tent with us, and I wanted my friend very much to pitch it and remain over the Sunday under the magnificent shade of those ancient trees. Previous to reaching the Cedars, we had slept the night at the Convent of Dimas, where the Patriarch of the Maronites spends his summer months. I knew the Patriarch very well; and he was kind enough to offer, as there is no village near the Cedars, to send out for us bread, meat, wine, and whatever we required for the day's halt. But my companion looked upon me as a maniac for making the proposition. He did not want to be particularly at any given place, and we had forty-eight hours before us ere the French steamer was due at Tripoli,* the nearest seaport town. But he wanted to be moving—he cared not where, so long as he had not to remain quiet; and therefore, instead of passing a cool day and night on the mountain, we passed a most distressingly hot time on the plain and in the town of Tripoli.

Now, in my humble opinion, it is just this mode of hurrying through the East that destroys all the pleasure of travelling in those lands. Engage your dragoman at Cairo, as I said that English travellers generally do. Get a boat ready for your Nile trip; and in it hurry to the Second Cataract. Come back to Cairo; go over the desert to Jerusalem; push on to Damascus; rush over Lebanon to Beyrout; pay a flying visit to the Cedars; embark for Constantinople, and thence by steamer, train, and steamer, by Kustenje, the Danube, and Vienna, back to England; and what will you have seen? The East? You will have glanced at the outside of the most interesting countries in the world; but you will have gained no knowledge of the inhabitants, nor will you be able so much as say how or in what way the government of those lands is carried on, or what part they may be expected to play in the future rôles of this world.

And it is wonderful to hear what astounding blunders many men who believe that they have "travelled over the East" make when they come home. No longer ago than last spring, a gentleman, who had just "done" Palestine and the Holy Land, asserted at a dinner-

* Tripoli at the northern foot of Lebanon, on the Syrian coast; not Tripoli in Barbary.

table at which I was present, that the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon were all Moslems; whereas, out of a population of nearly four hundred thousand souls in that region, there are not above three thousand followers of the Prophet; and these inhabit exclusively some three villages, which are situated close to each other on the eastern slope of the mountain. All the rest of the inhabitants of Lebanon are either Christians or Druses, the proportion being about four of the former to one of the latter. Upon my venturing to differ with this individual, he declared that he was quite sure he was right, for he had passed a whole day in the mountain. Now, considering that Lebanon extends about a hundred miles long by thirty wide, that the villages and towns on it are greatly scattered, and that this traveller had never visited the Moslem villages, I thought his argument somewhat amusing, the more so as in no part of Lebanon can the eye wander for a minute without beholding Christian churches. Even when he learned that I had lived not one day, but eight years, on and near the mountain, he did not allow himself to be in the wrong, but kept declaring that he had seen no Christians or Druses during his short sojourn in Lebanon. Another, and perhaps a more absurd mistake was one which I heard made by a lady, who had also just returned from Syria, and which she gravely told a friend in my hearing—namely, that in Palestine, the Holy Land, and the adjacent countries, not only the native Christians but many of the resident Europeans were polygamists. Knowing not only how utterly absurd was this assertion, but that the native Christians of these lands might set us here in moral England an example in chastity of life, particularly amongst the lower orders of our large towns, I ventured to ask this lady on what she based this assertion. To this she replied, that nothing was more common than to hear the native Christians talk of their "*hareem*" in the most unblushing manner, and she had more than once heard resident Europeans using the same word. It was in vain that I assured her that the Arabic word "*hareem*" signified household, or rather all that belongs to the lady of the house, her female servants, as well as her daughters and very young male children. I told her that I had used it a thousand times myself when speaking to any native respecting my wife and children; that it was the only word ever used in Arabic to designate what in English we should term the family; that in no instance that I remember was it ever used to indicate there being more than one wife in a family—polygamy being a custom which I assured her was utterly unknown amongst the Christians of the East, who in this particular sinned, perhaps, less than any other known people. But she would not be convinced. When we dropped the conversation, she was evidently

under the impression that either, for some reason or other, I wanted to conceal the faults of the people I had lived so long amongst, or else that I was an impostor, and had never lived in Syria at all. But perhaps the most absurd blunders made by those who have rushed through Palestine and Syria are those concerning the religion of the people. I have heard travellers who ought to have known better gravely assert, among other things, that whereas in the East there are several different sects of Christians, Rome has sent out scores of missionaries to convert them to Popery; and that unless they abjure their own tenets and cling to those of their new teachers, the latter will neither instruct their children in the schools, nor, through influence with the European Consuls, allow them to establish schools for themselves; so that they have the choice given them of letting their children remain uneducated, or else become "perverts to Popery." It is astonishing how universal throughout the world is the rule that those who are the most ignorant are invariably the most arrogant in their ignorance and loudest in their assertions. It is in vain that I have repeatedly endeavoured to point out how the great majority of the Eastern sects are in full communion with Rome, although they maintain, by permission of the Holy See, their own various rituals, customs, church ornaments and vestments. Thus the Greek Catholics, who form the most wealthy, most influential, and the best-educated Christian sect in Syria, retain all the customs of the local Greek Church, from which they separated two hundred years ago, in order to acknowledge the supremacy of the See of Peter. Thus the language of their ritual is the vernacular Arabic of the country; they administer the Holy Communion in both kinds to the laity; their rites, ceremonies (and, until very lately, their calendar) are the same as in the Greek Church; and amongst the parish clergy, not the bishops nor the monks, they admit to holy orders a man that is married, only—as with the Greek Church, no individual can marry after he has been ordained. It is only in the *filioque* question, as it is called—that is, in asserting that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father *and* the Son, and not from the Father only, as the Greek Church does—in acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope over all other bishops, and submitting to Rome in matters of faith—it is only, I say, in these two questions that the Greek Catholics differ from the Greek Church. The same may be said of the Catholic Armenians, the Catholic Syrians, the Copts, the Maronites, and the Chaldeans. Each of these sects differs from the other, as each does from Rome, in ritual, customs, language of the liturgy, and other non-essential matters. But all unite in acknowledging the supremacy of the Mother of all the Churches, all hold in

common the various creeds which Rome has from time to time put forth as the test of Catholicity; and priests of all these various sects—including what the Easterns call the Latin, and Englishmen the Roman Church—can and do administer in each other's churches, when they happen to have none of their own. Thus, if a Catholic Armenian priest finds himself in a village where there is a Maronite church, but none belonging to his own ritual, he would at once be admitted to celebrate the sacred rites according to his own form. And the same with the various other churches. The European Catholic priests who go out to Palestine go as teachers of the young, as educators of the priesthood, and as joint guardians of the sacred places; they never dream of "converting" the Eastern sects to the Roman communion—a church with which they are already in full communion.

But to make the vast majority of Englishmen who have travelled in these countries see this, is almost an impossibility. Not a month ago, a lady—an excellent well-intentioned woman, for whom I have the greatest respect—asked me for a subscription in order to defray the expenses of translating an English tract, called *The Dairyman's Daughter*, into Armeno-Turkish, which she said had been the means of converting many Armenians from the errors of their faith. I declined, with courtesy, to spend money for such a purpose. I thought this lady must have been imposed upon by some quasi-Oriental adventurer, and told her so as kindly as I could. But, to my astonishment, she verified what she had told me "in a print buke," as the old Scotchwoman said; for at page 10 of the Tenth Annual Report of the Turkish Mission Aid Society, I found it stated that *The Dairyman's Daughter* had been translated into Armeno-Turkish; that it had been the means of "awakening" two Armenian priests; and through their labours, and those of their converts, "a flourishing church was established, a large congregation has been gathered, light is now rapidly spreading in all the region (of Nicomedia), and a Home Mission has been formed to carry the Gospel to the towns and villages around." Truly *The Dairyman's Daughter* must be a wonderful tract. I wish some few copies of it could be distributed in certain regions of London.

Travellers who really intend to see Syria, the Holy Land, and Palestine, should land at Beyrout, and, unless they have plenty of time at command, should not go to Egypt at all. To see the valley of the Nile and the Land of Promise is full work for two tours. If you try to take in the two together, you will simply spoil both. Go *viâ* Marseilles and Malta to Beyrout, which is an excellent place from which to make many trips and excursions. To any

one who takes an interest in the birthplace and cradle of Christianity, there can be no region more interesting than Lebanon, the "coasts of Tyre and Sidon," and all the country round about. Supposing that he has the time, the traveller ought to make Beyrout his headquarters for the winter, and Lebanon for the summer months. But as unfortunately many of those who visit the Holy Land are greatly hurried in their journey, and have little time to remain there, it is necessary for them to get through their work in a short space of time. For such, therefore, I will endeavour to organise a trip from Beyrout to some part of Mount Lebanon, where they can spend a few days amongst the cool breezes of the mountain, and then return to the plains.

Falling Stars.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh, know'st thou what betideth
When from the heavens afar,
Like fiery arrow, glideth
An earthward-falling star?

Yon glorious myriads, streaming
Their quiet influence down,
Are little Angels gleaming
Like jewels in a crown.

Untiring, never sleeping,
God's sentinels they stand;
Where sounds of joy and weeping
Rise up on every hand.

If darkling here and dreary,
One patient cheek grow pale;
If in the conflict weary
One trusting spirit fail;

If to the Throne ascendeth
One supplicating cry,—
Then heavenly mercy sendeth
An Angel from on high.

Soft to the chamber stealing,
It beams in radiance mild,
And rocks each troubled feeling
To slumber like a child.

This, this is what betideth
When from the heavens afar,
Like fiery arrow, glideth
An earthward-falling star.

Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE deep clear azure of the French sky, the lightsome pure air, the quaint houses, and outlandish dresses of the people in Calais ; the sound of a foreign tongue understood, but not familiar, for a brief time distracted my mind from painful themes. Basil led me to the church for to give thanks to God for His mercies to us, and mostly did it seem strange to me to enter an edifice in which He is worshipped in a Catholic manner, which yet hath the form and appearance of a church, and resembles not the concealed chambers in our country wherein Mass is said : an open visible house for the King of kings, not a hiding-place, as in England. After we had prayed there a short time, Basil put into a box at the entrance the money which Lord Arundel had designed for the poor. A pale thin man stood at the door, which, when we passed, said, "God bless you!" Basil looked earnestly at him, and then exclaimed, "As I live, Mr. Watson!" "Yea," the good man answered; "the same, or rather the shadow of the same, risen at the last from the bed of sickness. O Mr. Rookwood, I am glad to see you!" "And so am I to meet with you, Mr. Watson," Basil answered; and then told this dear friend who I was, and the sad hap of Lord Arundel, which moved in him a great concern for that young nobleman and his excellent lady. Many tokens of regard and interchange of information passed between us. He showed us where he lived, in a small cottage near unto the ramparts; and nothing would serve him but to gather for me in the garden a nosegay of early flowrets which just had raised their heads above the sod. He said Dr. Allen had sent him money in his sickness, and an English lady married to a French gentleman provided for his wants. "Ah! that was the good madame I told you of," Basil cried, turning to me: "who would have harboured" Then he stopped short; but Mr. Watson had caught his meaning, and with tears in his eyes said: "Fear not to speak of her whose death bought my life, and it may be also my soul's safety. For, God knoweth, the thought of her doth never forsake me so much as for one hour;" and thereupon we parted with much kindness on

both sides. That night we lay at a small hostelry in the town; and the next morning hired a cart with one horse, which carried us to Boulogne in one day, and thence to this village where we have lived since for many years in great peace, I thank God, and very much contentment of mind, and no regrets save such as do arise in the hearts of exiles without hope of return to a beloved native country.

The awaiting of tidings from England, which were long delayed, was at the first a very sore trial, and those which reached us at last yet more grievous than that suspense. Lord Arundel committed to the Tower; his brother the Lord William and his sister the Lady Margaret not long after arrested, which was more grief to him, his lady wrote to me, than all his own troubles and imprisonment. But, O my God! how well did that beginning match with what was to follow! Those ten years which were spent amidst so many sufferings of all sorts by these two noble persons, that the recital of them would move to pity the most strong heart.

Mine own sorrows, leastways all sharp ones, ended with my passage into France. If Basil showed himself a worthy lover, he hath proved a yet better husband. His nature doth so delight in doing good, that it wins him the love of all our neighbours. His life is a constant exercise of charity. He is most indulgent to his wife and kind to his children, of which it hath pleased God to give him three—one boy and two girls, of as comely visages and commendable dispositions as can reasonably be desired. He hath a most singular affection for all such as do suffer for their religion, and cherishes them with an extraordinary bounty to the limits of his ability; his house being a common resort for all banished Catholics which land at Boulogne, from whence he doth direct them to such persons as can assist them in their need. His love towards my unworthy self hath never decreased. Methinks it rather doth increase as we advance in years. We have ever been actuated as by one soul; and never have any two wills agreed so well as Basil's and mine in all aims in this world and hopes for the next. If any, in the reading of this history, have only cared for mine own haps, I pray them to end their perusal of it here; but if, even as my heart hath been linked from early years with Lady Arundel's, there be any in which my poor writing hath awakened somewhat of that esteem for her virtues and resentment of her sorrows which hath grown in me from long experience of her singular worth; if the noble atonement for youthful offences and follies already shown in her lord's return to his duty to her, and altered behaviour in respect to God, hath also moved them to desire a further knowledge of the manner in which these two exalted souls were advanced by long affliction to a high point of perfection,—then

to such the following pages shall not be wholly devoid of that interest which the true recital of great misfortune doth habitually carry with it. If none other had written the life of that noble lady, methinks I must have essayed to do it; but, having heard that a good clergyman hath taken this task in hand, secretly preparing materials whilst she yet lives wherewith to build her a memorial at a future time, I have restrained myself to setting down what, by means of her own writing or the reports of others, hath reached my knowledge concerning the ten years which followed my last parting with her. This was the first letter I received from this afflicted lady after her lord's arrest:

"O MY DEAR FRIEND,—What days these have proved! Believe me, I never looked for a favourable issue of this enterprise. When I first had notice thereof, a notable chill fell on my soul, which never warmed again with hope. When I began to pray after hearing of it, I had what methinks the holy Juliana of Norwich (whose cell we did once visit together, as I doubt not thou dost remember) would have called a foreshowing, or, as others do express it, a presentiment of coming evil. But how soon the effect followed! I had retired to rest at nine of the clock; and before I was undressed Bertha came in with a most downcast countenance. 'What news is there?' I quickly asked, misdoubting some misfortune had happened. Then she began to weep. 'Is my lord taken?' I cried, 'or worse befallen him?' 'He is taken,' she answered, 'and is now being carried to London for to be committed to the Tower. Master Ralph, the port-master, hath brought the news. A man, an hour ago, had reported as much in the town; but Mr. Fawcett would not suffer your ladyship to be told of it before a greater certainty thereof should appear. O woe be the day my lord ever embarked!' Then I heard sounds of wailing and weeping in the gallery; and opening the door, found Bessy's nurse and some other of the servants lamenting in an uncontrolled fashion. I could not shed one tear, but gave orders they should fetch unto me the man which had brought the tidings. From him I heard more fully what had happened; and then, in the same composed manner, desired my coach and horses for to be made ready to take me to London the next day at daybreak, and dismissed everybody, not suffering so much as one woman to sit up with me. When all had retired, I put on my cloak and hood; and listing first if all was quiet, went by the secret passage to the chapel-room. When I got there, Father Southwell was in it, saying his office. When he saw me enter at that unusual hour, methinks the truth was made known to him at once; for he only took me by the

hand, and said: 'My child, this would be too hard to bear if it were not God's sweet will; but being so, what remaineth but to lie still under a Father's merciful infliction?' and then he took out the crucifix, which for safety was locked up, and set it on the altar. 'That shall speak to you better than I can,' he said; and verily it did; for at the sight of my dying Saviour I wept. The whole night was spent in devout exercises. At dawn of day Father Southwell said Mass, and I received. Then, before any one was astir, I returned to mine own chamber, and lying down for a few moments, afterwards rung the bell, and ordered horses to be procured for to travel to London, whence I write these lines. I have here heard this report of my dear lord's journey from one which conversed with Sir George Carey, who commanded the guard which conducted him, that he was nothing at all daunted with so unexpected a misfortune, and not only did endure it with great patience and courage, but, moreover, carried it with a joyful and merry countenance. One night in the way he lodged at Guildford, where seeing the master of the inn who sometime was our servant, and who hath written it to one of my women, his sister,) and some others who wished well unto him, weeping and sorrowing for his misfortunes, he comforted them all, and willed them to be of good cheer, because it was not for any crime—treason or the like—he was apprehended, but only for attempting to leave the kingdom, the which he had done only for his own safety. He is soon to be examined by some of the council sent to the Tower for this special purpose by the Queen. I have sought to obtain access to him, but been flatly refused, and a hint ministered to me that albeit my residence at Arundel House is tolerated at the present, if the Queen should come to stay at Somerset House, which she is soon like to do, my departure hence shall be enforced; but while I remain I would fain do some good to persons afflicted as myself. I pray you, my good Constance, when you find some means to despatch me a letter, therewith to send the names and addresses of some of the poor folks Muriel was wont to visit; for I am of opinion grief should not make us selfish, but rather move us to relieve in others the pains of which we feel the sharp edge ourselves. I have already met by accident with many necessitous persons, and they do begin in great numbers to resort to this house. God knoweth if the means to relieve them will not be soon lacking. But to make hay whilst the sun shines is a wise saying, and in some instances a precept. Alas! the sunshine of joy is already obscured for me. Except for these poor pensioners, that of fortune causeth me small concern.—Thy loving friend,

" A. A. AND S.

"Will and Meg are at present in separate prisons. It is impossible but that she shall be presently released; for against her nothing can be alleged, so much as to give a pretence for an accusation. My lord and Will's joint letter to Dr. Allen, sent by Mr. Brydges—who out of confidence mentioned it to Mr. Gifford, a pretended priest, who lives at Paris, and is now discovered to be a spy—is the ground of the charges against them. How utterly unfounded thou well knowest; but so much as to write to Dr. Allen is now a crime, howsoever innocent the matter of such a correspondence should be. I do fear that in one of his letters—but I wot not if of this they have possession—my lord, who had just heard that the Earl of Leicester had openly vowed to make the name of Catholic as odious in England as the name of Turk, did say, in manner of a jest, that if some lawful means might be found to take away this earl, it would be a great good for Catholics in England; which careless sentence may be twisted by his enemies to his disadvantage."

Some time afterwards a person passing from London to Rheims, brought me this second letter from her ladyship, written at Ramford in Essex.

"What I had been warned of verily hath happened. Upon the Queen's coming to London last month, it was signified to me I should leave it. Now that Father Southwell hath been removed from Arundel Castle, and no priest at this time can live in it, I did not choose to be delivered there, without the benefit of spiritual assistance in case of danger of death, and so hired a house in this town, at a short distance of which a recusant gentleman doth keep one in his house. I came away from London without obtaining leave so much as once to see my dear husband, or to send him a letter or message, or receive one from him. But this I have learnt, that he cannot speak with any person whatsoever but in the presence and hearing of his keeper or the Lieutenant of the Tower, and that the room in which he is locked up has no sight of the sun for the greatest part of the year; so that if not changed before the winter cometh it shall prove very unwholesome; and moreover the noisomeness thereof caused by a vault that is under it is so great that the keeper can scarce endure to enter into it, much less to stay there any time. Alas! what ravages shall this treatment cause on a frame of great niceness and delicate habits I leave you to judge. By this time he hath been examined twice; and albeit forged letters were produced, the falsity of which the council were forced to admit, and he was charged with nothing which could be substantiated, except leaving the realm without license of the Queen, and being reconciled to

the Church of Rome, his sentence is yet deferred, and his imprisonment as strict as ever. I pray God it may not be deferred till his health is utterly destroyed, which I doubt not is what his enemies would most desire.

"Last evening I had the exceeding great comfort of the coming hither of mine own dear good Meg, who hath been some time released from prison, with many vexatious restraints, howsoever, still laid upon her. Albeit very much advanced in her pregnancy, nothing would serve her when she had leave to quit London but to do me this good. This is the first taste of joy I have had since my lord's commitment. In her face I behold his; when she speaks, I hear him. No talk is ministered between us but of that beloved husband and brother; our common prayers are put up for him. She hath spied his spies for to discover all which relates to him, and hath found means to convey to him—I thank God for it—some books of devotion, which he greatly needed. She is yet a-bed this morning, for we sat up late yester-eve, so sweet, albeit sad, was the converse we held after so many common sufferings. But methinks I grudge her these hours of sleep, longing for to hear again those loved accents which mind me of my dear Phil.

"My pen had hardly traced those last words when a messenger arrived from the council with an express command to Margaret from her majesty not to stay with me another night, but forthwith to return to London. The surprise and fear which this message occasioned hastened the event which should have yet been delayed some weeks. A few hours after (I thank God, in safety) a fair son was born; but in the mother's heart and mine apprehension dispelled joy, lest enforced disobedience should produce fresh troubles. Howsoever, she recovered quickly; and as soon as she could be removed I lost her sweet company.—Thine affectionate friend to command,

"A. A. AND S."

Some time afterwards, one Mr. Dixon, a gentleman I had met once or twice in London, tarried a night at our house, and brought me the news that God had given the Countess of Arundel a son, which she had earnestly desired her husband should be informed of, but he heard it had been refused. Howsoever, when he was urgent with his keepers to let him know if she had been safely delivered, they gave him to understand she had another daughter; his enemies not being willing he should have so much contentment as the birth of a son should have yielded him.

"Doth the Queen," I asked of this gentleman, "then not mitigate her anger against these noble persons?"

"So far from it," he answered, "that when, at the beginning of this trouble, Lady Arundel went to Sir Francis Knowles for to seek by his means to obtain an audience from her majesty, in order to sue for her husband, he told her she would sooner release him at once—which, howsoever, she had no mind to do—than only once allow her to enter her presence. He then, her ladyship told me, rated her exceedingly, asking if she and her husband were not ashamed to make themselves papists, only out of spleen and peevish humour to cross and vex the Queen? She answered him in the same manner as her lord did one of his keepers, who told him very many in the kingdom were of opinion that he made show to be Catholic only out of policy; to whom he said, with great mildness, that God doth know the secrets of all hearts, but that he thought there was small policy for a man to lose his liberty, hazard his estate and life, and live in that manner in a prison as he then did."

A brief letter from Lady Tregony informed me soon after this, that after a third examination the court had fined Lord Arundel in 10,000*l.* unto the Queen, and adjudged him to imprisonment during her pleasure. What that pleasure proved ten years of unmitigated suffering and slow torture evinced; one of the most grievous of which was, that his lady could never obtain for to see him, albeit other prisoners' wives had easy access to them. This touching letter I had from her three years after he was imprisoned:

"*MINE OWN GOOD FRIEND*,—Life doth wear on, and relief of one sort leastways comes not; but God forbid I should repine. For such instances I see in the letters of my dear lord—which when some of his servants do leave the Tower, which, worn out as they soon become by sickness, they must needs to to preserve their lives—he findeth means to write to me or to Father Southwell, that I am ashamed to grieve overmuch at any thing which doth befall us—when his willingness and contentment to suffer are so great. As when he saith to that good father, 'For all crosses touching worldly matters, I thank God they trouble me not much, and much the less for your singular good counsel, which I beseech our Lord I may often remember;' and to me this dear husband writes thus: 'I beseech you, for the love of God, to comfort yourself whatsoever shall happen, and to be best pleased with that which shall please God best, and be His will to send. I find that there is some intent to do me no good, but indeed to do me the most good of all; but I am—and, thank God, doubt not but I shall be by His grace—ready to endure the worst which flesh and blood can do unto me.' O Constance, flesh and blood doth

sometimes rebel against the keen edge of suffering; but I pray you, my friend, how can I complain when I hear of this much, long dearly cherished husband ascending by steps the ladder of perfection, advancing from virtue to virtue as the Psalm saith, never uttering one unsubmitive word towards God, or one resentful one towards his worst enemies; making, in the most sublime manner, of necessity virtue, and turning his loathsome prison into a religious cell, wherein every exercise of devotion is duly practised, and his soul trained for heaven.

"The small pittance the Queen alloweth for his maintenance he so sparingly useth, that most of it doth pass into the hands of the poor or other more destitute prisoners than himself. But sickness and disease prey on his frame. And the picture of him my memory draweth is gradually more effaced in the living man, albeit vivid in mine own portraying of it.

"There is now a priest imprisoned in the Tower, not very far from the chamber wherein my lord is confined; one of the name of Bennet. My lord desired much to meet him, and speak with him for the comfort of his soul, and I have found means to bring it to effect by mediation of the lieutenant's daughter, to whom I have given thirty pounds for her endeavours in procuring it. And moreover she hath assisted in conveying into his chamber church-stuff and all things requisite for the saying of Mass, whereunto she tells me, to my indescribable comfort, he himself doth serve with great humility, and therein receives the blessed sacrament frequently. Sir Thomas Gerard, she saith, and Mr. Shelly, which are likewise prisoners at this time, she introduces secretly into his lodgings for to hear Mass and have speech with him. Alas! what should be a comfort to him, and so the greatest of joys to me, the exceeding peril of these times causeth me to look upon with apprehension; for these gentlemen, albeit well disposed, are not famed for so much wisdom and prudence as himself, in not saying or doing any thing which might be an occasion of danger to him; and the least lack of wariness, when there is so much discourse about the great Spanish fleet which is now in preparation, should prove like to be fatal. God send no worse hap befall us soon.

"In addition to these other troubles and fears, I am much molested by a melancholy vapour, which ascends to my head, and greatly troubles me since I was told upon a sudden of the unexpected death of Margaret Sackville, whom for her many great virtues and constant affection towards myself I did so highly esteem and affection."

From that time for a long while I had no direct news of Lady

Arundel; but report brought us woful tidings concerning her lord, who, after many private examinations, had been brought from the Tower to the King's Bench Court, in the Hall of Westminster, and there publicly arraigned on the charge of high treason, the grounds of which accusation being that he had prayed and procured others to make simultaneous prayer for twenty-four hours, and procured Mr. Bennet to say a mass of the Holy Ghost for the success of the Spanish fleet. Whereas the whole truth of this matter consisted in this, that when a report became current amongst the Catholics about London that a sudden massacre of them all was intended upon the first landing of the Spaniards, this coming to the earl's ear, he judged it necessary that all Catholics should betake themselves to prayer, either for the avoiding of the danger or for the better preparing themselves thereunto, and so persuaded those in the Tower to make prayer together for that end, and also sent to some others for the same purpose, whereof one of greater prudence and experience than the rest signified unto him that perhaps it might be otherwise interpreted by their enemies than he intended, wishing him to desist, as presently thereupon he did; but it was then too late. Some which he had trusted, either out of fear or fair promises, testified falsely against him—of which Mr. Bennet was one, who afterwards retracted with bitter anguish his testimony, in a letter to his lordship, which contained these words:—"With a fearful, guilty, unjust, and most tormented conscience, only for saving of my life and liberty, I said you moved me to say a Mass for the good success of the Spanish fleet. For which unjust confession, or rather accusation, I do again and again, and to my life's end must instantly crave God's pardon and yours; and for my better satisfaction of this my unjust admission, I will, if need require, offer up both life and limbs in averring my accusation to be, as it is indeed, and as I shall answer before God, angels, and men, most unjust, and only done out of fear of the Tower, torments, and death." Notwithstanding the earl's very stout and constant denial of the charge, and pleading the above letter of Mr. Bennet, retracting his false statement, he was condemned of high treason, and had sentence pronounced against him. But the execution was deferred, and finally the Queen resolved to spare his life, but yet by no means to release him. His estates, and likewise his lady's, were forfeited to the crown, and he at that time dealt with most unkindly, as the following letter will show:

"DEAR CONSTANCE,—At last I have found the means of sending a packet by a safe hand, which in these days, when men do so easily turn traitors—notable instances of which, to our exceeding pain and

trouble, have lately occurred—is no easy matter. I doubt not but thy fond affectionate heart hath followed with a sympathetic grief the anguish of mine during the time past, wherein my husband's life hath been in daily peril; and albeit he is now respited, yet, alas! as he saith himself, and useth the knowledge to the best purpose, he is but a doomed man; reprieved, not pardoned, spared, not released. Mine own troubles besides have been greater than can be thought of; by virtue of the forfeiture of my lord's estates and mine, my home hath been searched by justices, and no room, no corner, no trunk, or coffer left unopened and unransacked. I have often been brought before the council, and most severely examined. The Queen's officers and others in authority—to whom I am sometimes forced to sue for favour, or some mitigation of mine own or my lord's sufferings—do use me often very harshly, and reject my petitions with scorn and opprobrious language. All our goods are seized for the Queen. They have left me nothing but two or three beds, and these, they do say, but for a time. When business requires, I am forced to go on foot, and slenderly attended; my coach being taken from me. I have retained but two of my servants—my children's nurse being one. I have as yet no allowance, as is usual in such cases, for the maintenance of my family; so I am forced to pay them and buy victuals with the money made by the sale of mine own jewels; and I am sometimes forced to borrow and make hard shifts to procure necessary provisions and clothes for the children; but if I get eight pounds a-week, which the Queen hath been moved to allow me, then methinks I shall think myself no poorer than a Christian woman should be content to be; and I have promised Almighty God, if that good shall befall us, to bestow one hundred marks out of it yearly on the poor. I am often sent out of London by her majesty's commands, albeit some infirmities I do now suffer from force me to consult physicians there. Methinks when I am at Arundel House I am not wholly parted from my lord, albeit my humble petition by means of friends to see him is always denied. When I hear he is sick, mine anguish increases. The like favour is often granted to Lady Latimore and others whose husbands are at this time prisoners in the Tower, but I can never obtain it. The lieutenant's daughter, whom I do sometimes see, when she is in a conversible mood doth inform me of my dear husband's condition, and relates instances of his goodness and patience which wring and yet comfort mine heart. What think you of his never having been heard so much as once to complain of the loss of his goods or the incommodities of his prison; of his gentleness and humility where he is himself concerned; of his boldness in defending his religion and her ministers, which was

alike shown as well as his natural cheerfulness in a conversation she told me had passed between her father the lieutenant, and him, a few days ago? You have heard, I ween, that good Father Southwell was arrested some time back at Mr. Bellamy's house; it is reported by means of the poor unhappy soul his daughter, whom I met one day at the door of the prison, attired in a gaudy manner, and carrying herself in a bold fashion; but when she met mine eye hers fell. Alas! poor soul, God help her and bring her to repentance. Well, now Father Southwell is in the Tower, my lord, by Miss Hopton's means, hath had once or twice speech with him, and doth often inquire of the lieutenant about him, which when he did so the other day, he used the words 'blessed father' in speaking of him. The lieutenant (she said) seemed to take exception thereat, saying, 'Term you him blessed father, being as he is an enemy to his country?' My lord answered: 'How can that be, seeing yourself hath told me heretofore that no fault could be laid unto him but his religion?' Then the lieutenant said: 'The last time I was in his cell, your dog, my lord, came in and licked his hand.' Then quoth my lord, patting his dog fondly: 'I love him the better for it.' 'Perhaps,' quoth the lieutenant, in a scoffing manner, 'it might be he came thither to have his blessing.' To which my lord replied, 'It is no new thing for animals to seek a blessing at the hands of holy men; St. Jerome writing how the lions which had digged St. Paul the hermit's grave stood waiting with their eyes upon St. Anthony expecting his blessing.'

"Is it not a strange trial, mine own Constance, and one which hath not befallen many women, to have a fondly-loved husband yet alive, and to be sometimes so near unto him that it should take but a few moments to cross the space which doth divide us, and yet never behold him; year after year passing away, and the heart waxing sick with delays? Howsoever, one sad firm hope I hold, which keepeth me somewhat careful of my health, lest I should be disabled when that time cometh—one on which I fix my mind with apprehension and desire to defer the approach thereof, yet pray one day to see it—yea, to live long enough for this, and then to die, if it shall please God. When mine own Philip is on his death-bed; when the slow consumptive disease which devoureth his vitals obtaineth its end; then, I ween, no woman upon earth, none that I ever heard of or could think of, can deny me to approach him and receive his last embrace. O that this should be my best comfort, mine only hope!"

I pass over many intervening letters from this afflicted lady which at distant intervals I received, in one of which she expressed her sorrow at the execution at Tyburn of her constant friend and

guide, Father Southwell, and likewise informed me of Mistress Wille's death in Newgate, and transcribe this one, written about six months afterwards, in which she relates the closing scene of her husband's life :

“MINE OWN DEAR CONSTANCE,—All is over now, and my over-charged heart casteth about for some alleviation in its excessive grief, which may be I shall find in imparting to one well acquainted with his virtues and my love for him what I have learnt touching the closing scenes of my dear lord's mortal life. For think not I have been so happy as to behold him again, or that he should die in my arms. No; that which was denied me for ten long years neither could his dying prayers obtain. For many months notice had been given unto me by his servants and others that his health was very fast declining. One gentleman particularly told me he himself believed his end to be near. His devout exercises were yet increased—the bent of his mind more and more directed solely towards God and heaven. In those times which were allotted to walking or other recreation, his discourse and conversation, either with his keeper or the lieutenant or his own servant, was either tending to piety or some kind of profitable discourse, most often of the happiness of those that suffer any thing for our Saviour's sake; to which purpose he had writ with his own hand upon the wall of his chamber this Latin sentence, ‘*Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro;*’ the which he used to show to his servants, inviting them, as well as himself, to suffer all with patience and alacrity.

“In the month of August tidings were brought unto me that, sitting at dinner, he had fallen so very ill immediately upon the eating of a roasted teal, that some did suspect him to be poisoned. I sent him some antidotes, and all the remedies I could procure; but all in vain. The disease had so possessed him that it could not be removed, but by little and little consumed his body so that he became like an anatomy, having nothing left but skin and bone. Much talk hath been ministered anent his being poisoned. Alas! my thinking is, and ever shall be, the slow poison he died of was lack of air, of sunshine, of kindness, of loving aid, of careful sympathy. When I heard his case was considered desperate, the old long hope, sustained for ten years, that out of the extremity of grief one hour of comfort should arise, woke up; but now I was advised not to stir in this matter myself, for it should only incense the Queen, who had always hated me; whereas my lord she once had liked, and it might be, when she heard he was dying, she should

relent. She had made a kind of promise to some of his friends that before his death his wife and children should come unto him; whereupon, conceiving that now his time in the world could not be long, he writ a humble letter to her petitioning the performance of her promise. The lieutenant of the Tower carried this letter, and delivered it with his own hands to the Queen, and brought him her answer by word of mouth. What think you, mine own Constance, was the answer she sent that dying man? God forgive her! Philip did; yea, and so do I—not fully at the time, now most fully. His crown should have been less glorious but for the heart-martyrdom she invented.

“This was her message: ‘That if he would but once go to the Protestant church, his request should not only be granted, but he should moreover be restored to his honour and estate with as much favour as she could show.’ O, what were estates and honours to that dying saint! what her favour to that departing soul! One offering, one sacrifice, one final withdrawing of affection’s thirsty and parched lips from the chalice of a supreme earthly consolation, and all was accomplished; the bitterness of death overpast. He gave thanks to the lieutenant for his pains; he said he could not accept her majesty’s offers upon that condition, and added withal that he was sorry he had but one life to lose in that cause. A very worthy gentleman who was present at this passage related it to me; and Lord Mountague I have also had it from, which heard the same from his father-in-law, my Lord Dorset. Constance, for a brief while a terrible tumult raged in my soul. Think what it was to know one so long, so passionately loved, dying nigh unto and yet apart from me, dying unaided by any priest—for though he had a great desire to be assisted by Father Edmund, by whose means he had been reconciled, it was by no means permitted that either he or any other priest should come to him,—dying without a kindred face to smile on him, without a kinsman for to speak with him and list to his last wishes. He desired to see his brother William or his uncle Lord Henry; at least to take his last leave of them before his death; but neither was that small request granted—no, not so much as to see his brother Thomas, though both then and ever he had been a Protestant. And all this misery was the fruit of one stern, cruel, unbending hatred—of one proud human will; a will which was sundering what God had joined together. Like a bird against the bars of an iron cage, my poor heart dashed itself with wild throbbings against these human obstacles. But not for very long, I thank God; brief was the storm which convulsed my soul. I soon discerned His hand in this great trial—His will above all human will; and while writhing under a

Father's merciful scourge, I could yet bless Him who held it. I pray you, Constance, how should a woman have endured so great an anguish which had not been helped by Him? Methinks what must have sustained me was that before-mentioned gentleman's report of my dear lord's great piety and virtue, which made me ashamed of not striving to resemble him in howsoever small a degree. O, what a work God wrought in that chosen soul! What meekness, what humility, what nobleness of heart! He grew so faint and weak by degrees, that he was not able to leave his bed. His physicians coming to visit him some days before his death, he desired them not to trouble themselves now any more, his case being beyond their skill. They thereupon departing, Sir Michael Blount, then lieutenant of the Tower, who had been ever very hard and harsh unto him, took occasion to come and visit him, and kneeling down by his bedside, in humble manner desired my dear Philip to forgive him. Whereto mine own beloved husband answered in this manner: 'Do you ask forgiveness, Mr. Lieutenant? Why, then, I forgive you in the same sort as I desire myself to be forgiven at the hands of God;' and then kissed his hand, and offered it in most kind and charitable manner to him, and holding his fast in his own said, 'I pray you also to forgive me whatever I have said or done in anything offensive to you,' and he melting into tears and answering 'that he forgave him with all his heart;' my lord raised himself a little upon his pillow, and made a brief grave speech unto the lieutenant in this manner: 'Mr. Lieutenant, you have showed both me and my men very hard measure.' 'Wherein, my lord?' quoth he. 'Nay,' said my lord, 'I will not make a recapitulation of any thing, for it is all freely forgiven. Only I am to say unto you a few words of my last will, which being observed, may, by the grace of God, turn much to your benefit and reputation. I speak not for myself; for God of His goodness has taken order that I shall be delivered very shortly out of your charge; only for others I speak who may be committed to this place. You must think, Mr. Lieutenant, that when a prisoner comes hither to this tower that he bringeth sorrow with him. O then do not add affliction to affliction; there is no man whatsoever that thinketh himself to stand surest but may fall. It is a very inhuman part to tread on him whom misfortune hath cast down. The man that is void of mercy God hath in great detestation. Your commission is only to keep in safety, not to kill with severity. Remember, good Mr. Lieutenant, that God who with His finger turn eth the unstable wheel of this variable world, can in the revolution of a few days bring you to be a prisoner also, and to be kept in the same place where now you keep others. There is no

calamity that men are subject unto but you may also taste as well as any other man. Farewell, Mr. Lieutenant; for the time of my short abode come to me whenever you please, and you shall be heartily welcome as my friend.' My dear lord, when he uttered these words, should seem to have had some kind of prophetic foresight touching this poor man's fate; for I have just heard this day, seven weeks only after my husband's death, that Sir Michael Blount hath fallen into great disgrace, lost his office, and is indeed committed close prisoner in that same Tower where he so long kept others.

"And now my faltering pen must needs transcribe the last letter I received from my beloved husband, for your heart, dear friend, is one with mine. You have known its sufferings through the many years evil influences robbed it of that love which, for brief intervals of happiness afterwards and this long separation since, hath, by its steady and constant return, made so rich amends for the past. In these final words you shall find proofs of his excellent humility and notable affection for my unworthy self, which I doubt not, my dear Constance, shall draw water from your eyes. Mine yield no moisture now. Methinks these last griefs have exhausted in them the fountain of tears.

"'Mine own good wife, I must now in this world take my last farewell of you; and as I know no person living whom I have so much offended as yourself, so do I account this opportunity of asking your forgiveness as a singular benefit of Almighty God. And I most humbly and heartily beseech you, even for His sake and of your charity, to forgive me all whereinsoever I have offended you; and the assurance I have of this your forgiveness is my greatest contentment at this present, and will be a greater, I doubt not, when my soul is ready to depart out of my body. I call God to witness it is no small grief unto me that I cannot make you recompense in this world for the wrongs I have done you. Affliction gives understanding. God, who knows my heart, and has seen my true sorrow in that behalf, has, I hope, of His infinite mercy, remitted all, I doubt not, as you have done in your singular charity, to mine infinite comfort.'

"Now what remaineth but in a few brief sentences to relate how this loved husband spent his last hours, and the manner of his death. Those were for the most part spent in prayer; sometimes saying his beads, sometimes such psalms and prayers as he knew by heart. Seeing his servants (one of which hath been the narrator to me of these his final moments) stand by his bedside in the morning weeping in a mournful manner, he asked them 'what o'clock it was?' they answering that it was eight or thereabout, 'Why, then,' said

he, 'I have almost run out my course, and come to the end of this miserable mortal life,' desiring them not to weep for him, since he did not doubt, by the grace of God, but all would go well with him; which being said he returned to his prayers upon his beads again, though then with a very slow, hollow, and fainting voice; and so continued as long as he was able to draw so much breath as was sufficient to sound out the names of Jesus and Mary, which were the last words he was ever heard to speak. The last minute of his last hour being come, lying on his back, his eyes firmly fixed towards heaven, his long, lean, consumed arms out of the bed, his hands upon his breast, laid in cross one upon the other, about twelve o'clock at noon, in a most sweet manner, without any sign of grief or groan, only turning his head a little aside, as one falling into a pleasing sleep, he surrendered his soul into the hands of God, who to His own glory had created it. And she who writeth this letter, she who loved him since her most early years—who when he was estranged from her waited his return—who gloried in his virtues, doated on his perfections, endured his afflictions, and now lamenteth his death, hath nothing left but to live a widow; indeed with no other glory than that which she doth borrow from his merits, until such time as it shall please God to take her from this earth to a world where he hath found, she doth humbly hope, rest unto his soul."

The Countess of Arundel is now aged. The virtues which have crowned her mature years are such as her youth did foreshadow. My pen would run on too fast if it took up that theme. This only will I add, and so conclude this too long piece of writing,—she hath kept her constant resolve to live and die a widow. I have seen many times letters from both Protestants and Catholics which made unfeigned protestations that they were never so edified by any as by her. As the Holy Scriptures do say of that noble widow Judith, "Not one spoke an ill word of her," albeit these times are extremely malicious. For mine own part, I never read those words of Holy Writ, "Who shall find a valiant woman?" and what doth follow, but I must needs think of Ann Dacre, the wife of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

After the lapse of some years, it hath been my hap to have a sight of this manuscript, the reading of which, even as the writing of it in former days, doth cause me to live over again my past life. This lapse of time hath added nothing notable except the dreadful death of Hubert, my dear Basil's only brother, who suffered last

year for the share he had, or leastways was judged to have, in the Gunpowder Plot and treason. Alas! he, which once, to improve his fortunes, denied his faith, when fortune turned her back upon him grew into a virulent hatred of those in power, once his friends and tempters, and consorted with desperate men; whether he was privy to their councils, or only familiar with them previous to their crimes, and so fell into suspicion of their guilt, God knoweth. It doth appear from some good reports that he died a true penitent. There is a better hope methinks for such as meet in this world with open shame and suffering than for secret sinners, who go to their pompous graves unchastised and unabsolved.

By his brother's death Basil recovered his lands; for his present majesty hath some time since recalled the sentence of his banishment. And many of his friends have moved him to return to England; but for more reasons than one he refused so much as to think of it, and has compounded his estate for 700*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Our children have now grown unto ripe years. Muriel (who would have been a nun if she had followed her godmother's example) is now married, to her own liking and our no small contentment, to a very commendable young gentleman, the son of Mr. Yates, and hath gone to reside with him at his seat in Worcester-shire; and Ann, Lady Arundel's goddaughter, nothing will serve but to be a "holy Mary," as the French people do style those dames which that great and good prelate, M. de Genève, hath assembled in a small hive at Annecy, like bees to gather the honey of devotion in the garden of religion. This should seem a strange fancy, this order being so new in the Church, and the place so distant; but time will show if this should be God's will; and if so, then it must needs be ours also.

What liketh me most is that my son Roger doth prove the very image of his father, and the counterpart of him in his goodness. I am of opinion that nothing better can be desired for him than that he never lose so good a likeness.

And now farewell, pen and ink, mine old companions, for a brief moment resumed, but with a less steady hand than heretofore; now not to be again used except for such ordinary purposes as housewifery and friendship shall require.

Poetry of Church Festivals, Seasons, & Ordinances.

THE influence exercised by particular books is often to be measured, not so much by their intrinsic worth, by the genius of the author, the beauty of his style, the novelty of his materials, or the care with which he has acquired and arranged them, as by the temper and the needs of the age, or of the public mind, in some particular respect, at the moment of their appearance, or other external circumstances which may give them a force and opportuneness of which they might otherwise have been devoid. It is not the best, the most learned, the most conscientious volume that succeeds in winning a place among the leading influences of a particular time; and the secret of such success is to be looked for, when it happens, in the prevailing tone of thought among the community, which welcomes what is in harmony with itself, and responds with enthusiasm to a voice that wakes up its own echoes, unlocks some pent-up feeling, and unfolds to the heart the object of its own unconscious longings. Then

“From some rude and powerless arm
A random shaft in season sent
Shall light upon some lurking harm,
And work some wonder little meant.”

In such a case the age may be said to produce the book, and the book to react upon the age. Such is the relation between the “leading journal” and public opinion; such is the account to be given of the power exercised by publications like the *Essays and Reviews*, or again by some of the political *brochures* that have had most popularity and influence in our own generation.

The work from which we have taken the verses just quoted is an admirable instance of this. The *Christian Year* has rich merits as a volume of poetry; but its wonderful popularity, and the effect that it has produced on the religious feeling of England, is not due to its poetical merit. Had Mr. Keble been less of a poet, he might not have attained so great a success; but he has shown as great, or even greater power in some of the pieces in his *Lyra Innocentium*,—a book which never has had, and never will have, in the present state of feeling in this country, any influence that can be compared to that of the *Christian Year*. In his earlier volume he gave religious

minds in England just what they wanted: he opened to them a new source of soothing and gentle feeling at a time that they were weary with excitement, and athirst for something more satisfying and refreshing than the evangelical school could give them. He caught up the quiet and practical tone of the Prayer-book, nine-tenths of which is either simple Scripture or translation from the Catholic Breviary, and brought it home in a set of sweet and graceful poems, which people were to read Sunday after Sunday, and festival after festival. No wonder the book soon made its way; it came like the sound of some simple ancient chant ringing through the aisles of a cathedral to ears that had before been accustomed to the nasal vulgarisms of a conventicle. Gradually it became a household book: good people made it a sort of Anglican *Imitation of Christ*. Its popularity still continues, and shows no sign of decrease, though it must now be not far short of forty years since the first edition was issued. All the best minds of Anglicanism, of every shade of opinion, have felt its influence—Dean Stanley quotes it as well as Dr. Pusey. It was as well known at Oxford as Butler's *Analogy*; and though it never reached the lower classes of society, who are seldom Anglican by choice, it has toned the feelings, and to some extent formed the character, of thousands in every class but the lowest. A prelate who was fond of would-be witticisms gave it the rather ill-natured name of the "Sunday puzzle;" but the term itself indicates the habit into which people fell of making it their "spiritual reading" once a-week. The aim of the author was entirely attained. "Next to a sound rule of faith," he said in his advertisement, "there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion; and it is the peculiar happiness of the Church of England to possess, in her authorised formularies, an ample and secure provision for both." It is curious how faithfully the book reflects, along with so many points of the very best and highest doctrine that has ever been maintained within the Anglican pale, some of the errors that belong to the Protestant side of the Establishment. Thus in the poem on the occasional service for "Gunpowder Treason," the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory is called a "lurid dream," and the Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist is said to be "in the heart, not in the hand"—in which Anglicans receive their Communion. It has always seemed to us a strange witness to the fact that the dogmatism of the High-Church party is in reality more a matter of sentiment than of faith, that not only has this heterodox statement remained untouched in the successive editions of the *Christian Year*, but that it has remained there without complaint or animadversion, though there has been a great deal of agitation and protestation in

favour of the doctrine of the Real Presence. And yet the *Christian Year* is not a mere volume of poetry—it has attained the position of a work of authority; and its very Preface declares the importance of sound doctrine to be paramount to all other considerations. Could we have a fairer proof as to what is the form of opinion most congenial to Anglicanism? In other matters as to which there has been a revival of controversy since the time of its publication, it is the same: the book witnesses to the domestic, homely, patriarchal temper of the Establishment, in which

“We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;”

while the *Lyra Innocentium*—in which counsels of perfection are hinted at; in which the power of the intercession of the saints and of their relics is pointed out; in which, above all, devotion to our Blessed Lady is inculcated—has never, despite the great name that Mr. Keble had won for himself by his former volume, and the great progress made in the direction of Catholicism by individual Anglicans, been a popular book. In that case Mr. Keble offered to Anglicans a little more than they were prepared for.

As the *Christian Year* owed its success and its influence to the happy fitness of the strain of feeling under which its poems were written to satisfy an unconscious craving in the minds of English Churchmen of the time, so the book itself seems to have grown up insensibly under the hands of its author, who had no deliberate purpose of influencing his countrymen, without having been first sketched out as a whole in his own mind. It is obvious that the separate pieces were composed under very various circumstances, and were in many cases only allotted to a particular day because they suited some text that happened to occur in its services. A notable instance of this is a poem beginning “Lessons sweet of spring returning,” which is adapted to the first Sunday after Epiphany. The poem is, we believe, a recollection of one of Mr. Keble’s early curacies; and its readers, at the season at which it has been placed, must often have been surprised to find themselves among the nightingales in January. Occasional as the poems were in the mind of their author, they still breathed one uniform calm and lofty spirit; and it is one of the most hopeful signs in the religious history of England during the last half-century that they have diffused this spirit so widely. Though Mr. Keble had a great name and exercised a wonderful influence at Oxford, the University itself seems hardly to have moulded his mind and character so much as his own home. He was, we believe, never

at any school at all, and he achieved the highest honours at Oxford at a singularly early age. There is little academic about the *Christian Year*, if we except the deep and thorough scholarship that it shows here and there,—a scholarship not always easily to be detected,—and a way of interpreting nature that seems caught from a country parsonage and quiet home of the more orthodox set of Butler. The author has before his mind the simple, homely, and sincerely pious life that was to be found at that time in many Anglicans, and which, we are happy to believe, has been made more general by Mr. Keble's writings: it is, no doubt, somewhat idealised in them. The theory of poetry which he put forward in his most thoughtful and philosophical work, the *Prælectiones* which he delivered as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, has seldom received more signal illustration than from the creations of his own mind. According to that theory, poetry is the expression of some dominant feeling of desire or regretful longing, the revelation of emotions and aspirations too shy to relieve themselves in a more open and direct manner. It is very much to be lamented that these masterly lectures, in the course of which the great poets of antiquity are successively handled and illustrated in accordance with this theory, should never have been made accessible to the English reader. If the *Christian Year* gives vent to the yearnings of a deeply-religious heart after a system in which greater play should be given to the spiritual affections without infringing on the sobriety dictated by reverence and a sound faith, Mr. Keble's second volume, which we have already more than once named, embodies nothing more or less than the yearnings of a heart that finds the prison of Anglicanism all too narrow, and gazes wistfully upon the forbidden objects of Catholic piety and devotion:

“Protenditque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.”

In this view, apart from its great poetical merit, it is a most interesting and touching book—the song of an exile that tries in vain to cheat himself into the thought that he is at home; of a royal child stolen from his parents, that tries to find their loving smile and the treasures of their palace in the poor cottage into which he has been entrapped. But Mr. Keble found that this song did not wake the same response in the hearts of his hearers as that which he had uttered before. Not to speak of the so-called “Romanising” school, many of whom were but little prepared to accept poetry for realities, the more advanced Anglicans found the new book unsettling and uncongenial—though its utterances were often indirect, and though it disarmed a great part of the criticisms that might otherwise have been directed against it by addressing itself to children

and those who had the care of them. They had not learnt that devotion to the "Mother of God"—a title of which most of them were afraid—was a direct consequence of the fact of the Incarnation; nor were they ready to see the connection of the same doctrine with the full details of the sacramental system and the power and dignity of the saints so plainly stated, even in the sweetest verse. In truth, the "sound rule of faith," of which the Preface of the *Christian Year* had spoken, was really wanting to them; Mr. Keble had soothed, refined, elevated their religious sentiments, but he had not taught them the full Catholic doctrine. So when he struck a note in harmony with that doctrine, it jarred upon their ears.

Any one who takes the trouble to compare together the two volumes of which we have spoken will hardly fail to be struck with the much greater prominence given to Church ordinances, ritual, and, in a general sense, the sacramental system, in the *Lyra Innocentium*. The poems in this, as in the *Christian Year*, were not written for particular days or feasts; indeed, if we remember right, the index allotting them to each festival was an afterthought, added in the second edition. Christian children, their ways, and their privileges, form the direct subject of the book; but no one can help seeing that the ritual system of the Church has grown upon the mental eye of the writer. It has supplanted the classical element which was conspicuous in the *Christian Year*,

"The olive wreath, the ivied wand,
The sword in myrtles dress'd;"

the use made of Andromache's

"Father to me thou art, and mother dear,
And brother too, kind husband of my heart;"

or of the cry of Ajax—*ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσον*—

"Only disperse the cloud, they cry,
And if our lot be death, give light, and let us die!"

The feeling for the Church's ritual, and for the beautiful customs which the faith of centuries has woven into the whole fabric of daily life among Catholics, is far more intense; but the tone of the book is less happy and less soothing than that of its predecessor. It is a strain after something beyond the reach,—a desperate effort to forget the world of realities in another created by the author's imagination. The most Catholic passages have an uneasy, though a most plaintive air. The natural aspirations of Christian devotion are defended, or brought in under an apology. Thus the author speaks

of a child that has lost her mother taking comfort in the thought of the intercession of our Blessed Lady :

“Thy vision—*whose chides may blame*
The instinctive teachings of the altar flame—
 Shows thee above, in yon ethereal air,
 A holier Mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer.”

In another poem he speaks of the ancient tradition of the Church that our Lord appeared to His Blessed Mother first of all after the Resurrection :

“He veil’d His awful footsteps, our all-subduing Lord,
 Until the blessed Magdalene beheld Him and ador’d :
 But through the veil the Spouse may see—for her heart is as His own—
 That to His Mother or by sight or touch He made Him known ;
 And even as from His manger-bed He gave her His first smile,
 So now, while Seraphs wait, He talks apart with her awhile :
That thou of all the forms which to thee His image wear,
Mightst own thy parent’s first, with thy prime of loving care !”

Thus, though a beautiful tribute is paid in these poems to the attractive majesty and grace of the Catholic system, it is rather the admiration of a stranger that speaks than the loyal love of one who is at home and at rest.

The intelligent children of the Catholic Church live indeed in an atmosphere charged with all the elements of the highest poetry. Their minds and hearts and imaginations are constantly fed upon the purest, grandest, and most ennobling objects ; and all the most beautiful and majestic developments of art, in its various branches, have been conquered by the Church for the service of the heirs of a celestial home. Her whole system, her ritual, her ceremonies, her arrangement of seasons, her succession of feasts, in which the mysteries of salvation, or the triumphs of her heroes are commemorated, is one grand poem, rather than the subject-matter of poetry. A divine meaning penetrates all her actions, all her institutions, all her symbols ; and nothing that she has ever adopted is fanciful, extravagant, or without its own deep signification. Every thing human and earthly, that can be gracefully and reverently turned to the honour and worship of God, has been seized by her as the vehicle by which her love and gratitude may be expressed, and her children’s hearts raised to the footstool of their Father’s throne. This twofold end—the glory of God, and the moulding of the hearts and minds of men—guides the Church throughout ; and in her pursuit of it she uses the whole range of material that lies at her disposal. Her countless services—under which general name we must include the Liturgy strictly so called, the Divine Office, the Pontifical and Ritual, as well as the

popular and occasional devotions sanctioned by her—are rich with beauties of thought, imagery, and diction, scattered, or rather heaped up, with all the profusion of nature. Like nature also, the more closely they are inspected, the more are the treasures that they reveal; and though apparently accidental units, and disconnected one from another, they are parts of a great whole, in strict keeping and harmony. It is not an exaggeration to compare this great system with another more immediately of Divine creation, from which so large a part of its materials are derived,—that of the Sacred Scriptures themselves. The same Divine Spirit that moved so many different writers in ages so widely separated as those of Moses and St. John—one and multifold, as Scripture itself calls Him—arranged, according to His own hidden purpose, the sequence and relation of the different parts of which the one volume of Holy Writ is composed. So, in a different degree, with the Church's utterances of worship, thanksgiving, and prayer. St. Paul speaks of His agency as powerfully active even in the intercourse of individual souls with God: how much more therefore may the same be said of the ritual and ordinances of the Church! “Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity. For we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit himself asketh for us with ineffable groanings. And He that searcheth the heart knoweth what the Spirit desireth; because He asketh for the saints according to God” (Rom. viii. 27). Who can trace out the human instruments by means of whom this wonderful system has been built up? The antiquary may indeed allot this or that hymn to some ancient writer, and we may learn that such a Pope added some particular prayer or ceremony to the Liturgy; and in the same way we may find out the author of some beautiful preface or sequence. But the system itself,—who imagined it? and what individual name can be connected with the spirit that breathes throughout from beginning to end? So, again, with the arrangement of the Calendar. We know the date at which the first Sunday after Pentecost came to be devoted to the honour of the most Holy Trinity; how the first day after the Feast of All Saints became the Commemoration of all the Faithful Departed; and by what special interposition the Feasts of Corpus Christi and of the Sacred Heart came to be celebrated at all, and celebrated when they are. The same wonderful arrangement seems to underlie a great part of the Calendar; as, for instance, in the case of so many feasts of Apostles and Evangelists, that seem to be echoes of Christmas-day in the last week of most of the successive months; the grouping of the three great feasts that follow the Nativity; and even such coincidences as that by which the Novena of the Assumption begins

on the Transfiguration. These things show what we may well call the mind of the Church; and the same uniform spirit may be traced in ceremonies and ritual observances, in which a thoughtful devotion will seldom fail to find very beautiful and instructive meanings.

Though the Anglican system has preserved more of Catholic ceremonial and arrangement than many others, and though its Prayer-book is almost entirely formed of Catholic fragments, it would probably be very easy to point out numberless instances in which, under the pretence of cutting off what was superfluous and luxuriant, the English reformers have shattered and ruined the most touching and significant features of the ancient materials on which they worked. At all events, if the poetry of the ritual be not entirely marred, nine-tenths of it has been distorted and disfigured. Enough is left to awaken the longing desire for more; enough to inspire the plaintive strains of the *Christian Year* and the *Lyra Innocentium*; not enough to put it in the power of the author of those works to unfold all or half of the beauties that deserve a poetic treatment as classically Christian as his. It is said that in the last century, after the suppression of the Society of Jesus, one who had been a member of the extinct body was invited to preach a panegyric on the feast of its founder. In the course of it he claimed to be singularly fitted for such a task; no one could praise the work of St. Ignatius who belonged to the Society—no one could understand what that work had been who did not. He had the knowledge that was requisite, and the position which made the full use of that knowledge becoming. We say something analogous, though not quite the same, about the beauties of Catholic ritual and ceremonial. It may be that those who have been all their lives familiar with them are like the natives of beautiful and bountiful climates, who have been born and bred among scenes which travellers come from the ends of the earth to visit. They have drunk in the influences around them from their childhood, but they have seldom reflected upon them. Their whole nature, moral and physical, has been affected by them; they move with an unconscious grace, and surprise their visitors by flashes of lofty thought and the simple poetry and music of their language; but they cannot describe to themselves or to others the beauties and grandeur among which they have always lived; they do not even feel them or recognise them. The stranger from some bleak and cloudy land sketches their landscapes, their ruins, their costumes, with eagerness, and grows eloquent in his explanation of treasures of which the owners are unconscious. So it may be an advantage, in this respect, to have stood at the door before entering the wondrous palace which

the Church has provided for the devotion of her children; to have listened from without to the pealing music, softened by distance, and to have gazed wistfully at the twinkling lights and solemn movements within the half-veiled sanctuary. But again, to understand and appreciate all—much more to interpret it to others, and to call forth for their delight and instruction the harmonies that

“slumber in their shell,”

—this is something which cannot be given to a stranger. Catholicism is not like a nationality, which cannot be truly and thoroughly acquired; its language is not one that may not be mastered if it has not been learnt naturally. It draws no line between those who are within its pale, though some may come late and others early. It has a divine power of moulding and transforming all that are unreservedly under its influence. If it does not stamp all with the true type, it is because its action has been impeded by strong self-will or self-conceit. All can find themselves at home in the Church, if they will—the labourers of the eleventh hour as well as those of the first. But they must be the children of the Church to be at home in her; and though she has wandering children and children stolen from her against their will, on whose ear her music will not grate, and who are continually drawn by the instincts of their new birth and the cravings of their nature to the rich stores of life and happiness which are their inheritance, still they cannot sing her songs in a strange land; the air of exile dims their eyes and makes their ears hard of hearing, and locks up in unwilling silence tongues that might otherwise have sung her glories in strains of the loftiest poetry.

It is idle to conjecture how Mr. Keble might have written, or might write, of the Catholic system, if by his devotion to our Blessed Lady, or in some other way, he had been led, or were still to be led, to submit to the Catholic Church. We have already remarked that he cannot be considered as having illustrated systematically and thoroughly the far less rich and complete arrangement set before him in the Prayer-book. The Sunday “lessons” have furnished him with the greater number of subjects for his poems. It was a happy thought to connect many of them with the course of the *Christian Year*; but they might have appeared as fitly as meditations suggested by Scripture. We cannot, however, doubt that a mind like that of Mr. Keble would have glowed with fresh inspiration under the full influence of the Catholic system. Such has not been his lot. The Liturgy and Ritual of the Church might well occupy the labour of a whole school of poetic illustrators. Their beauties are not only multitudinous, but ever-varying; they possess

that wonderful quality of versatility and adaptation to different times, different needs, moods, states of conscience, grief or joy, hope or despondency, and the like, which reminds us of the changeful sympathies of nature or of the higher forms of human friendship. As the Lord's Prayer or the Holy Mass can never be, as it were, exhausted, and no possible variety of condition or phase of human existence lies beyond the sphere of their Divine consolation, so to the priest or the layman, to the secular or the religious, to young and old, poor and rich, mourners and lonely souls, as well as to devout Christians in the brightest moments of their earthly course, the ordinances, ritual, and services of the Church will always be found teeming with the spiritual good most adapted to the condition of each. We need not wonder at the richness of the mine, when we remember that these services embrace the whole series of mysteries that constitute the groundwork of Christian doctrine, the whole providence of God towards the human race and individual souls, the contents of Scripture, the graces, sacramental and other, by which human life is upheld from the dawn of existence to its passage into the world beyond the grave, piercing even beyond its frontiers, as well as the lives and actions of the Incarnate God and the countless orders and degrees of His saints. What can a single poet do in the presence of so vast a subject? He must content himself with striking his few notes in harmony with the spirit that animates the whole system, happy if he can point out a portion of its treasures, and suggest trains of holy and consoling thought which his readers may follow up for themselves.

Canon Oakeley has many qualifications to fit him for so modest an undertaking. If the beauties in which the mind of the Church has unfolded itself strike with a fresh and peculiar charm upon those who have been led within her pale after the experience of a state of exile, he has so far the right to rejoice, not that he was originally outside her precincts, but that from outside he has found his way within. He has a well-stored and well-trained mind, and he has not now for the first time given proof that his attitude within the Church has been such as to give him the fairest chance of drinking in her spirit with full humility, and allowing it without resistance to penetrate and impregnate his every thought and feeling. Then he has a quick perception of the beautiful and the true, a lively fancy, a refined taste, a sound judgment, and an ease and grace of expression that seems equally unfailling whether in prose or verse. He will never write any thing bad, or out of taste, or rugged, or unscholarlike. His is, perhaps, one of those minds that have the next best gift to that of original genius—the power first of grasping an idea and adopting a

beautiful thought, and then of setting it forth clearly and brightly. It may be that, as to the idea of his book, he is so far a scholar of Mr. Keble as that the *Lyra Liturgica** would never have been written but for the *Christian Year*. But Mr. Keble's idea admitted of application to a more complete and harmonious range of subjects than was within his reach, and Canon Oakeley stands on ground from which that range can be surveyed. It may be that if the two books be compared together with reference to the theory of poetry of which we have spoken, Mr. Keble's is the fruit of a genuine poetic feeling, seeking relief in its own natural way; while Canon Oakeley's is more a set of pious and pleasing meditations, the congenial recreation of a thoughtful scholar. Nor are we disposed to maintain that the Catholic volume contains any such exquisite and lofty strains of poetry of the first order, which have placed the *Christian Year* and the *Lyra Innocentium* so far above all other compositions of the same kind in the present generation. It is enough that Canon Oakeley has attempted a work very good in itself, and has executed it, as far as he has gone, with a grace that has not marred the beauty of his subject. When the subject is the most beautiful that can be imagined, this is praise of which no one need be ashamed.

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* *Lyra Liturgica*. Reflections in Verse for Holy Days and Seasons. London, 1865. (We hope to notice Canon Oakeley's volume more at length elsewhere.)

Egypt in the British Museum.

PART I.

WHAT a charm there is about the land of Egypt! Our very earliest recollections are linked with that strange country. As children, we heard of it in connection with Joseph and his brethren; as school-boys, we associated it with the marvellous stories contained in the hardest book of Herodotus. Belzoni introduced us to many of its temples in those small octavo editions of *Books for the Young*, which were rendered attractive, thirty or forty years ago, by three pictures in a page, illustrative of the letter-press; and we have known a person who could never hear a sonata of Beethoven without almost seeing the natives dancing on the banks of the Nile, because when a boy he had heard that music played while reading Belzoni's description. Then we were taken to the British Museum; and while our taste was formed by our attention being drawn to the perfections of Grecian art, and we thought that we really appreciated all the beauties of the Theseus and the Ilyssus, the metopes and the frieze of the Parthenon, we treated with some contempt the works of Egyptian sculptors, and yet we could not help being impressed with the great big fist and the long arm, and the Rosetta stone, and young Memnon above all.

Perhaps it may be possible to give a little interest to some of the Egyptian monuments in the British Museum by selecting a few, assigning their chronological order, and associating the period of their erection with the events of sacred history. If we undertake this task, the first preliminary will be to lay down that system of Egyptian history which has the best claims on our acceptance. It is not our intention to enter into controversy; and we will only assure Egyptologists—we neither like the word nor the tone of mind usually associated with it—that we are fully aware of the existence of two schools of opinion,—of the long chronologists, and of the short chronologists,—and that with malice prepense we adhere to that system of chronology which falls in with the chronology of the Septuagint.

We must start with coming to a clear understanding with our readers on the use of certain expressions. We speak of *dynasties* of

Egyptian kings, and of some thirty of them. Now, as watchmakers are said, in numbering their watches, not to begin from unity, but from some advanced number, in order to convey an idea of the esteem in which they are held, so Manétho makes the Egyptian dynasties begin from the *eighth*. The first seven dynasties are superhuman, and consist of gods and demi-gods; the god Ra, or the Sun, occupies by himself the first dynasty, the other six are filled with his kith and kin, much as our Welsh chroniclers enumerate, with more positiveness than truth, lords of Britain, from King Bran up to Brut the Trojan. Our readers, then, must allow us to begin with dynasty number eight, and must give us credit for honesty in thus warning them that dynasty number eight is, in fact, dynasty number one. The head of this dynasty is King Menes, and the seat of his kingdom, Zoan or Tanis, in the Delta, a town built, as we are told in Holy Scripture itself, seven years after Hebron (Numb. xiii. 23), on the east side of that branch of the Nile which bears its name. The date of the beginning of this eighth dynasty is B.C. 2224, some seventy years before the birth of Abraham, and some nine centuries after the Flood.

The great question is, What is to be thought of the dynasties that followed this first dynasty of Menes? Were they successive dynasties, or were they concurrent, like the successions of petty kings during the Saxon heptarchy? For a certain time before the Christian era Egypt was certainly a single monarchy—for about eighteen hundred years; before that time it seems highly probable, or rather positively certain, that the heptarchy in England would fairly represent the state of Egypt. There existed a number of petty kingdoms: and the successions of kings in those kingdoms are called dynasties; and as during the Saxon heptarchy the sovereign in one or other of those petty kingdoms acquired the title of Bretwalda, with real or nominal authority over the kings of the other members of the heptarchy, so in Egypt there was a succession of suzerains from one or other dynasty, who exercised a kind of superiority over the whole country, but without necessarily interfering with the other dynasties or the succession of the kings in them.

The antecedent probability that such should have been the history of the Egyptians is obvious. It is the rule in the early history of nations. There is not cohesive power enough to keep together large populations, and they therefore divide into a number of small bodies, each with its own chieftain; sometimes the personal influence of one man extends beyond the limits of his own petty state, and acts as a cohesive power during his lifetime, binding together a number of states under his suzerainty; when he dies, either some other of like

power with himself steps into his place, or the states may again assume their isolation from each other.

This antecedent probability is confirmed by many incidents in the history of the early dynasties; let one suffice. We find a king of the fourteenth dynasty surviving the kings of the fifteenth dynasty. If so, since the fifteenth dynasty lasted a century, it is plain that the fifteenth dynasty was not subsequent to the fourteenth, but must have been concurrent with it. The facts are these: there was a long struggle between foreign invaders who settled in the country, and were called Hyksos, and the natives. The foreigners gradually advanced in power, and established their superiority; at the end of the struggle there was only one Egyptian king surviving; his name was Ra-skenen, and he belonged to the fourteenth dynasty. Now the dynasty of the foreigners was the seventeenth; it follows, then, that the last representative of the fourteenth dynasty survived the kings of the fifteenth dynasty, and consequently that the fifteenth dynasty must have been concurrent with the fourteenth.

The history, then, of Egypt from the beginning of the eighth or first historical dynasty is, in outline, as follows:

The first inhabitants were settlers in the North of Egypt; the town which they built was called Zoan or Tanis. As they multiplied, offshoots moved up the country southwards, and a number of petty states were formed. There was Memphis Proper, and there was Central Memphis; there were the East Nilians at On, the city of the Sun; there were the North folk of Thebes, at Abydos, and the South folk of Thebes; there were, two hundred years after the first settlers in Egypt, the foreign settlements of the Philistine Hyksos at Saïs; and finally there were the marches of Ethiopia or Nubia. Let it be remarked that we have with our eyes open asserted the spread of the population from the North southwards, and that we do not admit the contrary system.

We proceed to fill up this outline a little. We have already intimated that the oldest dynasty was that of the primitive settlement of Tanis or Zoan, founded by Menes.* This dynasty, called by Egyptian antiquaries the eighth, was named the Tanite. Since at first it existed alone, and the other settlements with their proper dynasties proceeded from it, we may fairly regard its sovereigns as possessing a kind of precedence until there arose a king in some one of the other dynasties who by his personal influence won the suzerainty from them for his own town and district. Then the Tanite dynasty would become tributary, or at any rate subordinate, and the reigning Tanite family might easily be changed for another more

* B.C. 2224.

suited to the views of the new suzerains. After two hundred years this change took place, and the second Tanite dynasty succeeded the first;* it is called by antiquarians the ninth dynasty; the town and dynasty which assumed the suzerainty was that of Memphis; and the particular Memphite king who raised his people to this ascendancy was Sahoura; this Memphite dynasty is called by antiquarians the tenth. It had begun† as a settlement from Tanis some eighty years after Menes; and about a century after its own foundation it became mistress over its mother-country.‡ However, the same fate befell the Memphite dynasty as had befallen the Tanite; it had to acknowledge the suzerainty of its own offspring, the Central Memphite; afterwards it acknowledged the supremacy of the Theban, and finally of the foreign Philistine Hyksos, or Shepherd kings, who succeeded in establishing their authority over all Egypt. The Memphite dynasty, thus humbled and tributary (whether the old succession of kings was continued under the Hyksos, or changed into another more amenable to the new sovereigns) was called the eleventh dynasty, or the dynasty of tributary Memphites.§

At the same time that Sahoura the Memphite raised his people to suzerainty and humbled the Tanites, we find another dynasty beginning, which antiquarians call the twelfth.|| The country over which it reigned was the east of the Nile, and its chief city was On, or the city of the Sun. It is possible that the Memphites—on the principle, *divide et impera*—established this new dynasty by dividing the old Tanite dynasty into two; one of which retained as its centre Tanis¶ or Zoan; the other fixed its head-quarters at Heliopolis or On.

The dynasty which is called the thirteenth began almost simultaneously with the Memphite—viz. within twenty years after the establishment of the latter. Perhaps the Memphites could not agree among themselves, and the malcontents set up for themselves** in the Fayoum; the dynasty which ruled here is called the Central Memphite, and supplied, as we shall see, one of the most remarkable suzerains over all Egypt, Papa Mai-re, or the Moeris of Herodotus.

Some of the descendants of the primitive settlers passed further south than Memphis; they passed onwards to Thebes, the city of Ammon. As the Memphites formed two dynasties, so did the Thebans or Diospolites; one, the fourteenth Egyptian dynasty at

* B.C. 2084. † B.C. 2145. ‡ B.C. 2035. § B.C. 1932. || B.C. 2084.

¶ This dynasty has been connected with Elephantine; the word *Abt* will stand equally for *Elephantine* and *the East*: hence the error.

** B.C. 2132.

Hermonthis, the old original Thebes, on the west bank of the Nile, whereas the later city was built on the eastern bank; the other, the fifteenth Egyptian dynasty, probably at Abydos: the first* of these Theban dynasties began about a century, the second† about two centuries and a half, after the establishment of the original dynasty of Menes.

Meanwhile the frontiers of Ethiopia were gradually approached; and more or less of Ethiopia fell under the power of the fifteenth dynasty, of which we have just spoken, at the time when this dynasty had been raised to the suzerainty of Egypt by Usertasen I. He conquered Nubia B.C. 1974, and placed the country under the rule of military commandants, who did not bear the title of king, and whose names on monuments are not preceded by the indication of royal authority. They seem to have held their office for four years each. This arrangement appears natural when we recollect that the Ethiopians were not under royal government, but lived under the influence of a priestly caste. These military commandants go by the name of the Xoïte, or Cushite, dynasty, the so-called sixteenth Egyptian dynasty. Probably enough the names of this Xoïte dynasty ought to be arranged into two or three concurrent dynasties.

We have now accounted for the first sixteen alleged dynasties of Egypt, and shown the nature of their succession or concurrence. One more remains to be described, the so-called seventeenth dynasty, the end of which synchronises with the union of Egypt under one native sovereign and with the beginning of those dynasties which were certainly successive. The seventeenth dynasty is that of the Hyksos or Shepherd kings. This dynasty, though the last in arrangement, was in fact concurrent, for more or fewer years, with every one of the above-enumerated dynasties, with the exception of the most ancient of all, the original one of Menes, or the first Tanite. The first Tanite had passed away some thirty years when the foreign adventurers, who came probably from Palestine, crossed the sea and arrived‡ in the land of Cham. Steadily they worked their way, and after seventy years they found themselves in a position to claim the suzerainty of Egypt. We will say something of this when we have traced the suzerainty of Egypt through the other dynasties.

We have tried to be clear in our account of the first centuries of Egyptian history. If we have failed, we appeal to the compassion of our readers, and in self-defence would ask them whether they have ever had, or ever expect to have, a very clear and lucid idea of the various kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy. Had there been a clearly-defined succession of Bretwaldas during that period of our history,

* B.C. 2127.

† B.C. 1989.

‡ B.C. 2003.

who had distinguished themselves as the supreme leaders of England, a good deal of the obscurity would have been removed: such a succession would, at any rate, have been something tangible and fixed, to which the less important events of the petty kings could be referred. In the early history of Egypt we are fortunate enough to possess a succession of the suzerains, and their chronological enumeration may serve to render more clear what has thus far been said.

SUZERAINS OF EGYPT.

- B.C.
 2224. Menes and his successors of Zoan or Tanis.
 2086. Sahoura of Memphis Proper.
 2017. Snefrou of Memphis Proper.
 1995. Moëris, or Papa Mai-re, of Central Memphis.
 1975. Meranre of Central Memphis.
 1974. Usertasen of the Theban dynasty.
 1962. The Hyksos, or Shepherd kings.
 1748. The beginning of the eighteenth dynasty, when Egypt was formed into a single monarchy: under this dynasty happened the Exodus.

These suzerains were not, as has been already indicated, the successive sovereigns of one particular kingdom; but the sovereigns of those kingdoms which for the time being were the most powerful. Power moved up the Nile, southwards. Menes and his successors were kings of Zoan or Tanis, near the Mediterranean, and were of the Tanite dynasty. Then Memphis Proper rose into the ascendant, and Sahoura and Snefrou were kings of Memphis Proper, and suzerains of Egypt of the tenth dynasty: after them Central Memphis rose in importance, and Papa Mai-re, the Moëris of Herodotus,—before whose time the father of history tells us that there was nothing remarkable done in Egypt,—and his son superseded the successors of Sahoura and Snefrou. Memphis then gave way to Thebes and Usertasen, who, with a much later king—Rameses the Great—has shared the name and celebrity of “Sesostris,” fixed the seat of suzerainty in Abydos of the Thebaide. In order to establish his power, Usertasen looked for aid from without. He found it in the descendants of those foreign Philistine adventurers who had now for twenty or thirty years been making way and gaining a footing in Egypt. They became, in fact, his janizaries: with their help he became suzerain. On the death of Usertasen these janizaries, who had learned their strength, were little disposed to allow the power which they had created to pass into other hands: they invested their own chiefs with the authority Usertasen had enjoyed, and adopted the habits and usages of the country. They were by origin nomad shepherds; but a hundred years’ settlement in Egypt had

erased all traces of their primitive character, though the fact of their having invaded Egypt as nomad shepherds had taught the native Egyptians to hold "all shepherds in abomination" (Gen. xlv. 34). When, therefore, a pastoral tribe was admitted into Egypt to settle there, it was deemed wiser to place them in the remote land of Gessen, towards the borders of Asia, to avoid giving offence. The discontinuance of this conciliatory policy led to the expulsion of this foreign dynasty of the Hyksos. On the first assumption of the suzerainty, a remarkable event tended to consolidate their power. Apachnas was the first suzerain:* in the reign of his son Apophis† Joseph was sold into Egypt:‡ Joseph, the slave and afterwards the confidential steward of a captain of Pharaoh Apophis—that is of King Apophis—rose, in the way recorded in Holy Scripture, to a dignity second only to the king. The circumstances of Joseph's exaltation and triumph all demonstrate how entirely the Shepherd kings had conformed themselves to the customs of the country: the ring, the collar, the proclamation "Bow your heads," are all characteristically Egyptian; and the names of Joseph's father-in-law, of his wife, and his own, are pure Egyptian. His father-in-law is Putiphara or Petiphra, that is, "Gift of the Sun," or Heliodorus; his wife is Asenath, "the merit of Neith," that is, of the Egyptian goddess corresponding to Minerva; and Joseph's name, as given in the Septuagint, is explained "Saviour" or "Sustainer of the Land;" or, as given in the Hebrew, it has been explained "the delight of Neith," or of the goddess of wisdom—a name which a pagan king might well have given to the man of whom he said (Gen. xli. 38), "Can we find such another man, that is filled with the Spirit of God?" Indeed, "the strangers had so conformed themselves to the manners of the Egyptians," says Mr. Palmer, "that it seems impossible to some writers that they ever should have been strangers or shepherds at all." The policy which Joseph followed in the famine of seven years§ resulted in the most complete subjection of the land of Egypt to the Hyksos, and at the same time with such absence of violence, that during their supremacy works of the greatest magnitude were undertaken and completed by the subordinate dynasties in different parts of the country. The period of the suzerainty of Apophis and his successor was that of the erection of the principal pyramids by the tributary Memphite kings of the eleventh dynasty, Cheops, and Kephren, and Mycerinus.

The Hyksos maintained their supremacy for a hundred and eighty years. The cause of their fall is uncertain. It is certain, however,

* B.C. 1932.

† B.C. 1909.

‡ B.C. 1887.

§ B.C. 1871-1864.

that there was a coalition between the native Egyptians and their Nubian or Ethiopian neighbours against the reigning dynasty. There is a remarkable passage in a papyrus belonging to the British Museum which bears upon the history of this epoch.* The passage is as follows :

"It happened that Egypt was at the mercy of barbarians : there was no [native] king at the time [except] King Ra-skenen, who was governor of the South. The barbarians were at On [Heliopolis], while the chief Apapi [Apophis] was at Avaris [in the Delta], and the whole country offered him its products and loaded him with the good things of Lower Egypt. King Apapi took Soutech for god, and served none of the gods of the land. He built a beautiful and durable temple."

This passage tempts us to hazard a conjecture. The following points are certain, and form the grounds of our conjecture :

1. The Apophis spoken of is not Apophis I., who raised Joseph to his dignity ; he must be Apophis II.,† who in fact was the last of the Hyksos dynasty.

2. In his time there existed no representative of the Egyptian dynasties except Ra-skenen, the last of the dynasty of Thebes Proper, the fourteenth dynasty according to Manetho, whose reckoning we follow.

3. Soutech was the local deity of the Sethroitic nome in the Delta on the east of the Nile ; the local deity of the province which was first occupied by the Hyksos. The symbol for the god Soutech was the ass, and was given afterwards by the Egyptians to the God of the Hebrews, who, in consequence of the punishments they had received from his hands, was identified by them with the power of evil. The Egyptian for the ass being Jao, might also contribute to the identification of the false god Soutech with Jehovah, the eternal, true God of the Hebrews.

Is it not, then, within the limits of possibility that Apophis II., who came to the suzerainty about fifty years after the death of Joseph, may have learned from the Hebrews to mistrust the fables of polytheism and to acknowledge the unity of God—the God of the Hebrews ? He is charged, in the passage under consideration, with "serving none of the gods of the land," and with taking "Soutech for lord." It seems only using other words to express the same idea to say that he was charged with abandoning the Egyptian idols and of taking Jehovah (Jao) for Lord.

If this be true, we see at once the reason for the combined insurrection of Egyptian and Cushite against the presumptuous foreigners.

* Papyrus, Sallicr, i. pp. 1, 2, 3.

† B.C. 1749-44.

The cry of the "The gods in danger" would wake up the long-stifled animosity between the dominant and subject races; Apophis and his friends would, like the first Christians, be denounced as "impious" and "atheists;" and in fact, after Ra-skenen had struck the first blow, it was followed up by Amosis. Memphis was taken; the Hyksos were expelled from Egypt; and a new dynasty, the eighteenth, that "knew not Joseph" nor the God of Joseph, but which was destined to know Moses and the God of Moses to its cost, was established in undisputed possession of the sovereignty of Egypt.

Such is the probable history of Egypt from about a century and a half before the visit of Abraham to Egypt; that is, from the settlement of Menes at Zoan or Tanis till half a century after the death of Joseph. There are monuments in the British Museum which belong to this epoch. In our next article on this subject we hope to give our readers a pleasant ramble through the Egyptian room and Egyptian saloon in the British Museum. If, however, they would enjoy it, they must carry the main features of this article in their heads, or this Number of *The Month* in their hands.

XL.

The Calendars of State-Papers.

MIDWAY between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane is situated a large piece of ground, known by the name of the Rolls Estate, little frequented by the public at large, but familiar to two classes of the community—barristers and antiquaries. The history of this locality is curious. It was originally granted by the Crown for the purpose of founding upon it a house of refuge for such Jews as became converts to Christianity; and in this asylum they were fed, sheltered, and instructed. Attached to it, of course, were a chapel and a burial-ground. The former, miserably modernised, still exists, and contains an interesting monumental figure of John Yonge (master of the Rolls in the earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII.), by Torrigiano; and the site of the latter was discovered during the course of the recent excavations for the new offices now in progress of construction. In course of time the land and the buildings which had been erected upon it passed into the hands of one of the judges in Equity, known by the title of the Master of the Rolls, to whom is intrusted the official care of the archives of England. Upon this site a large block of buildings is in progress of erection, which, though invisible from Chancery Lane, presents an imposing aspect when viewed from Fetter Lane. This second wing now nearly completed is intended to afford greater accommodation for the Public Records; a term which, though frequently employed, is for the most part very imperfectly understood. Generally speaking, the Public Records may be described as comprehending at once the title-deeds of the nation, and the historical and personal memorials of its early kings, their household and private expenses, the original letters which they received, and copies of the answers which they despatched; the history of the national finance, and the accounts connected with the army and navy. There is, besides these, a very large mass of documents which fall under the convenient designation of Miscellaneous. The entire series commences with the Norman Conquest, and may be said to extend up to the present time, although the era of 1688 is the period at which it professedly terminates. The collection is wonderfully extensive, and of surpassing interest. There is not a reign from the first William to the fourth which may not be copiously illustrated from these papers. Nor should it be supposed that they are of a character purely historical. They throw a new light upon every parish in England.

Through them the descent of every manor may be traced, and the pedigree of every family of importance may be established. Whatever be the subject in which the inquirer is interested,—be it general or special, topographical or genealogical, whether it be connected with history, or antiquities, or biography; science, or art, or literature,—he is pretty sure to find something to his purpose in the Record-office. This is instructively exhibited by a return contained in *The Twenty-third Report of the Deputy-Keeper*, in which is set out a list of the subjects for which the records at the Rolls-house have been consulted for literary inquiries from 1852 to 1861. Some are of the most general character, such as “literary objects,” or “topographical and genealogical researches,” or “to search documents in the Rolls-house.” But others point to a more definite object, and show the various purposes to which our early documents may be made to apply. Requests were made and granted to inspect state-papers relative to the visit of Peter the Great to London in 1698, and the correspondents of the English agents at Moscow, 1696-1712; for a history of the Russian navy; for particulars relating to the family of Sir Philip Sydney; to copy certain drawings relating to Mary Queen of Scots; upon the history of the Jews in England; upon the prisoners confined in the Bastille during the reign of Louis XIV.; upon the history of the manners &c. of the Welsh; upon the history of the British woollen manufacture; upon a proposed treaty between Rome and England, 1768-1778; upon the life of John Rogers the martyr; and to obtain copies of order of Secretary of State, dated May 1, 1692, respecting Dr. Anderson's pills. The list occupies ten pages of small and compact type, and proves that there is scarcely a subject, public or private, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, which may not be elucidated by the aid of our national archives.

As might be expected from what has been just now mentioned, the bulk of the collection is something enormous. Some vague idea of its extent may be formed from an inspection, even from the outside, of the works now in progress; and these are but a portion of what the fabric will be when completed. When the reader is informed that in one year the papers transmitted from the War-office to the present building weighed 105 tons, and those from the Admiralty 235 tons, while other government offices contributed about 150 tons, something approaching to an estimate of the extent of the entire contents of the office may be arrived at. And this is entirely independent of the more ancient and infinitely more precious collections formerly deposited in the Tower, in the State-paper Office, in the Chapter House, and in the half-hundred other depositories of the Chancery and Exchequer.

One of the chief purposes for which the General Record-office is being erected is to obviate the numerous and crying evils which had arisen from this dispersion of the national muniments. Centralisation had become not only a convenience but a necessity. For many years this great series of historical material, unsurpassed in extent, value, and completeness by any collection of archives in Europe, was comparatively useless, and for all literary purposes the bulk of them might have been destroyed. They were distributed among fifty-six different repositories; many of them ill-lighted, badly-ventilated, and damp; none were fire-proof; and of all it might be safely affirmed, that they were little fitted for the safe custody and preservation of our public archives. There was no uniformity of administration. A different system of management, a different scale of charges for searches and copies, prevailed in each. Sometimes from the absence, and generally from the indifference or ignorance of the clerks in charge, many of these offices were practically inaccessible to the public; while the heavy fees charged at others (without regard as to whether the document was needed for legal or historical purposes) produced a result nearly equally prejudicial to the interests of historical literature. Keepers were appointed indeed, but too generally they cared little for and knew less of the contents of the documents intrusted to their care; and if the records fell into confusion, so they might remain. Thus large masses gradually mouldered and perished, "through the negligence, nescience, or slothfulness of their former guardians." Prynn, the Puritan persecutor of Laud, when he entered upon his duties as keeper of the records in the Tower, touchingly lamented "the desolation, corruption, and confusion in which they had for many years bypast lain buried together in one confused chaos, under corroding, putrefying cobwebs, dust, filth, in the dark corners of Cæsar's chapel, as mere useless reliques." He tells us how he employed "some soldiers and women to remove and cleanse them from their filthiness; but they soon growing weary of their noisome work, left them almost as foul, dusty, nasty as they found them."

Matters were not much better at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria. We have no wish to revive the story of the large masses which were sold to a fishmonger, a small portion only of which were recovered from destruction; or of the hundredweights of ancient parchment documents which were converted into size by the paper-stainer, and calf's-foot jelly by the confectioner. In 1836, we have it upon official evidence, that in one department only, that of the Queen's Remembrancer, a series of valuable miscellaneous papers "were tied up in 600 sacks, and were all in a most filthy state." In certain sheds, in a locality styled the King's Mews, there were piled

up 4136 cubic feet of our national records. They were in the most neglected condition, and decay and destruction was in active progress. Some were in a state of inseparable adhesion to the wall. Besides the accumulated dust of centuries, all were very damp; and the effect of damp is to cause the ink to peel off from the surface of the vellum. Decay and moisture had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of being touched; while others, particularly those in the form of rolls, "were so coagulated together that they could not be uncoiled." Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats were found imbedded in this mouldering record of antiquity, and detached bones of several others were distributed generally throughout the mass. Besides furnishing a charnel-house for the dead, when the attempt was first made to remove these documents a terrier was employed in hunting the live rats which were disturbed during the process. The "vermin" were strong, active, and well-fed; and the sport which they afforded very agreeably enlivened the otherwise unpleasant labours of the gentlemen connected with this department of her Majesty's service.

Nor do these remarks apply exclusively to the offices of our capital: when we pay a visit to the provincial repositories, we are distressed to find them, with rare exceptions, in a condition equally unsatisfactory. The documents still remaining in the custody of the chapter clerks of our cathedral churches are of very great value; for it must be remembered that during the Middle Ages each bishop had his own registers, and each capitular body possessed the record of its own proceedings. These are still remaining, or ought to be; and as they extend back to about the middle or end of the thirteenth century, they contain a large amount of very important material, interesting not only to the genealogist and topographer, but to general historians. During the period of which we are writing, the bishop had jurisdiction over his diocese, not only in things spiritual, but to a considerable extent in secular matters. Thus it happens that writs emanating from the Crown, and having reference to transactions of national importance, were frequently addressed by the Lord Chancellor to the bishop, with the request that the latter would cause the document to be promulgated within his own province or diocese; sometimes, however, as the writ so transmitted does not appear upon the Chancery rolls, the only proof of its existence is obtained from the episcopal register. Again, these provincial archives often contain detached instruments of the highest interest and value, superior in antiquity to any thing contained in the general office in Chancery Lane; for (as is now well known) the latter repository possesses no original document anterior to the Norman Conquest, while very

many charters executed during the Saxon period are preserved in the libraries or charter-rooms of our cathedrals. For example, Canterbury still exhibits several charters written by the hand of St. Dunstan; and Worcester, at the present day, can produce documentary evidence of the conveyance to that church of lands, which it had held long before the time of the first William. Durham is especially rich in the possession of materials which illustrate its early history. The dean and chapter are the legal guardians of an unrivalled series of instruments, commencing with the charter, attested by the Conqueror and Archbishop Lanfranc, by which the secular canons were expelled, and the Benedictines obtained possession of the church of St. Cuthbert; and thence passing on, century after century, until we reach the foundation of the present dean and canons. Among the episcopal records of the same see are documents nearly as ancient and as interesting; of these we may specify two surveys, one made by order of Bishop Pudsey, about 1188, and the second by Bishop Hatfield, between 1345 and 1382. These are of the highest importance, inasmuch as the Palatinate of Durham is not included in the great Domesday-Book of William the First.

It is painful to think that in too many instances such precious materials as these are left to treatment which, if continued, must of necessity end in their destruction. They are nominally intrusted to the care of some one ~~who does not care for them~~; who cannot read them; who has no sympathy with the times, the persons, or the subjects to which they relate; and who regards them as so much troublesome and trashy lumber, the destruction of which no one would lament. Such at least appears to have been the estimate in which they were lately held at Durham, the importance of which as a collection of episcopal muniments we have just mentioned. Ten years ago it was visited by the present Deputy-Keeper of the Records, Mr. T. D. Hardy, from whose careful and temperately-worded report we glean the following particulars:

In the Court of Pleas, which "contains very ancient and valuable records," the room in which they are deposited "has more the appearance of a general country-dealer's shop than a muniment-room." Mr. Hardy next visited the office of the clerk of the peace, a gentleman of whom it is mentioned that "the records in his custody are kept in the Exchequer building, and are in a lamentable state of disorder. Papers, books, and parchments were littered about the floor, more than knee-deep; some strewn upon tables, chairs, and window-seats; others huddled together on shelves and in cupboards." Nothing daunted, Mr. Hardy next paid a visit to the clerk of the Crown; and the deputy-keeper shall describe for him-

self what he there saw and smelt: "The records in the custody of the clerk of the Crown are deposited in a cavern, or excavation made in one of the walls of the Exchequer building, without the slightest ventilation, and into which not a ray of daylight can possibly penetrate. The air is so very foul and damp that the candle which is lighted to enter this mural cave will scarcely burn; and the place is so narrow that it is difficult for a man to pass between the wall and the press in which the records are placed." The process of destruction had been going on for years at Durham before this memorable report was drawn up by Mr. Hardy. Within living memory, valuable records have been used to stop up holes, to keep rats and mice out of the muniment-rooms, to light fires, and even to make bonfires on public rejoicings. During the last twenty years (as it was stated to our informant upon good authority) barrowsful were seen kicking about on the Palace Green; some of which were converted into kites by the boys of the town; and some used by the citizens of Durham for their more domestic purposes. The whole of the proceedings of the County Court, which an Act of Parliament placed in the custody of the Master of the Rolls, have been destroyed (apparently since 1822), and not a fragment remains to tell of their nature and value.

Were we inclined to do so, we might easily swell the catalogue of record enormities; for the measure of the iniquities of their so-called keepers is full, even to overflowing. But we forbear. We have spoken a few words, rather in sorrow than in anger; and we have done so chiefly for the purpose of showing that it is not without good reason that we congratulate ourselves upon the transfer of our national archives from such holes and corners, from such dens and caves of the earth, to the airy and dry quarters provided for them in Chancery Lane, where they repose in cleanliness and comfort under the watchful guardianship of the present Master of the Rolls and his deputy-keeper.

But although these important advantages—security from the attacks of rats and rain, dust and decay, fire and thieves—have thus been obtained, it is obvious that much still remains to be done. Government has provided for their safety by placing them in a building at once fireproof and waterproof, and has charged the Master of the Rolls with their custody; and upon him has devolved the responsibility of making them serviceable to the public. But the Master of the Rolls is a high legal functionary, second in rank and importance only to the Lord Chancellor; and it might fairly have been assumed that the varied and onerous duties of his office as a judge would leave his honour little time to busy himself with the details

of originating and superintending a series of Record publications. This, however, Sir John Romilly has undertaken to do; and he has amply proved his ability to do it well. It is probable that when he became Master of the Rolls he had no knowledge of the nature and value of our records and state-papers beyond that general acquaintance which is possessed by most well-read scholars of the day. But finding himself intrusted with the charge of these documents, and appreciating their importance as illustrating our national history, he made them the subject of a careful examination. The result is now before us in the noble series of Calendars to which we are inviting the attention of our readers. They prove how, year by year, since his entrance into his present office, Sir John Romilly has exhibited a true perception of the actual requirements of our historical literature; and they show us not only what has been done already, but further, what ought to be done, and how it ought to be done. This is no easy task, and to have accomplished it so far satisfactorily merits no scanty praise. The volumes which have been already issued form an era in our historical literature; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the series may continue to advance towards its legitimate completion with the discriminating zeal by which it has hitherto been directed.

Among the extinct record-offices, the contents of which are now merged in the General Repository, one of the most important was that which was known by the name of the State-Paper Office. As it was the most valuable, so it was the most inaccessible of our diplomatic treasure-houses; and in former days the gates of this "great depository of historical truth" (as it was styled by the late Mr. Tytler) could be passed only by the favoured few who produced the *Laissez passer* of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Its contents are now happily transferred to Chancery Lane, and are as available to the public as any other class of our national title-deeds. They may be roughly described as consisting of about 14,000 volumes, bundles, parcels, and boxes of papers, which contain the original official correspondence of the state, both as regards its foreign and domestic affairs, from the accession of Henry VIII. to that of George III. The paramount importance of this series of papers naturally attracted the early attention of the Master of the Rolls, and he decided that its contents should be made known to the world. But how was this to be done? To publish the entire collection would be simply impossible; to publish selections would be at once difficult and unsatisfactory: difficult to decide what papers should be printed and what rejected; and unsatisfactory, because the inquirer, whatever might be his subject, would always be in doubt whether the selection had been made with fairness and discretion. It was conceded on all

sides that some list, or catalogue, or calendar of these papers had become absolutely necessary, even as a security against present loss and dishonesty. Moreover, without some such aid the documents themselves are of little practical value, and the money spent in their preservation would be spent in vain. If we have no such calendar, we must refer upon each successive inquiry to the original papers themselves—a long and tiresome process. Few persons can spare time to do this; fewer still possess the qualifications requisite to make these searches with any reasonable prospect of being rewarded for their trouble. If we are unable to read the originals when produced, and if it be impossible to have them printed entire, we shall be grateful for some work which shall serve as a guide to the collection. The question then arises, Upon what system ought this catalogue or calendar to be formed?

A good calendar, in our opinion, ought to furnish, as far as possible in the words of the document which it describes, an outline of all that is contained in that document. Not only should the leading facts be noticed, but also such passages, expressions, or terms as illustrate the language, manners, customs, and character of the period to which it relates. In other words, it should supply the inquirer with a sufficient indication whether or no it is worth his while to undertake a journey to Chancery Lane for the purpose of inspecting the original. On this point the Master of the Rolls has expressed himself with much precision and with his usual practical good sense. "It is of much importance," he writes, "that the abstract (of the document under analysis) should impart negative as well as positive information, so that the inquirer may by perusal of the abstract learn what it does not as well as what it does contain; and thus be enabled to judge whether the document will or will not be useful to him. It is important that he should be saved useless trouble; it is also important that the document should be spared from needless inspection. There is always a chance of injury to the record whenever it is consulted. An adequate calendar therefore is an important step to the preservation of the document. . . . It may be safely laid down as a general principle that the information given should be explicit, rather than scanty; for although conciseness is highly desirable, yet it is indispensable that the abstracts should contain the pith and substance of the text in all cases, as well for legal purposes as for historical inquiry. . . . It must further be borne in mind, that transactions relating to private or apparently insignificant individuals may become of great value in the study of biography, or as illustrations of public policy, or the progress of legal and political institutions. This remark is especially applicable to topography and genealogy; branches

of knowledge which deal with details which are proverbially minute and circumstantial."

Upon such principles as these, plain and intelligible, the calendars of letters and state-papers are required to be constructed; and if these instructions be faithfully carried into practice the result will be most satisfactory. Yet of necessity the execution of each several work must depend, in a great degree, as well upon the nature of the documents which it represents as also upon the qualifications which the editor brings to bear upon the material with which he is required to deal. It is no easy matter to form such an abstract of an ancient letter or state-paper as will satisfy the wants of all classes of inquirers. Certain qualifications are necessary besides the ability to read the writing of the period, frequently difficult in itself, and indistinct by mildew, stains, and decay. Technical difficulties of an unusual character next present themselves; in some instances a long and delicate preliminary investigation must be gone through, before a single line of the calendar can be written. Let us take, for instance, the manuscript papers of the reign of Henry VIII., for the purpose of showing the amount of what may be called negative labour—labour which leaves on the page of the work, when printed, scarce any appreciable indication of its extent. Besides the matter connected with this reign, which was transmitted *en masse* from the State-Paper Office to the General Record Repository, 328 miscellaneous volumes were found in the Rolls House, and 118 sacks of unsorted papers were discovered in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. Early in the reign of James I., very many bundles of the most precious papers had been carried off by Sir Robert Cotton, the founder of the Cottonian Library, and had passed into the British Museum. The whole collection had fallen into the most indescribable confusion. Proceedings in the Star-Chamber, surveys of monasteries, bills and answers in Chancery, had been incorporated into collections which professed to be of a purely diplomatic character. Papers which originally had formed portions of one connected series had straggled piecemeal into two or three different depositories. Thus the correspondence of Wolsey and Cromwell with the king had been distributed pretty evenly between the State-Paper Office, the Chapter House, and the Museum. Parts of the same letter were not uncommonly found in different libraries; and in instances innumerable the draft of a letter was placed in one collection, the fair copy in a second, and the reply in a third. Addresses were detached from the body of the document to which they belonged, and enclosures were inserted in envelopes with which they had no connexion.

Attempts had been made at different times to remedy this dis-

creditable state of things, but with results any thing but satisfactory. Sometimes documents had been arranged according to one system, sometimes according to another. Not unfrequently the plan adopted by one officer was modified or reversed by his successor. At one time letters were classified alphabetically, according to the name of the writer; at another, according to the place whence written; while a third keeper arranged them under the name of the person addressed. One officer preferred a topographical classification; another attempted to reduce the documents into a chronological series. But none of these projects was ever consistently carried out, and each successive attempt at arrangement perpetuated and augmented the confusion. Nor, indeed, could it be otherwise, so long as portions of the same series remained in different depositories; for, as it is an axiom in divinity that text illustrates text, so it is in diplomatics, that letter explains letter, ascertains its meaning, and fixes its date.

Let us suppose, however, that this preliminary labour of concentration and examination has been passed, and that the letters have been brought into one connected series. There is no great difficulty as to those which are dated, but many bear no date whatever. Here arises a new difficulty; their position in the calendar can be determined only by internal evidence, and this may be vague and obscure; the letter may relate to purely personal topics, or refer to events which are nowhere recorded in history. Such a document will occasion much trouble before its true date can be ascertained; it must be kept before the inquirer as he turns over volume after volume, until some lucky coincidence enables him to restore it to its real position; and then when, after all this annoyance, he has fixed its proper date, the difficulty is so entirely removed that the reader cannot be persuaded that there ever really could have been a difficulty. We can easily see that when an editor has gone through all this preliminary trouble, and at last has placed some undated paper, which has teased him day by day for months, just where it ought always to have been, he feels a degree of pardonable indignation when he notices the result of his labour and anxiety. The document upon which he has expended so much time, which has been so long on the tramp, which for many a year has had no settled abode, perhaps no name, steps at last into its own place so naturally and so neatly, and finds itself so entirely at home among its friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, that the uninitiated would never imagine that one could doubt for a moment as to its real settlement. Like other riddles, it is amazingly simple when it has been found out. But, as Mr. Brewer well remarks, "Nothing seems more easy and obvious after the true order has been discovered; nothing is more perplexing before."

Another very startling difficulty stares the author of the Calendar of State-Papers in the face at the very outset, and encounters him at every turn throughout his labours. Possibly the very first document which he takes up contains words, sentences, or paragraphs expressed in cipher. He is aware that these ciphered passages are most important. To pass them by without explanation would be to strip the letter of its chief value; and it is no easy task to decipher them. Very frequently aid comes from finding a passage, in the same or some other letter by the same writer, in which the decipher has been written in ordinary characters above the cipher. From the clue thus obtained it is possible to construct an alphabet which becomes applicable to the portions of the letter hitherto unexplained. But this help is not always forthcoming, and the unhappy decipherer is too often thrown upon his own resources. He finds with what perverse ingenuity the diplomat of three centuries ago guarded the secret which he wished to communicate to his trusted correspondent and to hide from the rest of the world. There are certain documents still undeciphered, notwithstanding all the patient and enlightened application of the most zealous scholars of the day. One of these is a despatch from Queen Isabella of Spain to the Duke of Estrada, which was received by him at Richmond, 20th January 1504. Of this Mr. Bergenroth, one of the most skilful archivists of the day, writes: "I have not succeeded in deciphering it." Generally, however, he was eminently successful. He tells us how, on his arrival at Simancas, some hundred of ciphered despatches, in the greater part of which not one word of common writing occurred, were placed before him. In what language were they written? On what subjects did they treat? He had never in his life occupied himself in endeavouring to decipher any despatch; but he set himself to the task, and the final result of his labours was this, he discovered the key to all the ciphers excepting one, that to which we have already referred. Some months afterwards the complete original key used by De Puebla in his extensive correspondence with the Spanish Government turned up in the office at Simancas, and was handed over to Mr. Bergenroth. It consisted of two thousand four hundred signs. Had it been found some months earlier, it would have saved immense labour; but as it was, it confirmed the discoveries which he had made without its assistance.

Possibly the reader, like Mr. Bergenroth when he began his labours at Simancas, has not had much experience in the art of deciphering, and would feel somewhat puzzled if a document of the kind were placed before him, and he were asked to explain its contents. Even if written for the most part in the ordinary character,

he would find that the leading facts of the letter were shrouded in obscurity. What, for instance, could he make of the following passage, which is transcribed from an original despatch written by De Puebla to Ferdinand and Isabella? "I send the treaty of 175 and 420, of 888 and 889, and likewise of 890." Or again, what the wiser would the uninitiated be, if he were informed that "with respect to 423 of 878, 488, 487, King Henry wishes to be informed when King Ferdinand will have returned to Castile, in order to 983, 879"? The meaning of the former passage is: "I send the treaty of friendship, and letters of the King and Queen of England, and likewise of the Prince of Wales." The second stands thus: "With respect to the marriage of the Queen of Castile with the King of England, King Henry wishes to be informed when King Ferdinand will have returned to Castile, in order to send an embassy." This, however, is the cipher in its simplest form. Some are combinations of numerals and letters of the Roman, Greek, and Hebrew alphabets, interspersed with signs purely conventional, the whole forming a combination which it is scarcely possible to represent by the means of ordinary type. Others proceed upon a different idea. Thus, in 1597, in the correspondence of William Resolde, who wrote from Holland to the English Government, he was instructed by Cecil to speak of the Pope as Hernan van Lire, and the Queen of England was Hans Hunger; when the writer mentioned Venice he meant Calais; ships of war were styled Barrels of Figs, and Bags of Pepper meant soldiers. In "a cipher usual among the Scottish Jesuists and practisers given to Mr. Randolph by Archibald Douglas, 30th July 1596," England is disguised as Cappadocia, and the King of Scotland as Adrian, the Scottish Ministers are called the Smiths, and the English Catholics are spoken of as the Bannists. Such flimsy coverings as these could not long remain unremoved; and it is probable that they served the purpose for which they were intended not more than once or twice at the most. At all events, they would afford no security against the prying eyes of the inquirers who have unravelled the mysteries of such cryptographs as are to be found in the British Museum, the State-Paper Office, and the Record-room of Simancas.

From what has been already stated, the reader will have learned that the Master of the Rolls has not limited his researches to this country only. Under his directions a foreign mission has been inaugurated, and the national archives of Spain and Italy are at the present moment being investigated; the former by Mr. Bergenroth, the latter by Mr. Rawdon Brown. In making these arrangements, Sir John Romilly has exhibited his usual discrimination. He is

aware that there exist in foreign libraries large stores of material illustrative of our national history, and that these materials are of surpassing value. They consist chiefly of the letters and despatches which the foreign ambassadors resident in England (whether Spanish, Venetian, French, or Flemish, as the case may be) sent home to their respective governments. These papers, therefore, exhibit the counterpart to the information which we possess in our own archives, and enable us at once to test its credibility and to supply its deficiencies. There are two sides to every story, and the truth may present itself under different aspects. If we are to judge of English affairs upon information exclusively derived from Englishmen, we shall probably fall into grave errors, and perpetuate the theories, the prejudices, and the untruths of ill-instructed writers. The English resident at the English court, however familiar he may have been with the intelligence of his own party, could only guess at matters connected with the relations of England with foreign countries; but these stand out clear and distinct in the correspondence of the foreign agent. If, therefore, the researches of the modern English historian are founded exclusively upon English state-papers, he does nothing more than repeat the conjectures, and possibly the errors, of an earlier age, while the truth still remains unexplained and unappreciated. Thus history is written upon *ex-parte* statements; and so it must be one-sided, and therefore worthless, until researches have been made into the libraries and archives of those nations with which in former days we were brought into most frequent communication. Just as in writing the "History of the Crimean War," no one worthy of the name of an historian would neglect the documents furnished by France and Russia; so in like manner, when employed in detailing the history of Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth, would it be the height of folly to pass by the state-papers of Francis I., Charles V., and Philip II.

We have stated that researches are in active progress at the present time in the archives at Simancas and Venice. In a future paper we shall enter with some detail into the nature of the information furnished by these two depositories. At present it is enough to mention in general terms, that the result has been most satisfactory, and has amply justified the anticipation which Sir John Romilly formed when he directed that researches should be made in foreign archives as well as in our own.

No report or other official paper which has fallen in our way states what further researches in this direction are still contemplated, and we are unwilling to believe that the work begun with so much zeal and intelligence will be confined within its present dimensions.

On the contrary, we accept the labours of Mr. Brown and Mr. Bergenroth as the earnest of a more extended inquiry into the materials for English history which lie buried in the libraries and archives of the Continent. The Master of the Rolls knows his subject too well not to be aware that, however productive Simancas and Venice may have been, there are several other fields of labour in Europe which promise a harvest even more abundant. Our intercourse with Venice was partial and capricious; our intercourse with Spain may be said to have begun with Henry VII., and ended on the accession of Elizabeth; whereas our whole history is inseparably interwoven with that of France and Rome. Inquiry in these two directions must necessarily lead to the most important results; while the ample resources which the Treasury wisely places at the disposal of Sir John Romilly, and the discretion which he has shown in the administration of these funds, warrant us in presuming that English scholars shall not long be left in ignorance of the treasures which await our researches in the archives and libraries of Paris and the Vatican.

We conclude this first division of our remarks on this series of calendars by furnishing an outline of the period over which the volumes already published extend, so that the reader may be enabled at once to perceive what is already done and what remains to be accomplished. We must treat the subject chronologically. The series commences with the volume contributed by Mr. Rawdon Brown, who has described the Venetian manuscripts from A.D. 1202 to 1509. Mr. Bergenroth's Calendar of the Negotiations between England and Spain, from 1485 to 1509, next follows. "The Letters and Papers, foreign and domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII., arranged and catalogued by J. S. Brewer," begin with 1509 and extend to 1518; of which another volume, as we are informed, will soon appear. The Scottish, Irish, and Colonial series, edited severally by Mr. M. J. Thorpe, Mr. H. C. Hamilton, and Mr. W. N. Sainsbury, cover the period between 1509 and 1616. Mr. Lemon has devoted himself to the Domestic Papers of the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; of which the second volume, very recently published, carries us onwards to 1590. The late Mr. Turnbull catalogued the Foreign Documents of Edward VI. and Queen Mary. His work appeared in 1861 in two volumes; and the series is advancing through the reign of Elizabeth under the editorship of Mr. Stevenson, two volumes of whose Calendar have already been issued. Mrs. Green resumes the Domestic Series at the year 1603, and has already advanced to the death of James I., in 1625. This reign fills four volumes. Mr. Bruce is occupied with the Domestic Papers of Charles I., eight volumes of which bring us

to the year 1635, while a ninth will be required for the papers of 1636. Leaving Charles I. in the hands of Mr. Bruce, Mrs. Green passes on to the Domestic Papers of Charles II., of which she has given us six volumes, extending from 1660 to 1667. In a subsequent paper we shall endeavour to examine these works somewhat in detail, and to show how far and in what especial points they illustrate our national history. In the mean time we can safely recommend them to the notice of such of our readers as are interested in the investigation of historical truth, as containing a mass of documentary information unsurpassed in importance, interest, and authenticity. We may conclude our remarks with the following passage, which we have ventured to borrow from the preface to one of these works : " Referring to the entire series, it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly the value of the documents, of which abstracts are given in these volumes. The information which they supply places the inquirer upon firm ground ; and with them for our guide we feel that from henceforth we may bid adieu to conjecture and speculation. Facts are stated upon the authority of the chief actors, and any impression which we may have received from other sources is here subjected to the criticism of the persons who of all others can best inform us as to the causes, the bearing, and the effects of each successive occurrence. The history of the period is written down in these pages as it appeared at the time to the men who were the best informed and the most deeply concerned about what they were writing, and who at the same time, from their intimate connection with what was passing around them, were too much in earnest to lie to each other. Events are recorded as they occurred day by day ; they come back to us in these pages life-like and real, before they were moulded into that form which they were afterwards made to assume in order to support a theory or to serve a party."

The Ancient Faculty of Paris.

At the corner of the Rue de la Bûcherie and the old Rue des Rats, now known by the more dignified appellation of the Rue de l'Hôtel Colbert, may still be seen, unless the unsparing hand of "modern improvement" has very recently swept it away along with so many other memorials of the past, a dirty dilapidated building topped by a round tower, which you might take for some old pigeon-house. The half-obliterated inscription upon an escutcheon on one of the façades of the edifice indicates, however, some heretofore high and venerable destination,—*Urbi et orbi salus*. If curiosity lead you to penetrate into the interior of this dismal edifice, you find yourself, after mounting a damp staircase, in a great circular hall, divided into four irregular compartments. Above some empty niches hollowed in the thickness of the wall runs a wide cornice, the now-defaced sculptures of which represent alternately the cock—Esculapius's bird and emblem of vigilance—and the pelican nourishing its young, the type of self-sacrifice,—watchfulness and unselfish charity, the two great duties incumbent on the professor of the healing art. You stand, in fact, in the midst of the ancient amphitheatre of the Faculty of Medicine. There studied, and there, in their turn, taught, the great anatomists of the 17th century, Bartholin, Riolan, Pecquet, Littre, Winslow. This building was an old adjunct to a large and handsome hotel belonging to the medical body, containing their chapel, library, laboratory, a vast hall for solemn disputations, with minor saloons for the daily lectures, &c., with the addition of a large court and botanical garden. It was abandoned long before the Revolution, and not a trace of all this corporate glory of the Medical Faculty now remains. The quarter of Paris in which it stood, known formerly as the Latin quarter, long preserved a peculiar stamp and physiognomy. Here were the colleges of St. Michel, of Normandy and Picardy, of Laon, Presles, Beauvais, Cornouailles, and that long succession of churches, convents, colleges, and high toppling houses, filled with a studious youth, which formerly crowded the Rue St. Jacques and the Rue de la Harpe. All these and many other sanctuaries of religion and of science, so intimately connected in the Middle Ages, clustered around the Faculty. Here, in fact, was the centre of the University of Paris, whose origin is lost in the obscurity investing the early medieval period. The methodical classification under the head of

Faculties of the different studies pursued at that celebrated institution dates, however, from the close of the 12th century. These faculties formed independent companies, attached to their common mother the University, like branches to the parent stem.

Disregarding all apocryphal pretensions to antiquity, we cannot assign an earlier date for the formation of the medical body into an independent corporation than the year 1267. About that time we find the Faculty in possession of its statutes, keeping registers, and affixing to documents its massive silver seal. The term Faculty of *Medicine*, it must be observed, is modern. The title *Physicorum Facultas*, or *Facultas in Physica*, was long preserved. Whatever we may think of the empirical practice and dogmatic character of the medical art in those times, we cannot but see in this an indication that natural science was even then the recognised basis of medicine. We have here, if not a principle clearly understood and habitually followed, at least an intuition and a kind of programme of the future. A memorial of the old designation survives in our own country in the title of physician, while in the land where it originated it has been discontinued.

Born in the cloister, medicine long retained an ecclesiastical character. Most of the doctors in early times were canons; and those who were neither priests nor even clerks were still bound to celibacy; a regulation which remained in force long after councils had decreed the incompatibility of the exercise of the medical profession with the ecclesiastical state.

The general assemblies of the Faculty were held sometimes round the font of Notre Dame, sometimes at St. Geneviève des Ardents, sometimes at the Priory of St. Eloi; while for the ordinary purposes of instruction it shared fraternally with the Faculty of Theology the alternate use of some common room with a shake-down of straw in the Quartier St. Jacques. But by and by riches began to pour in, chiefly through the means of the legacies of members of the medical corps or other well-wishers; and, thanks to the liberality of Jacques Desparts, physician to Charles VII., the corporation of doctors was finally installed in the abode we have just described. To the general worth and respectability of the body in the 15th century, we have the testimony of Cardinal d'Estoutteville, who in 1452 was deputed by the Pope to reorganise the University of Paris, and who found less to reform in the Faculty of Medicine than in any other department. Indeed, no change of much importance was introduced, with the exception of the revocation of the law of celibacy, which the Cardinal pronounced to be both "impious and unreasonable."

Independence of spirit and great reverence for its own traditions

were characteristic of the medical body from its earliest beginnings. It loved to describe itself as *veteris disciplinæ retentissima*. In those days men gloried in their respect for antiquity. In common with all the different bodies which composed the University of Paris, the medical corporation possessed great privileges,—exemption from all taxation direct or indirect, from all public burdens, from all onerous services or obligations. When we sum up all the advantages enjoyed by this and other favoured bodies and classes in the Middle Ages, the reflection naturally suggests itself—what must have been the condition of the poor, who possessed no privileges and bore all the financial burdens? In the days, however, when standing armies in the pay of government had no existence, when the king himself was a rich proprietor with large personal domains, when national debt and its interest were things unheard of, the ordinary imposts, as distinguished from all arbitrary and accidental exactions, were, of course, very much lighter than those of modern times. Liberty in those days assumed the form of privilege; and its spirit was nursed and kept alive within the bosom of these self-ruling corporations, and in none more remarkably than in that of medicine. The *esprit de corps* naturally existed with peculiar strength in a body not merely organised for purposes of instruction, but exercising a liberal profession, of which it had the monopoly.* Hence a minute internal legislation imposed upon all its members, and willingly accepted in view of the interests of the body. Its *alumni* were aspirants to a life-long membership; whereas with us the medical man's dependence upon the Faculty virtually ceases the day he takes his doctor's degree. He has nothing more to ask or to receive from it; his affair is now with the public; and the sense of brotherhood with his colleagues in the profession is lost, it is to be feared, not unfrequently in a feeling of rivalry. But it was otherwise in the olden time. The day which now sends forth the full-fledged doctor to his independent career drew the tie closer which bound him to his order, in which then only he began to take his solemn place. The honour and the interest of each member thus became common property, and unworthy conduct was punished by summary exclusion from the body.

Unfortunately this *esprit de corps* had its bad as well as its good results. It produced a certain narrowness of mind, a love of routine, and no slight attachment to professional jargon. It was not that

* It is probably this peculiarity which caused the medical to be considered as preëminently *the* faculty. Its practice brought it into intimate contact with the world at large; and this has also doubtless led to the exclusive retention, in this instance, of a designation common in its origin to other departments of learning.

the Faculty was actually the enemy of all progress, but progress must come from itself. As no association of men, however, can enjoy a monopoly of genius, useful and brilliant discoveries emanating from other quarters had to encounter the hostility of the chartered body. This spirit was exemplified in its animosity towards surgery, long a separate profession; in its prejudice against the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, because an English discovery; against antimony, because it originated with the rival Montpellier school; against quinine, because it came from America. To these subjects we may hereafter recur; in the mean time we note them as instances of medical bigotry, which exposed the profession to just ridicule, but which has drawn down upon it censure and disesteem of perhaps a somewhat too sweeping character. It would be unfair to judge the ancient Faculty solely from its exhibitions of foolish pedantry and blind prejudice; and it is our object on the present occasion to give a slight sketch of its constitution and internal government, such as may enable the reader to form a juster and more impartial view both of its faults and of its substantial merits. Indeed, without some solid titles to general esteem, it would seem improbable that the Faculty should have attained to the high position which we find it occupying in the 17th century.

One accidental cause, no doubt, of the importance of the doctors during the whole period which we are considering was their small relative number. From a computation made by a modern member of the medical profession in France,* to whom we are indebted for our facts, the average number of doctors in the capital from the year 1640 to the year 1670 did not exceed 110. Compared with the population of Paris, which is reckoned at 540,000 souls, this gives one doctor for every 4900 of the inhabitants. The medical corps is now 1800 strong, while the population has risen only to 1,740,000. Great as is this increase of population, greater, we see, proportionally, has been that of the medical practitioners, who are at present as 1 to 940. If sickness was as prevalent in the 17th century as it is now, and recourse to physic and physicking as frequent, we can imagine that the Faculty must have necessarily occupied a distinguished position. Many offices now undertaken by public institutions or by government devolved also at that time on the Faculty, which to the best of its ability supplied the want of sanitary regulations, and exercised a kind of medical police, including the supervision of articles of diet. All this must have helped to

* Maurice Raynaud, Docteur en Médecine, Docteur ès Lettres. *Les Médecins au temps de Molière,—Mœurs, Institutions, Doctrines.* Paris, 1862. Didier.

swell their importance. A large proportion of the doctors received during this selected period of thirty years were Parisians; and nothing is more common than the perpetuity of the profession in certain families. This circumstance must have combined with the corporate reverence for their traditions to intensify their attachment to a received system, and to strengthen that spirit of union which is a source of power. The respect which the lower bench paid to the upper, and the young to the ancient—and by ‘young’ we mean young in their degree, not in years—must have contributed towards the same result. It required ten years of doctorate to qualify a man to take his place amongst this venerable class; and the statutes are prolix on the subject of the respect due to the ancients from their juniors on the bench; a respect which was to be marked by every external act of deference.

But the first and great tie which bound all the members together was religion. To profess the Catholic faith was long an essential condition of admission to the examinations. The Faculty gave an energetic proof in 1637 of the importance it attached to this fundamental rule, when it withstood the pressing solicitations of the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, in favour of a certain Brunier, the son of his own physician and a Protestant, although the prince condescended to address a flattering letter to the Dean of the Faculty, signing himself “Votre bon ami, Gaston,” and although his request was backed by a royal injunction. The sovereign must needs bow to the authority of the statutes, respectfully but firmly urged in contravention of his regal pleasure. Yet this would seem to have been a closing effort, for in 1648 we find four Protestant doctors on the lists. Every year there was a solemn Mass on St. Luke's day, at which all the members were bound to be present, and which even at the commencement of the 17th century was still sung by the doctors of the Faculty. After Mass the statutes were publicly read. There was a like obligation, with a penalty for its neglect, to attend an annual Mass for deceased doctors, and another for benefactors, as also to accompany the bodies of their brethren to the grave.

The head of the corporation was the Dean. His powers were extensive, and the honour paid to him unbounded. He was the “guardian of the discipline and statutes” of the Faculty, *vindex disciplinæ et custos legum*; he was at once its foremost champion and its highest dignitary. He was also its historian, entering in its great registers all facts interesting to the corporation which occurred during the course of his administration. The account of each diaconate is headed thus:



"In Nomine Omnipotentis Dei, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Incipit commentarius rerum in decanatu * * * gestarum."

Amongst other topics judged worthy of registration is a necrologic notice of members deceased during the period. Take as a specimen, which marks at the same time the high estimation in which the diaconate was held, the account given of Merlet's death in 1663. He was the "ancient of the company," and had been remarkable for the zeal he exercised in its behalf. The then Dean, the illustrious Antoine Morand, pays the venerable doctor a visit just before he expires; and the dying man breaks out in a kind of *Nunc dimittis*—"Now I can die contented, since it has been given me to behold once more the Dean of the Faculty." Valot, the king's physician, who had come to see the patient, expresses in language of much reverence his hope that Merlet may still live to illustrate the supreme dignity in which he stands amongst them. The "patriarch" with his last breath energetically refuses such excessive honours. He confesses that he holds a high rank as ancient of the school, but not the highest. "To the Dean alone," he says, "belongs supreme honour." "Sublime words," observes Morand in his funeral notice: "veritable song of the dying swan, proceeding from a man truly wise and endowed with all perfection! May he rest in the peace of the Lord!" Of course, it is a Dean who is speaking. The charge was indeed a weighty one, both externally and internally; for in spite of general respect, the medical corporation, like most privileged bodies, had active enemies. Every two years a fresh election took place on the first Saturday after All Saints'. The Dean deposed the insignia of his dignity and gave a report of the state of affairs to the assembled doctors, who, as usual on all solemn occasions, had previously attended Mass. All their names were then placed in two urns; one containing those of the ancients, the other those of the juniors. The Dean shook the urns, and drawing three names from the first and two from the second, proclaimed them aloud. The five doctors thus chosen by lot as electors, and, as such, themselves ineligible, swore to nominate the worthiest, and retired to the chapel to implore the Divine aid. They then elected by a majority of their number three doctors, two ancients and one junior. Amidst solemn silence, the Dean once more drew the lot, and the name which came forth was proclaimed Dean for the next two years. The professors, who for long years were but two in number, were also chosen biennially, and by a similar combination of lot and election. Some good must have arisen from the liability under which every practitioner of the medical art lay of being called on to teach it. Another not unwise regulation was that which, reversing

the order observed in the case of the Dean, placed in the professional urn two junior names against one ancient. Long practice of teaching is apt to wear out the powers of the most able. Considering the times, the elements of instruction were abundantly supplied. The bachelors were not permitted to do more than comment upon and expound the ancients, and their programme was furnished to them. The professors took the higher and more original branches; they alone could dogmatise from the great pulpit of the amphitheatre (*ex superiore cathedrâ*). The teaching embraced, according to the quaint phraseology of the day, 1. natural things, viz. anatomy and physiology; 2. non-natural things—hygiène and dietetics; 3. things contrary to nature—pathology and therapeutics. In the year 1634 a course of lectures on surgery, delivered in Latin, and exclusively for the medical students, was added—a practical course of surgery in French already existed for the barber-apprentices; and the Faculty began to perceive that if they would keep their supremacy over the barber-surgeons, it would be as well to know as much as their disciples.

The oath taken by the professors is remarkable, specially the exordium: "We swear and solemnly promise to give our lessons in long gowns with wide sleeves, having the square cap on our heads and the scarlet scarf on our shoulders." This we see was their first duty. Their second engagement was to give their lessons uninterruptedly, and never by deputy, save in case of urgent necessity; each lecture to last an hour at the least, and to be delivered daily, except in vacation time, which extended from the Vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul, the 28th of June, to that of the Exaltation of the Cross, the 13th of September, and on festival days, which were pretty numerous, including also certain other solemnities, as well as the vigils of the greater feasts, when the schools were closed, *causa confessionis*, as the statutes have it.

Practical instruction was much more meagre than the oral, but this is hardly to be imputed as a fault. Anatomy cannot be learned except by dissection, and no bodies but those of criminals were procurable. The Faculty had to look to crime to help on its progress in this study. When an execution took place, the Dean received formal notice, and convoked the doctors and students on the occasion "to make an anatomy," as it was called. When the Faculty was at peace with the surgeons, the latter were favoured with an invitation. By a strange prejudice, theory and practice, as we have noticed, were kept distinct. The learned professor would have demeaned himself by becoming an operator, while the acting surgeon was condemned to be a mere intelligent machine, and was formally interdicted from being initiated in the higher mysteries of the profession. It was

a barber who generally filled this inferior office, and he not unfrequently would display more knowledge than his masters; for which offence he was sure to be severely reprimanded. "*Doctor non sinat dissectorem divagari, sed contineat in officio dissecandi*,"—"Let not the doctor suffer the dissector to stray beyond his province, but keep him to his duty of dissecting." This is one of the rules laid down in the statutes. He was to work on and hold his tongue. But not only was the barber condemned to silence,—a hard sentence, some will say, on one of his loquacious profession,—but he was to receive no pay. For remuneration he was to look to his brethren of the razor. There were more facilities for the study of botany than for any other practical branch of the medical science. Besides the garden in the Rue de la Bûcherie, the doctors had afterwards the use of the Jardin Royal founded by Richelieu; and these advantages do not seem to have been by any means neglected. Clinical instruction was peculiarly defective. Absorbed by erudition, philosophy, and the interminable disquisitions of the schools, our medical forefathers seem to have forgotten that experimental knowledge can be obtained only by the bedside of the sick. Most of the students had never seen a single patient before they reached the honours of the Baccalaureat. After this they attached themselves to some doctor, whom they followed on his rounds, in order to learn the application of what they had theoretically mastered, and were by him introduced to his clients, much as was the practice in the days of ancient Rome. The poor sufferer's room was thus not unfrequently turned into a pedantic lecture-hall. We instinctively recall to mind Molière's two Diafoiruses, father and son, stationing themselves each on one side of the unhappy patient, and discoursing in pompous medical phraseology of the character of his pulse and of the humours of his body.* The practical and, as such, the most important department of medical science received, it must be confessed, the least attention. All the prizes, whether of honour or emolument, which the future held out, tended to concentrate zeal and emulation on dialectics. It seemed as if the medical art were designed for the benefit of the doctors rather than the doctored, and that it was of more importance to be able to descant learnedly upon a malady than to cure it. To figure advantageously at one of those solemn public sittings of the medical body, which were often graced with the presence of members of the high aristocracy and of the magisterial body; to be able to deliver a brilliant harangue, and confound an opponent by a well-timed and

* "*Duriuscule, repoussant, et même un peu capricant*." "*L'intempérie de son parenchyme splénique et l'état de ses méats cholédoques*."

well-chosen quotation—such was the highest ambition of the student. To preside with distinction over the discussion of a thesis—such was the battle-field on which the doctor hoped to win his laurels. If he acquitted himself with applause, he had gained a victory which raised him higher in his own esteem, and in that of the world at large, than the most successful practice of his profession could possibly do. The first two articles of the statutes contain this spirit in a condensed form, and may be regarded as the abridged decalogue of the Faculty, summing up their duty towards God and towards man: 1. the divine offices shall be celebrated with the customary forms, and in the usual places, at the same hours and on the same days as heretofore; 2. the medical students shall frequently attend public disputations and dissertations.

The process through which the student had to pass in order to make his way to his degree of licentiate was a trying ordeal. The examination for the bachelor's degree, after a few previous solemnities, including the usual attention first to religion, next to dress and formal state, lasted a week, during which the candidate might be questioned not only by the regular examiners on the usual round of the natural, the non-natural, and the unnatural, but by any doctor present, each having the right to propose a certain number of questions. In conclusion, the aspirant had to comment on some aphorism of Hippocrates. When the examiners gave in their report, votes were taken, and a favourable majority secured to the aspirant his degree. The new bachelors swore to keep the honourable secrets, and observe all the practices, customs, and statutes of the Faculty; to pay homage to the dean and to all the masters; to aid the Faculty against all opponents and all illicit practitioners, and to submit to the punishments which it might inflict; to assist in gown at all the Masses ordered by the Faculty, coming in at least before the epistle, and remaining till the end; and, finally, to assist at all the academic exercises and disputations of the schools during two years, where they were to maintain some theses on medicine or hygiene, observing good order and decorum in conducting their argument.

Their great ordeal was now to come. One is amazed to read of the succession of tilts they had to run in the intellectual tourney of these two probationary years; how from St. Martin to the Carnival they had to maintain, always in full dress and before a large assembly, their *quodlibetary** theses of physiology or medicine; how from Ash-Wednesday to vacation time it was the turn of the Cardinal theses, so called from their institution by Cardinal

* So called because selected at pleasure.



d'Estoutteville. These chiefly related to hygienic questions. It is from amongst these latter that most of those puerile and absurd queries have been extracted, which have drawn down so much ridicule on the Faculty. It is scarcely possible to imagine that such questions as the following can have been intended for serious discussion: Are heroes the children of heroes? Are they bilious? Is it good to get drunk once a month? Is woman an imperfect work of nature? Is sneezing a natural act?—It is only fair, however, to remember that by far the greater number of the subjects proposed were of a very different character, and such as might profitably be considered at the present day. But if the frequent occurrence of these intellectual jousts was trying to the combatant, their interminable length was perfectly appalling. From six o'clock to eight he had to stand a preliminary skirmish with the bachelors. For the next three hours he had to encounter nine doctors, who successively entered the lists, each bringing his fresh vigour to bear on the exhausted candidate. The sitting ended with a general assault, in which all present had liberty to take a share and overwhelm the poor bachelor with a very hail-storm of interrogatories, to which he had to reply single-handed. During the Cardinal theses, the debate was still hotter and more prolonged. From five in the morning till midday, the candidate was plied with questions by the bachelors, all ready to pounce upon him at the slightest flaw in his argument or the merest slip of his tongue. As a climax of cruelty, during the *quodlibetary* examinations he was bound to furnish his persecutors with refreshment in an adjoining apartment, of which he alone was forbidden to partake. The sound of the great clock striking twelve must have been a joyful reprieve to the athlete in the ring; the wonder is that any constitution could stand the probationary two years during which this process was energetically kept up.

At the close of this period the candidates were subjected to private examination before the doctors, in order to ascertain their practical capacity and personal qualifications for exercising the medical art. Great strictness prevailed on all points which nearly concerned the honour and interests of the Faculty; and if the candidate had ever practised any manual art, *including surgery*, he was bound on oath to renounce it for the future. Then followed a separate private examination by each individual doctor as to a thousand personal details affecting the competence of the applicant. A secret scrutiny then decided on the admissibility, not as yet the admission, of the candidates to the honours and privileges of actual members of the Faculty. The spirit of the old days was preserved even in the 17th century, and the licentiates had to receive ecclesiastical sanction and

a quasi-ordination. They proceeded accordingly in procession to the house of the chancellor of the academy, to whom they were presented by the dean, who, on their request, fixed a day for their reception. This form was one of the most cherished traditions of the University. Gallican as was the spirit of that body, it gloried in tracing its privileges and constitution to the Holy See; a cheap homage, which entailed no inconvenience, and of which at times it knew how to avail itself in its contests with the King and the Parliament. The chancellor, who was a canon of the metropolitan see of Paris, had long enjoyed sovereign jurisdiction over the schools; and although in the 17th century his power was purely nominal, no one disputed his right upon this occasion to represent the Sovereign Pontiff, the Supreme Teacher of the Catholic world. Other curious ceremonies attended the solemn admittal to the licentiate. All the high functionaries of state, and other important personages, were invited to attend the schools on an appointed day, in order to learn from the paranymph the names and titles of the medical practitioners whom the Faculty were about to present to the city—nay, to the whole world: "*Quos, quales, et quot medicos urbi, atque adeo universo orbi, medicorum collegium isto biennio sit suppeditaturum.*" The paranymph, as is well known, was, among the Greeks, the friend of the bridegroom, who accompanied him in his chariot when he went to fetch home the bride. Now it was held that the new licentiate was about to espouse the Faculty, much as the Doge of Venice married the Sea. The friend of the spouse, the paranymph, was, in fact, the dean, who presented the young spouses to the chancellor with a commendatory address. That dignitary invited the assembly to repair on a fixed day to the great archiepiscopal hall, which upon this occasion was thrown open to all the notabilities of the capital, who attended to add honour to the solemnity. Then the list of the candidates was read out in their order of merit, as previously decided after a strict inquiry by the doctors. They immediately fell on their knees, bareheaded, in an attitude of deep recollection, to receive the Apostolic benediction given by the chancellor in these terms: "*Auctoritate Sanctæ Sedis Apostolicæ, quâ fungor in hac parte, do tibi licentium legendi, interpretandi, et faciendi medicinam hic et ubique terrarum, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.*" A question was then proposed by this dignitary to the licentiate first in the order of merit, who was bound to give proof of his competency by solving it on the spot. As the chancellor was not a doctor, and as the assembly was miscellaneous, this query was usually religious or literary, and, to judge from the recorded questions, rather curious and subtle than profitable. The whole assembly forthwith repaired

in a body to the cathedral to thank our Blessed Lady for the happy conclusion of a work begun under her auspices. With his hand stretched over the altar of the martyrs, the chancellor murmured a short prayer, the purport of which was calculated to remind the newly-elected that, belonging henceforth as they did specially to the Church, they ought to be prepared to sacrifice themselves in all things, even to their very life: *usque ad effusionem sanguinis*. It depended entirely upon the licentiates themselves whether or no they were ultimately decorated with the doctor's cap, which conferred the full privileges at once of the medical corporation and of the university to which it belonged; and although a few, from modesty or other causes, declined to aim at this honour, with by far the greater number it was the consequence and complement of the licentiate. The degree of licentiate introduced the recipient to the public; that of doctor admitted him into the very sanctuary of the faculty. Accordingly it was conferred, not less ceremoniously, but more privately. It was, so to say, a family affair. Although, as we have said, there was no further examination respecting medical competency, another minute inquiry was made into the life and morals of the applicant, which was followed, if the scrutiny proved satisfactory, by a preparatory act called the *Vesperie*, because it took place in the afternoon. At this sitting, the president addressed the candidate in a solemn discourse, intended to impress him with a high sense of the dignity of the healing art, and of the maxims of honour and probity which ought to guide its professors. The ordeal of questions was not altogether closed; for we find the president proposing a query, and entering into a discussion with the candidate, who had thus still something to undergo before he passed on from the class of the questioners to the more enviable rank of the questioners.

Upon the great day, the doctor *in posse*, preceded by the mace-bearers and bachelors, with the president on his left, and followed by the doctors *in esse* selected to argue with him, proceeded to the hall of the great school. The grand apparitor then addressed him thus: "Sir candidate for the doctorate, before you are initiated, you have to take three oaths,"—"Domine doctorande, antequam incipias, habes tria juramenta." The three oaths were: 1. to observe the rights, statutes, laws, and venerable customs of the faculty; 2. to assist the day following the Feast of St. Luke at the Mass for deceased doctors; 3. to combat with all his strength against the illicit practitioners of medicine, whatever might be their rank or their condition in life. "Will you swear to observe these things?"—"Vis ista jurare?"—asked the grand apparitor; and the candidate replied with that memorable *Juro* ("I swear") which was Molière's last

word.* The president, after a brief address, turned towards him with the doctoral square cap in his hand, and making with it the sign of the cross in the air, placed it on the head of the candidate, to which he then administered a slight blow with two of his fingers, and forthwith bestowed upon him the *accolade*. The recipient was now duly dubbed Doctor. He made immediate use of his new powers, by asking a question of one of the doctors present. The president had then a tilt with the doctor who had presided at the *Vesperie*, and the sitting was closed by the new doctor's delivering a discourse of thanksgiving to God, to the Faculty, and to his friends and relations present. The statutes enjoin that this speech should be *elegant*. We may conceive that the notion of elegance entertained by the Faculty differed considerably from that which the word suggests to our minds. On the St. Martin's day following, the recently-chosen doctor did the honours of his new grade by presiding over a *quodlibetary* thesis. This was a sort of bye-day, being out of course. It was called the "acte pastillaire," in allusion probably to the sugary wafers presented to the dean stamped with his likeness, or to the *bonbons*, of which there was a general distribution on the occasion. The next day the new doctor was entered on the registers, and took his place on the junior bench for ten years.

Every one must be struck with the close resemblance which the famous ceremony in Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* bears to those scholastic solemnities. Who, indeed, would now remember these antiquated customs of an age from which we are drifting more rapidly in habits of thought and in manners than even the stream of time is carrying us, if the comic dramatist had not conferred upon them the immortality of ridicule? Yet it may well be questioned, if it were not for Molière's ludicrous picture, from which we have formed our notions and judgment of the old Faculty, whether, did we now for the first time discover in some old forgotten document the record of these proceedings, our impression might not be widely different; whether we might not see as much in them to command our respect as to provoke us to laughter. Old-fashioned ways—that is, ways which no longer reflect the ideas and feelings of the day—always lend themselves specially to ridicule. In Molière's time society was

* The great comic dramatist played the part of Argan on the first representation of his play of the *Malade Imaginaire*, now always performed on the anniversary of his death. He had probably long had within him the seeds of a mortal complaint; and, after pronouncing the word *Juro* in his character of Bachelor of Medicine taking his degree, which is the subject of the famous ceremonial ballet succeeding the comedy, he was seized with a suffocating attack, and left the playhouse only to expire shortly afterwards.

beginning to divest itself of its medieval garb, and men's minds were being formed, not always to their advantage, on a new type. The old type, however, was so strongly impressed on the medical corporation,—in which the traditionary spirit was peculiarly powerful,—that the garb, which, as we know, follows rather than precedes a change, still sat naturally on the venerable body of doctors. So entirely was this the case, that where, as individuals, they were more or less under the influence of the spirit of the day, in their professional capacity they had as it were a second self clinging tenaciously in all that concerned the Faculty to ancient ideas and forms. Of this combination the well-known Guy Patin, to whom we may hereafter have occasion to allude, was a curious example. It is difficult to look upon men performing acts, to them most serious, however absurd in our eyes, as purely ridiculous. Assuredly they have their respectable side. Neither is it easy to believe that all these good doctors, indefatigable as we have seen them, and enthusiastically devoted as they were to their calling, were all such pedantic idiots as Molière has painted them. It is a well-known fact that the inimitable piece of buffoonery to which we have alluded was concocted in the salon of Madame de la Sablière, a noted rendezvous of the “*beaux esprits*” of the day. Molière furnished the canvas and laid-in the colours of the first painting; but his witty friends had each some lively touch to contribute. It is probable that two or three of the medical profession—men who were more or less sceptical as to the perfection of every saying and doing of the Faculty, and with whom Molière is known to have lived in habits of intimacy—were present at these meetings, and supplied many of the technical expressions. It does not follow that these physicians were actuated by any spite against their order, any more than Cervantes hated chivalry, to which, while quizzing its eccentricities and exaggerations, he unwittingly gave a fatal blow.

One remark forcibly suggests itself, when we consider the hyperbolical praise which the medical body so liberally administered to itself, and with which Molière has made us familiar in passages of his comedies which can scarcely be considered as caricatures. We are apt severely to censure as grossly servile and almost idolatrous the flattery with which the men of letters and courtiers of Louis XIV.'s reign dosed the monarch. But some abatement must be made of this harsh judgment when we find the reception of an obscure bachelor to his degree made the occasion of a prodigal expenditure of the most exaggerated metaphors. He is a new star, a pharos destined to shed its light on the latest posterity; he is the compendium of all virtue, talent, and glory; he equals, if he does

not surpass, all the heroes of antiquity. And if such were the eulogies bestowed on a successful candidate for the honours of the Faculty, what was the laudation reserved for the Faculty itself, the source of all this splendour? Hyperbole went mad. We find, for instance, an orator taking as his text, "The physician is like to God." He sets forth this resemblance in the attributes of power, beneficence, mercy: physicians are the ministers and the "colleagues" of God. But this is not enough. The orator kindles as he proceeds: all comes from God; ergo evil as well as good. "But from you, medical gentlemen," he exclaims, "comes nothing but good. Doubtless God is just in afflicting us, and has His reasons. But still evil is evil, and medicine is always salutary." (Rather a bold assertion!) The conclusion is, that we should owe more to the physician than to God, seeing that while the Lord wounds, the physician heals, did we not after all owe to Him the physician himself.

One last trait to complete this sketch of the old customs of the Faculty. Molière has hinted at it in the closing line of the exordium of his comic president:

"Salus, honos, et argentum,
Atque bonum appetitum."

The culinary and gastronomic side of the medical physiognomy is not the least curious. Brillat Savarin, who has made a classified catalogue of gourmands, places physicians under the head of gourmands by virtue of their profession. It is, he says, in the nature of things. Every thing contributes to make them gluttons. The hopes and the gratitude of patients combine to pamper them. They are crammed like pigeons, and at the end of six months have become irretrievable gourmands. There seem to be reasonable grounds for this accusation. In what may be called the heroic age of the Faculty—the palmy days of medical ceremonial, which had already begun to decline in Molière's time, although the ancient forms were in the main preserved—corporation-repasts were frequent. After every examination the doctors dined; after every thesis they dined—on this latter occasion at the expense of the successful candidate. On St. Luke's day they dined; and again when the accounts were given in, and when a dean was elected. When a chair of botany was erected, a "botanic banquet" ensued as a matter of course. But it would be too tedious to enumerate all these feastings, since almost every thing furnished the pretext for an entertainment. At one time, the Faculty even officially appointed two of their number to taste the wines before their repasts. Under the pretence of hygienic considerations, questions appertaining to what may be styled transcendental cookery

were of frequent occurrence; and it was gravely debated whether salad ought to be eaten at the first course, and potatoes at the second; whether it were good to eat nuts after fish, cheese after meat, &c.

We will conclude with some reflections of a more pleasing character as to the spirit which animated the old Faculty. Some of its statutes are memorials of the virtuous principles which, in spite of all absurdities of form, were held in honour by their body. For instance, the doctors were enjoined to cultivate friendship with one another. They were never to visit a patient without an express invitation. The juniors were always to rise before the ancients, and the ancients were to protect the juniors, and treat them with kindness. The secrets of the sick were sacred; and no one was to reveal what he had seen, heard, or so much as suspected in a patient's house. Gravity, mildness, and decorum were to reign in their assemblies, where each was to speak in his proper order and without interrupting others. Disorderly behaviour, recriminations, and abusive language are to be banished for ever from the Faculty. These regulations are admirable; and at any rate bear witness to the sound views of the body of whose collective wisdom they were the expression. Indeed the great strength of the Faculty resided in its attachment to its salutary moral laws. Mere formalism would never have possessed such vitality and endurance. When we penetrate into the life of this old society, we meet with a tone of genuine uprightness, manliness, and candour quite refreshing to the mind. We may add that most of the great liberal professions—the bar, the magistracy, and the educational bodies of the seventeenth century—make the same favourable impression upon us. They exhibit the *bourgeoisie* of the day in a respectable light, as manifesting in no ordinary degree the qualities of probity, disinterestedness, and the family spirit, with all the sober virtues and homely charities which appertain to it.

We naturally know less of the life of the students; but it was probably moulded upon that of their elders and superiors. Even Molière's pompous Thomas Diafoirus, with whose rejection by Angélique for the handsome, rich, and agreeable Cléante, the reader of course heartily sympathises, is by no means a contemptible personage; and when divested of his priggish solemnity, and of all those ludicrous accidental qualities which go to make up the caricature, it cannot be denied that he is a well-principled, sober, and industrious youth. It is therefore no unreasonable conclusion to draw, that such was the general character of the body of aspirants to the honours of the venerable doctorate.

Literary Notices.

MR. TROLLOPE'S LAST NOVEL.*

To a certain class of persons the serial novel is one of the most important of all possible sources of interest. The first few days of each month, which bring in their crop of magazines and serials, almost equal to them, as causes of excitement, the arrival of the Indian or American mails in time of war in the East or West. The mails bring a fresh budget of news, and carry on the history of events, persons, or speculations, in which most people are more or less interested for a week, a fortnight, or a month; and in times of extraordinary excitement there are movements of contending armies, election or parliamentary battles, and the like, to be communicated: at other times there are births, deaths, the fluctuations of the market, and other more ordinary incidents. To the people of whom we speak, the gradual progress of the various serial novels supplies the material for thought, conjecture, suspense, and anxiety which more prosaic mortals find in foreign politics or the vicissitudes of commerce. A few skilful and ingenious magicians work upon their feelings and sympathies with as much intensity as if the fortunes of the American republic or the integrity of the Danish monarchy hung suspended in the balance. There are always a certain number of grave questions to occupy the mind, and prevent us from forgetting that we are men. Domestic politics may be tranquil, and the current of family life may run on with the happiest monotony: but there is Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Trollope, and Mr. Wilkie Collins, and a number more; and it gets at last to be three weeks or so since we heard any thing about our Mutual Friend or Lily Dale; and then there is the great Armadale question, and what is to become of Cynthia and Molly Gibson; and in a few days more we shall have news. First, like an epigrammatic and scarcely intelligible telegram, the titles of the new chapters flash upon us in the weekly journals a few days before the end of the month. Something may be got from them; not much, if the author is skilful—enough to excite curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. Then, the much-expected parcel arrives, and the new magazines lie on the table. The first reader is looked upon with the same amount of jealous indignation, if he or she lingers over the subject of common anxiety, as might be vented on the happy occupant of the single *Times* in a coffee-room on the day of the arrival of the news of some important national victory. He is compelled to epitomise the news in a few short sentences before he can be allowed to master the contents of the number in his hand. When he has announced that there is no murder after all, and that things seem to be looking rather

* *Can you forgive her?* By Anthony Trollope. London, 1865.

better for the heroine, though, on the other hand, there is a mysterious cloud gathering in the last chapter, which may break a month or two hence, he may proceed to digest the said chapter and those that precede it in peace.

It would be idle to attempt to reason as to the advantages or the mischief of this class of literature, for it certainly has a hold on the public interest of which no reasoning will deprive it. It requires certain good qualities in the writer, if he is to be successful, and at the same time gives a chance of success to authors who would otherwise be slighted. At first sight, it would seem as if it appealed to the interest felt in the gradual evolution of a well-contrived and intricate plot, rather than to the attractions of brilliant writing and lively description. There can be no very great reason why we should take in a story, of which the merit was chiefly of the latter class, in small monthly instalments. On the other hand, where the writer is 'strong in plot,' it might appear that it was an advantage to him to be allowed to unfold his machinery slowly during a year and a half or twenty months. And yet the majority of serial novels are more faulty in their plots than in their characters, and some of them have almost arrived at the extreme of having no plot at all. The characters walk about and around one another like a set of dancers who are not well acquainted with the figure. The interest is in them, in their clever sayings and natural conduct; and some of them make up into pairs at the end, as it were, for the honour of the thing. The story is written as well as read from month to month; and the author may perhaps change his plan half-way through, or begin without any definite plan to change or to keep to. Even in more artistic specimens of fiction of this class, the writer cannot always refrain from provoking the appetite of his readers by some unexplained sensationalism at the end of a chapter, which turns out a month after to have had no importance at all, and which strikes those who read the work as a whole as a needless excrescence. Thus all the circumstances under which these novels are ordinarily written tend to render their authors careless or slovenly about the story itself. On the other hand, as they are produced in dribblets, it is necessary to provide a certain amount of attractiveness in each detached portion, and we thus arrive at the necessity for brilliant and smart writing, and those happy creations of character which secure the attention of the reader in whatever scenes they may be placed.

Mr. Trollope is confessedly one of the very greatest masters in this kind of fiction. He has invented a certain number of characters of whom every body talks; and though his allusions and descriptions are sometimes positively personal, he must be allowed, as a general rule, not to have overstepped the rights of an author who professes to paint classes and not individuals. People read his books, not for the pleasure of hearing about the celebrities who may be supposed to lurk behind the names of Lord Brock, the Duke of Omnium, Mrs. Proudie, and others, but because they think that Mr. Trollope hits off the salient points of certain kinds of people who exist in the London world with

cleverness and fidelity, and without malice. When he brings in one of his favourite characters from a former work, we do not object, because we expect as much amusement as we should at meeting a real character whom we know to be good company. Of course, such a writer must excel in dialogue; and, indeed, it is his principal resource. He does not often, therefore, fall into the indolent mistake of less accomplished authors, and tell us all the excellences of his characters, instead of letting us find them out for ourselves. With all his fecundity, Mr. Trollope is a very industrious writer. The public have become more exacting of their favourites than was the case formerly; they will not excuse a slovenly sketch when greater pains might have produced an accurate portrait. Mr. Trollope—to speak of him alone—has described a good many out-of-the-way parts of the country with very great and loving faithfulness: if we find in his pages a description of some place of which we know nothing, we are ready to trust him at once. Every one knows how painstaking in this respect was the late Mr. Thackeray. Mr. Trollope's country scenery is admirably painted; and although he is quite at home in Rotten Row and Pall Mall, he seems to love the country with a truly English devotion. His works are really valuable as descriptions of country life. He must be, we suppose, an ardent sportsman, for he has given us in the work before us an excellent fox-hunt. He seems to be equally well acquainted with the "clerical world," and it is in descriptions of clergymen of various grades that his greatest triumphs have been won. Archdeacon Grantley is enough to immortalise him. Mr. Slope, Mr. Arabin, and his favourite Mr. Harding, are admirably drawn; and we suppose that Mrs. Proudie must be reckoned among the clergy also. The legal world, the world of clerks and government officials, have all been carefully sketched. He has expressed his sense of the greatness of the unattainable honours of Parliament; but his account of the debate in which George Vavasor is present looks as if he had studied the House of Commons from inside. All the world acknowledges the fidelity with which he has sketched the great political parties under the names of the Gods and the Giants, and invaded even Printing-House Square, to drag to light Tom Towers, the editor of the *Jupiter*. In the volume before us, though there may be no public man exactly answering to Mr. Palliser, and though the living Mr. Finespun is not likely to make a vacancy in the office which he has so long filled, he has imagined political characters, combinations, and changes which might meet us any day. From all this it might be supposed that Mr. Trollope is a particularly masculine writer; and yet he is supposed to possess an unexampled knowledge of the great regions of girlhood and of the female race in general. He certainly is very fond of writing about young ladies; and we must suppose that he finds his account in what is, to our mind, the nearest approach to a downright fault of taste in his writings—the literalness and particularity with which he hangs over the whole range of little tendernesses and endearments which are not usually thought worth talking about, much less writing. Barring this piece of effeminacy,

and an occasional, though very rare, solecism of language—as when he uses “to predicate” in the sense of “to predict”—Mr. Trollope has but few faults to counterbalance his numberless merits. His writings reflect admirably the manners and thoughts of the dominant classes in our society; they are full of brilliancy and good sense; and without the slightest pretence to any lofty philosophy of life, contain a good deal of quiet teaching in their way. He seems now to be in the prime of his career, in the full exercise of powers which he has taken many years of labour to develop. His greatest danger seems to lie in his facility; for he has usually two or three stories on hand at once. He may perhaps be content with the ambition of amusing his own generation, but he has enough in him to take his place among the greater writers of English fiction.

Mr. Trollope's last work may perhaps be a favourite with its author; for he tells us that he has had the story of it before his mind for many years, and that he has decided that the question asked in the title, *Can you forgive her?* ought to be answered in the affirmative. The lady about whose forgiveness the public is thus questioned is a Miss Vavasor, and the offence for which pardon is needed is the heinous one of having been foolish enough to jilt a very estimable, though somewhat too perfect, gentleman. In fact, for Mr. Trollope's purposes, she is made rather an adept in the art, as she breaks an engagement with one man twice, and another once, before she is finally married to the latter of the two. We shall not unravel the plot of the story further than to remark, that in no case is the “jilting” process brought about, as is probably most usual in real life, by another attachment; and that though there are, no doubt, excellent reasons given for her breaking with her cousin George—the rascal of the piece—once and again, there is really no satisfactory cause assigned by Mr. Trollope for her giving up the admirable Mr. Grey, or for her second acceptance of George in his place. In fact, Mr. Trollope has repeated a fault that he committed for the purposes of his story in *The Small House at Allington*. There he made Mr. Crosbie do what he described him as too shrewd to do; he should either have made him more of a fool, or not made him give up Lily Dale. In the present novel, Alice is made too sensible and too good to act as she is said to act. In both cases the characters are too good for the plot in which they figure. Alice wins our forgiveness because she is Alice. Whether we shall have *Can you forgive HIM?* and Mr. Crosbie absolved in some future tale, remains to be seen. We never know when we have done with Mr. Trollope's characters, and Crosbie is too good a one not to come to life again some day. We are not disposed to quarrel with a system of reproduction which gives us so much amusement. The present novel owes quite as much of its interest to the fortunes of Lady Glencora Palliser and her husband as to those of Alice and Mr. Grey; in fact, Lady Glencora is the best character in the book. The “villain” of the novel, George Vavasor, is very well drawn, and so is his sister Alice. As is usual in Mr. Trollope's works, there is a background or underplot, in which some of the

more comic characters figure. Mr. Trollope is one of those authors who fail most when they try to be most funny; and we cannot compliment him upon the rather dreary chapters in which the rivalry of Mr. Cheeseacre and Captain Bellfield for the hand of Alice's widowed aunt Greenow is related. The last-named lady herself is every now and then extremely amusing; and Mr. Trollope has put into her mouth some very good sayings—good enough, almost, to redeem the failure of the rest. Cheeseacre and Bellfield are, no doubt, faithfully drawn; but they belong to a set of characters that do not quite repay the trouble. In conclusion, we ought to say a word in praise of the admirable local painting of the bleak old Vavasor Hall in Westmoreland, and its neighbourhood. This is another of Mr. Trollope's faithful sketches.

The interest of the story is well sustained; though, as we have intimated already, the difficulties out of which a happy consummation has to work itself are somewhat clumsily contrived. But few of the successive scenes are uninteresting in themselves: there is a continual balance and conflict going on between the several characters, who are always, to use Mr. Trollope's own expression, "tilting" against one another; and it is the doubt about the victory in each case that keeps up the suspense of the reader. This continual appeal to our innate love for a race, a fight, a competition of some sort or other, seems to be one of Mr. Trollope's main resources, seldom used with less disguise than in *Can you forgive her?*

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.*

THE recent appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of the great Public Schools of England was but a timely concession to a general feeling that these ancient seats of learning were capable of and required improvement. In an age like the present, when change is rife, and political and social power is passing into the hands of classes hitherto unimportant, or at least comparatively unimportant, such a feeling was pretty sure to spring up, even if there had not been so much to justify it. As soon as the Oxford and Cambridge Commissioners had done their work, it was natural that the public schools should become the subject of a Royal Commission. The voluminous and careful report issued by the Commissioners contains an immense amount of valuable evidence relating to the various questions raised by the inquiry, as well as the well-considered proposals for reform to which it led. These recommendations appear not to go far enough for many would-be reformers; and on the other hand, they seem to have called forth an unexpected amount of opposition from the very powerful bodies with whose work they propose to interfere. Probably the changes recommended in detail go in reality to the utmost limit of

* *The Great Schools of England*: an account of the foundation, endowment, and discipline of the chief Seminaries of Learning in England, including Eton, Winchester, Westminster, St. Paul's, Charterhouse, Merchant Tailors', Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury, &c. By Howard Staunton. London, 1865.

what is practicable in the way of improvement; but the Commissioners have unfortunately hampered their suggestions by adding to them a project for the alteration of the governing and administrating bodies, by the creation of something answering to a board or committee in their place. This scheme, on the face of it, implies a certain want of confidence in the ruling powers as they are; and although it has its plausible side in the "infusion of new blood," as it is called, it would probably never work well, even if half the constituent members of the board did not come to its deliberations with a sense of dislike and discontent. It is more like a French scheme than an English one, and may perhaps prevent a great deal of the good advice with which its proposal is coupled, from being taken. Nor is it very likely that a change of this kind can be forced upon the institutions in question—which are in reality a great power in the country—against their own will.

The chief fruit of the Commission, therefore, seems likely to be the carrying out of a certain amount of improvement by the public schools themselves, under the legitimate influence of public opinion, enlightened and stimulated by the evidence accumulated by the Commissioners. But the report is like all such productions, unwieldy; and but few will venture to attack its four volumes for themselves. The general public must depend upon epitomes and extracts, and receive, therefore, a real service when any one helps it to cope with the desired information with as little loss of time and labour as possible. We hope, in some future number, to put before our readers some remarks on a few of the chief topics of interest embraced in the report; in the mean while, we know of no better book than that before us for the purpose of general information as to the actual state of the schools and the outlines of their history. Mr. Staunton seems to have written his work originally before the publication of the evidence; but he has remodelled it to a great extent since, and has embodied in it the recommendations of the Commissioners, general and special. The account of each of the schools noticed is tolerably full; and the statistics may, we suppose, be considered accurate. Mr. Staunton has not confined himself to the schools into which inquiry was made by the Royal Commissioners; he has added accounts of Cheltenham, Christ's Hospital, Dulwich, Marlborough, Rossall, and the lately-founded Wellington College. Some of these have certainly no business to be classed with the public schools; and their admission to such company seems all the stranger, when we remember that there are several old well-endowed schools of considerable reputation, such as those at Birmingham, Tunbridge, Bedford, Tiverton, and other places, that have a far more legitimate claim upon our interest. The great defect of Mr. Staunton's book is the absence of any thing like a general review of the subject; a defect scarcely supplied by a rather rambling introductory essay.

It must, however, be remembered that general conclusions on such a subject as that of the Public Schools, however easily made, are pretty sure to be defective. The schools differ very much from one another in system, in character, and in general tone. They are a set of little

worlds, or almost little nationalities; and the personal knowledge of one is no sure guide to a thorough understanding of another. And yet it is almost equally impossible to understand them fully from without, and to judge them impartially from within. Every stranger who writes about them makes himself more or less absurd by blunders such as those which French travellers make when they describe England. Every dutiful defender of the system, or of his own school in particular, makes himself at once suspected by the warmth of his advocacy, or, at all events, by the importance which he attaches to what seem trifles or matters of sentiment, or the low estimate that he forms of difficulties which appear to the eye of a stranger gigantic. Mr. Staunton's book will probably appear dry and uninteresting to many readers, on account of its want of speculation and theory, and of the absence, as a general rule, from its pages of sweeping assertions as to what must be the effect of this or that custom or principle of education upon the minds or morals of the boys. This, however, is to our mind one of the real merits of the work. Mr. Staunton does not venture far beyond the region of facts and figures; but, at all events, he does not come to rash conclusions; and although his sympathies are probably strong on the reforming side, he speaks calmly and respectfully of those who may differ from him. He has thus produced a very valuable manual, with which any one who takes an interest in the subject of Public School education should, as a first step, make himself familiar. He will learn more as to the real state of things from these pages, dry and statistical as they are, than from half-a-dozen trashy "Etonian" novels or stories, in which some literary adventurer has got up some minute particulars of locality and of school-boy slang, and interwoven these deceptive materials with a tale the incidents and whole character of which are perfectly foreign to the place at which the scene is laid. Books like *Tom Brown's School-days*—if there are any like that first-rate work—give a fair idea of the school they describe at a certain time. The common run of the writers who have been tempted to imitate Mr. Hughes on a small scale have produced pictures that are hardly like enough to the original to be called caricatures.

The Public School system, so to call it, is one of those institutions peculiar to this country, the character of which may be judged of as differently as possible, according to the point of view from which they are looked at. Like the Establishment, the Universities, and the Prayer-book, it has its origin in ancient and Catholic times, and has preserved many fragmentary features of the period of its birth. Some of the points in the system, which seem most strange to modern ideas, come down, no doubt, from the days of Wykeham, Waynflete, and Henry VI. We have been told that the custom of the Winchester boys saluting the statue of our Blessed Lady in the Gate Tower was only suppressed by the present head-master, Dr. Moberly. No doubt the observance of Saints' days, and the frequent chapel services at Winchester, Eton, and elsewhere, come down from ante-Reformation times. We do not quote these instances as more than they are worth. In

many more distinctly educational and disciplinary matters, there can be little doubt that antiquity has been followed in the public schools more than in more modern institutions. Then the former have a semi-medieval character to the men of mere nineteenth-century ideas, and are looked upon as relics of an obsolete system which ought not to have been so long tolerated. It may be a question on which different opinions may very fairly be held, whether the ancient spirit has so far hung about its former haunts as to exercise any appreciable influence of its own for good, after Catholicism was swept away.

It is a question, however, which does not apply to public schools alone; and it can never be settled on *a-priori* grounds, any more than by the personal recollections of this or that convert. The best criterion that can be applied to the subject may, perhaps, be found in a comparison between the elder schools and those which have no traditions or features that put them in connection with ancient times: though even these, such as Cheltenham and Marlborough, have probably copied in many respects the model of Winchester and Eton. Taking the system as a whole, it suggests, at all events, many an interesting question, as to its influence on the national character and intelligence; as to the preparation it affords for that amount of public life which is, to some extent, the future lot of most of the boys educated in public schools; as to its moral and religious effects, and the like. But on these questions we cannot enter in the present notice.

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OAKELEY'S LYRA LITURGICA.*

WE have elsewhere in our present Number spoken of the general class of poetry under which the compositions contained in Canon Oakeley's volume must be ranged, and have said a few words to show our estimate of his fitness for the work to which he has set himself. We trust that these graceful poems will become household friends to many a thoughtful Catholic, and will suggest to such persons the habit of finding fruitful and soothing matter for meditation in the order of the Christian festivals and the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The pages of the *Lyra Liturgica* must of course be understood to aim at indicating treasures rather than at exhausting them; yet few will probably read them without finding matter for surprise at the abundance of beautiful thoughts which the subjects treated of have suggested to the mind of the author.

The remarks elsewhere made will sufficiently describe the character of this little work, and the spirit in which Canon Oakeley has written. The volume is divided into sections, according to the seasons of the year; and an examination of any one of these will give a fair idea of the tone of the whole. Let us take the opening section, devoted to the winter quarter of the year. Many of our readers may open Canon Oakeley's volume with the sweet strains of the *Christian Year* still fresh

* *Lyra Liturgica*: Reflections in Verse for Holy Days and Seasons.

in their memory. We will set aside all question of poetic power, as to which the later writer of the two would be the first to cry out against the thought of a comparison between Mr. Keble and himself. This question, then, being dismissed, we should not be afraid to draw the contrast between the warmth and brightness of Advent and Christmas-tide as they fall on the children of the Church with their festivals and services, and their severer and more Jewish aspect as set forth in the Anglican Prayer-book. Canon Oakeley has struck the key-note, as it were, of the Church's song at this season, in remarking the prominence given to commemorations of our Blessed Lady. We have the Feast and Octave of the Immaculate Conception at the beginning of Advent, at a time of the year when, as in the weeks which usually fall before Easter, the number of the festivals of Saints is comparatively few. Then there is the perpetual mention of our Lady in the Advent commemoration, and the Feast of the Expectation a week before Christmas, echoed, as it were, in the following month by that of our Lady's Espousals. It is surely most natural that at the season of preparation for Christmas, and during the whole time when the Birth of our Lord is celebrated, the Church should keep before the minds of her children the privileges of His most Blessed Mother, as no picture of the Holy Infancy can ever be imagined without her figure in it. And so it is in fact; but it could never be suggested by the Anglican Prayer-book. Again, there is the beautiful Feast of the Holy Name, so soon after the Epiphany, and formerly, as it would seem, connected most naturally with the Feast of the Circumcision. A whole crowd of suggestive thoughts is called forth by the giving a separate celebration to each mystery. It is obvious that we have here a range of subjects very fit for poetic contemplation, and more directly the creation of the mind of the Church, so to speak, than the Sunday lessons which are selected for successive reading in the Prayer-book. If we pass on to the spring quarter, we find Canon Oakeley dwelling very fully upon the wonderfully significant ceremonies of Holy Week and Passion-tide: the Veiling of the pictures and images, the Procession of Palms, the ceremonies of Holy Thursday, the Procession to the Sepulchre, the Adoration of the Cross on Good Friday, and the various Blessings and rejoicings of Holy Saturday. He gives us some very good translations of the Reproaches and the "*Crux fidelis*;" indeed, a considerable part of his work here consists of translation or adaptation from the Missal. His poem on Holy Saturday, "*the Renewal of Nature*," is perhaps as fair a specimen of his powers as we could give, and we cannot resist the temptation to quote it entire:

"The glorious sun, when first he sheds his rays
O'er earth's expanse and ocean's watery plain,
Folds in the vesture of his ample blaze
Each part and province of his great domain:

The desert's vastness, and the shore's recess,
The mountain-peaks that human steps defy,

The lakes that slumber in the wood's caress,
All drink his light, and bask beneath his eye.

When CHRIST, our Sun, from death to life arose,
Renew'd Himself, He made all creatures new ;
Earth caught His orient beams, and Nature glows
Fresh with the lustre of Redemption's hue.

Man first, enthron'd by GOD in high estate,
But more than all His work by sin impair'd ;
In restoration, as in ruin great,
The glory of the Resurrection shar'd.

Nor noblest things alone, but vile and low
(In Nature's order low, till rais'd by grace),
Revive and glisten with a healthful glow,
Reflected from Creation's alter'd face.

Clear'd of their taint, or of their malice shorn,
E'en noxious elements in CHRIST we prize ;
Their sting or vileness gone, themselves re-born
To goodlier use and holier destinies.

The earth that lies neglected o'er the land,
Or bruis'd by thoughtless man's imperious tread,
Reclaim'd, and benison'd by priestly hand,
Clasps in its strong embrace the holy dead.

The air that feeds the desolating storm,
Yet fans the spirit's as the body's life,
Returns through consecrated lips, in form
Of breath, with power instinct, and blessings rife.

The water, once the world's absorbing grave,
Hath learned of CHRIST its mission to reverse,
Charg'd by His word with power to cleanse and save
The souls He deigns with loving care to nurse.

The fire, obedient to the Exorcist's sign,
Forgets its fury and controls its might ;
Tam'd to instruct, and taught in peace to shine ;
The type of zeal, and source of sacred light ;

Whose power unlocks the fragrant clouds that rise
In fleecy ringlets, when our Lord is nigh,
Or present in the Bloodless Sacrifice,
Or thron'd in form of majesty on high ;

Whose steady light, like some suspended gem,
Marks the sweet Sacrament ; or, like the star
That halted o'er the Crib of Bethlehem,
Luring the pilgrim sages from afar ;

Or like the lamp that from some misty height
Looks on the seaman's wanderings like an eye,
That tells, in howling winds' and waves' despite,
That love is vigilant, and succour nigh.

I know, O Lord, that Thou art near to-day ;
 These blessings, which around Thy presence throng,
 Are heralds sure, that come to clear Thy way,
 And chant the prelude of our Easter song."

In the summer quarter the chief feature is a set of poems on the Feast of Corpus Christi. Our author has hardly been so successful in his poem on the Assumption ; the metre is unfortunate ; and there is an air of prose cut into lengths to serve the purpose of poetry about such a stanza as

" Every step in her beautiful course was replete
 With sobriety, calmness, and modest repose ;
 Her work was submission, her life a retreat,
 And no pomp or observance denoted its close."

We are also rather inclined to regret that in another poem on a feast of our Blessed Lady, — the Annunciation, — Canon Oakeley should have thrown a very pleasing meditation on the mystery rather too much in the form of a defence of Catholic devotion. The defence is perfectly legitimate and unanswerable ; but it might perhaps have been better to pass over in silence the attack which it meets. The autumnal quarter is less fully treated than the others ; but it contains some thoughtful poems, with one of which we shall conclude our notice of the *Lyra Liturgica*. Canon Oakeley was sure not to miss one of the most touching of all the arrangements of the Calendar—that which places the Commemoration of All Souls on the day after the Feast of All Saints :

" What means this veil of gloom
 Drawn o'er the festive scene ;
 The solemn records of the tomb
 Where holy mirth hath been ;
 As if some messenger of death should fling
 His tale of woe athwart some nuptial gathering ?

 Our homage hath been given
 With gladsome voice to them
 Who fought, and won, and wear in heaven
 CHRIST's robe and diadem ;
 Now to the suffering Church we must descend,
 Our 'prisoners of hope' with succour to befriend.

 They will not strive or cry,
 Nor make their pleadings known ;
 Meekly and patiently they lie,
 Speaking with GOD alone ;
 And this the burden of their voiceless song,
 Wafted from age to age, ' How long, O Lord, how long ?'

 O blessed cleansing pain !
 Who would not bear thy load,
 Where every throb expels a stain,
 And draws us nearer God ?

Faith's firm assurance makes all anguish light,
With earth behind, and heaven fast opening on the sight.

Yet souls that nearest come
To their predestin'd gain,
Pant more and more to reach their home :
Delay is keenest pain

To those that all but touch the wish'd-for shore,
Where sin, and grief that comes of sin, shall fret no more.

And O, for charity,
And sweet remembrance' sake,
These souls, to GOD so very nigh,
Into your keeping take !
Speed them by sacrifice and suffrage, where
They burn to pour for you a more prevailing prayer.

They were our friends erewhile,
Co-heirs of saving grace ;
Co-partners of our daily toil,
Companions in our race ;
We took sweet counsel in the House of GOD,
And sought a common rest along a common road.

And, had their brethren car'd
To keep them just and pure,
Perchance their pitying GOD had spar'd
The pains they now endure.
What if to fault of ours those pains be due,
To ill example shown, or lack of counsel true?

Alas ! there are who weep
In fierce unending flame,
Through sin of those on earth that sleep,
Regardless of their shame ;
Or who, though they repent, too sadly know
No help of theirs can cure or soothe their victim's woe.

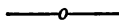
Thanks to our GOD who gives,
In fruitful Mass or prayer,
To many a friend that dies, yet lives,
A salutary share ;
Nor stints our love, though cords of sense be riven,
Nor bans from hope the soul that is not ripe for heaven.

Feast of the holy Dead !
Great Jubilee of grace !
When Angel guards exulting lead
To their predestin'd place
Souls, that the Church shall loose from bonds to-day,
In every clime that basks beneath her genial sway."



A Boat-Voyage on the Coast of Kerry.

BY CAPTAIN W. C. DE VERE, R.N.



LEAVING A—— early in the morning, we went by train to Killarney, where we hired a car to take us the rest of our journey. The scenery through which we had to drive being, as you know, enchanting, I could not but wish that we had more time to devote to it.

Our destination was Garinish, an island belonging to Lord Dunraven, of which I had heard much, and formed very high expectations, most certainly not to be disappointed. The road to it increased in beauty all the way; for very soon after bidding farewell to the beautiful lakes, embosomed amid their green hills, lofty mountains, and hanging woods of oak, arbutus, and pine, the glorious expanse of Kenmare Bay opened upon our view in the distance, from the valley of rocks and streams and wild heather-clad mountains. Every turn in the road brought into view some new and striking scene.

Following a winding road, through valleys, and past mountains, woods, rocks, dark lakes, and wild torrents, we at length descended comparatively near to the shores of the bay; and then its whole expanse opened upon us with many a deep and wooded inlet, bold rocky promontory, and grassy island. Upon the opposite side the mountains rose in every variety of form, outline, and colour—from the near purple to the distant and hazy blue. And far, far away in the west there was the broad Atlantic, whose waves, uninterrupted for more than 3000 miles, washed the strand at our feet. It was indeed a heart-stirring sight, and it was with a feeling of exultation that I gazed upon it.

After driving for some miles along the different bends of the bay, though not down on the shore, we came to a glen (where we got off the car and walked) called Blackwater, deep amid rocks and trees, through which a cascade was leaping and rushing. At one point it passed under a beautiful old stone bridge of two unequal arches (black with age, damp, and moss), foaming over large stones, whirling into deep quiet black pools, and winding at length to the sea, amid arbours of overhanging oak and feathery mountain-ash.

Advancing amid ever-changing views of the distant mountains, —some with their peaks showing blue, clear, and distinct against the

western sky, now reddening above the setting sun, and some hidden in mist, or with the rosy vapour wreathing round their heads,—we drove down to a little sheltered inlet on the coast; and there—but a narrow belt of clear blue water to cross—was the island of Garinish lying before us, with its green woods and heathy hills, its deep-blue sky and rocky promontories, and its golden shores; for the tide was out, and the seaweed was quite golden in colour. Rocking at our feet lay a boat with its crew of Kerry boys waiting for us. A few strokes of the oars and we had landed, and were at the end of our journey.

It is no easy task to give a description of this little Paradise, but I must do my best. For its extent (about sixty acres) it is lovely beyond any thing I ever saw; an Eden of shady woods and ferny valleys, rocks, and hills. The whole island is a succession of ravines too numerous to count, each full of trees, flowers, and ferns; among many other representatives of which latter tribe the *Osmunda regalis* and the delicate graceful lady-fern reign supreme. Each ravine ends with its lovely bay of bright clear water sparkling on the sea-shore; the intervening hills rising abruptly on each side, covered with purple heather and bright gorse, and sprinkled with pines.

In the vicinity of the house (a pretty gabled cottage) some of these valleys have been fashioned, without alteration of form or character, into gardens filled with roses and rhododendrons, white arums in profusion, and fuchsias of a size and luxuriance almost entitling them to the name of trees. All sorts of other beautiful plants and flowers abound here; but in such taste is all arranged that you do not feel as in a garden formed by man. You seem to have been transported to some lovely tropical island where Nature revels.

The situation of the house, on a small craggy eminence near the east end of the island, is well chosen, commanding beautiful views of the Kenmare River, its lovely shores and numerous islands, none of which, however, can vie with this one. A winding walk through a grove of old ash-trees leads to a boathouse and a good pier jutting out into the picturesque and sheltered bay which forms the harbour of the island. Its banks are clothed with evergreens and shrubs, amongst which is the natural arbutus; whilst, gently wreathing all the growths together into lovely masses, are the wild honeysuckle and white convolvulus drooping their sprays into the rising tides.

All throughout the island, which I have described as a maze of ravines and ridges, extends a labyrinth of walks; so that in its small extent one can traverse miles of ever-varying beauty. Here the walk is bounded by fuchsia hedges and beds of flowers; there with overhanging rocks and crags, covered with drooping ferns, from the

lady-queen to the modest seclusion-loving little "filmy;" while at their base large tufts of *Osmunda* grow in quantities, worthy of its regal name. Nowhere have I seen a sea more beautiful than that which so lovingly embraces this fair island. Now it lies bright, blue, clear, and sparkling; its long swell rolling ceaselessly but indolently on the western shore at the base of fine bold cliffs that have for ages withstood the onslaught of the same sea when roused to fury by the sweep of the Atlantic gale.

What sound in Nature is there that sinks so deeply into man's heart, and so stirs him to the soul, as (on a calm bright night, when no other murmur breaks the stillness) the booming of the distant breaker, which speaks to him of power, might, and majesty, but never-ceasing unrest; while the stars look down from Heaven, and silently bear testimony to that world where there shall be rest for ever!

And if the storm-beat and riven old thorns on the summit of these cliffs tell a tale of wild winds and driving spray, so do the many plants which far down fill the crevices of the rocks—sea-pinks, heather, saxifrage, *asplenium marinum*, the bright green samphire, and many more—speak of the warm and balmy breezes that fan the great ocean in its milder moods.

To the east, where all is shelter, how different the scene! There the ridges and valleys slope gently down to a waveless sea; the former terminating in long rocky points, the latter in pebbly bays, musical with the soft murmur of the rippling tide; the whole being belted with a zone of brown and golden seaweed which surrounds the island and the neighbouring shores.

After spending two delightful days,—occupied by cutting paths and thinning the overgrown young woods from six in the morning until "dewy eve;" then in dining, then in boating till a late hour,—we set out on the third morning at 5 A.M. in our boat for Derrynane; the boat, a fast-pulling and fast-sailing four-oared gig, with four Kerry boys, docile, strong, active, and full of fun, to row us.

Hoisting our sails to a fair breeze, we ran along the land to the west, passing the most wild and picturesque scenery, which every mile varied; sometimes running through narrow straits and sounds, between outlying islands and the mainland, then past rocky headlands and wooded coves, bold cliffs and deep caves. Into many of the last we pulled, resting on the oars and gazing down at the sparkling white bottom through water as clear as crystal. A little further on, and rounding a magnificent promontory and cape (Lamb Head) composed of gigantic rocks piled one over the other in wildest confusion, we were in the Atlantic itself, and sailing along a coast the beauty of which I have seldom seen surpassed. The cliffs rose to a height of hundreds of feet; angular rocks, as large

as houses, lying around their base, in many instances the remains of landlips. The coast was indented with deep shady inlets, often terminating in great caves, clefts, or chasms, on which and through which the Atlantic swell is ever roaring and tumbling, even in the calmest weather. What must it not be in a storm? and what would one not give to be there to see it?

No pen can give a description of the colouring in its variety and richness: orange of all shades, in enormous patches; gold, scarlet, green, brown, and velvety-black,—the latter effect produced to perfection, seen from a short distance, by bands of sharp-pointed thick clustering mussel-shells stretching all along the coast from high- to low-water mark. The rest of the colours were caused by the various growths upon the rocks,—lichens, moss, fern, grass, and numerous ocean-loving flowers, among which the pretty little sea-pink predominated,—as well as by metallic oxidation. Every crevice and corner was filled with verdure. It is rare to find such a mixture of the grand and bold in character with such exquisite finish and delicacy of detail.

But there is one feature to which I have only alluded, and which deserves more notice, viz., the caves. Some were great and wide halls, and others long and narrow passages, with the rocks towering up and arching overhead at various heights. One we estimated at about a hundred feet in height. One must have been two hundred yards long, and so narrow that the boat's oars were nearly touching the walls on each side; the roof adorned with *asplenium marinum*, hanging down in graceful tufts of brilliant green. The passage through was deep, and pure as liquid emerald, showing the sandy bottom of glistening white, and strewn with great rocks and boulders, some black, some gray, and covered with long seaweed that streamed in the tide, like the locks of some old sea-god: others shone out like enormous gems from their thick covering of red and bright green sea-anemonies, so thickly set as to load the stone completely, producing an effect precisely like fine jewelry, and bringing back to one's mind the stories of Aladdin's lamp and the Magician's cave.

And so we arrived at Darrynane, passing into its beautiful little harbour (a safe and excellent one for boats and small vessels) through a narrow passage between the rocks; and gliding immediately into a glassy and wide expanse of land-locked water, bounded by a beach of the finest sand, rich in shells. The continuity of the shore was here and there interrupted by points and shelves of rock extending from the land to below low-water mark.

Seen from the sea, the appearance of the land is that of beautifully-shaped hills and valleys, but so rocky as to be little more than a desert. Upon landing, however, we see how much we have been

deceived; for green glades and terraces spring up at our feet, full of rich grass, ferns, and flowers, watered by little rills and streams flowing from the mountain. These beautiful details are at first hidden from our sight by the long ridges of rock which constitute the edges of the strata cropping out of the ground, and form the terraces of green that lurk behind them. I have remarked the same effect in the East, particularly in the Lebanon, which from the sea looks a barren rocky waste, but is, upon near examination, fertile in an extraordinary degree.

On Lord D.'s part of this property a large work in planting has been successfully accomplished; and his wooded hills will soon produce a grand effect, contrasted with the fertile valleys.

Upon mounting some of the near hills to a height of about 800 feet, you look round and down on all sides upon views of the greatest grandeur and beauty; hill rising above hill, reach beyond reach of sea, wide plains, long promontories, and expansive woods. The scene is bounded on the land side by chains of lofty mountains, rich in tints of violet and ethereal blue; while looking seaward, the eye falls upon the finely-shaped and extensive islands of Scariff and Deenish, the rock-bound harbour, the bay studded with its verdant islets, and, far off in the distance, the rugged pinnacles and misty rocks of the Skelligs, as well as the unromantically-named but most romantic of islands — the Bull, Cow, and Calf. The horizon is bounded by the ocean, its glassy heaving surface gleaming in purple and green as the sun sinks in a cloudless west.

A steward's cottage, close to the beach and landing-place, is the only residence here. The steward's wife and pretty daughter were our attendants. We passed most of the day walking about the place and examining the young trees; and having dined, we spent the evening upon the water, witnessing with delight a most beautiful moonrise. The moon ascended behind a high mountain; and for some time before it appeared above the ridge the whole mountain and surrounding district seemed on fire. As it rose higher and higher the fiery light died away, giving place to a milder radiance; and we lay along the grass for hours, gazing upon the sea and hills bathed in the silver beams.

The next day we visited the Skelligs, a group of rocks which lie some miles out at sea. We started early, with a light breeze and a blazing sun overhead. After some time it became calm, and we had to take to the oars. After an hour of pulling we arrived at our destination; but I fear I can give no adequate idea of the wildness and grandeur of the spot.

The view of these desolate pinnacles from the distance is most striking; but it is not until you get fairly within their mighty

shadow that you feel how grand they are. They rise in a group of perpendicular rocks so abruptly from the sea, that as your boat presses against them the bottom lies almost unfathomably deep beneath her. There are a few green valleys upon the greater Skellig, sufficient to feed some half-wild goats that belong to the lighthouse men; but for the rest it is nothing but precipice and pinnacle, their summits sharp-pointed as needles.

At a considerable elevation (about six hundred feet), to reach which a laborious scramble is required, and on the very brink of the cliff, there are the ruins of a monastery of the seventh or eighth century. They are more curious and interesting than imposing or grand, except for the wonderful beauty of the views which they command; their ruins, however, exhibit to perfection the admirable masonry of that period. Built without mortar, the walls remain nearly as perfect as when constructed. The buildings within the outer walls consist of two small churches or oratories, and five or six cells, called cloghans or beehive houses. They are built of flat stones laid in regular courses, each course having a smaller diameter than the one below it, thus drawing gradually to a narrow circumference at the top, and are finished with a large flat stone. The thickness of wall is great, and the imperviousness to wet apparently perfect.

Having completed our explorations on the land (if land it can be called), we embarked again for the purpose of pulling round the island; and looking up from below at the cliffs which towered perpendicularly above our heads to a height of about seven hundred feet—as we lay there almost touching the rocks and heaving upon the sea, which ceaselessly moans at their base—we were filled with awe and wonder, and felt as if standing upon the borders of some other and greater world.

There is a grand cave here called the “Blue Cave;” I suppose in consequence of the intense blue of its water. Seldom, indeed, can this be visited, and most fortunate were we in being able to get in. It is a grand and spacious apartment, the sides of which, unlike those we have seen elsewhere, for several feet above and below the water-line were painted a bright vermilion, shading to a lovely pure rose. Other colours in profusion adorned its sides and roof, and the white sandy bottom gleamed like silver beneath the transparent water. The cave was full of fish, tumbling about in sport, actually rubbing against the sides of the boat.

But I have said nothing yet about the birds, thousands of which—gannets, gulls, pretty little puffins and divers, with their red legs and beaks, and many other kinds—inhabit these rocks and build their nests in all the crannies. So tame were they, that though instinct-

ively they built their nests in inaccessible places, they hardly seemed to heed our approach, occasionally floating off on light pinions, wheeling in circles round us, and filling the air with their discordant cries; then quietly dropping into their nests again, and looking down upon us with perfect composure.

Nearer the mainland by about a mile lies the smaller Skellig, from the distance appearing like one rock. Upon nearer approach we found it to consist of three, but so close as to be separated only by deep rents or chasms, just affording room for the passage of a boat. This island is even more precipitous and more grotesque in form than its brother; and you may imagine how grand was the scene presented to us in passing through its tremendous watery fissures.

In the evening we returned lazily home, not thinking or caring at what hour we should arrive, singing songs, telling stories, and—shall I own it?—smoking the reflective pipe.

After a day of rest for our boatmen, we set off for Valentia at an early hour. The sea was calm, nor was there a breath “the blue wave to curl.” Nothing for it but the oars for twenty-four miles;—that, however, is but of little account to Kerry boatmen.

Rowing along the shore, past the fine expansive bay, on the shore of which is the picturesque little watering-place Waterville; past bluff and frowning old Bolus Head, leaving the Skelligs blue in the distance behind us; inside Puffin Island, quaint and grotesque; along a rock-bound and deeply-indented coast, we at length reach Bry Head, the western point of Valentia. Six hundred feet of solid rock tower above our heads; massive buttresses at the base forming an impregnable barrier against an ocean that rolls, unbroken for thousands of miles, its mighty waves against it, and ever repulsed, ever returns again in thunder to the charge.

Our men rest on their oars, and we exchange salutations with the wild-looking crews of the fishing-boats assembled here, who tell us that as yet they have had no luck. Wishing them better, and recommending the Skelligs, where the fish swarm, we bid them farewell, and, after investigating a large but not very deep cave at the “Head,” pursue our way along the northern shore of the island; past the cliffs of Fohilly, 880 feet high, not quite perpendicular, but nevertheless exceedingly grand, on the top and close to the edge of which stands a ruined old watch-tower; past long shelving shores of enormous blocks of slate, up which the waves rush, and again receding, form a succession of waterfalls, filling the air with spray and mimic rainbows; and rounding the lighthouse point (Cromwell’s Fort), we enter Valentia harbour, leaving on our left Dowlas Head, the most grand and imposing headland in all Kerry.

That day we devoted to looking over the Knight of Kerry’s

beautiful place, Glanleame, and going about the island to various spots of interest and beauty; but it is a place of far too great importance to attempt a detailed description of here. An *idea* of it, however, I must try to give.

The island is about $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by 2 broad, its outline being formed by hills and valleys and gently-undulating fields, upon which the young corn was waving, and across which flitted the shadows of the white clouds overhead. Extensive plains also, covered with crops, or affording deliciously-green pasture to herds and flocks scattered about them, give a pastoral charm to the scene. There are few trees, however, except in the young woods of Glanleame, where they are flourishing, sheltered from the west by the hills, of which they clothe the eastern slopes down to the harbour. They are a fine example of reward to perseverance, for it was long before they could be got to grow.

On a fine eminence among the trees, and joined by gardens and pleasure-grounds, filled with beautiful shrubs and flowers, and sheltered by thick fuchsia hedges, the house stands, overlooking the blue and spacious harbour beneath it. How lovely that harbour is, extending for miles like a great lake, flanked by the mountains on the opposite shore, which rise above it, extending chain beyond chain into the far-distant island! The evergreens about the house and grounds grow in a luxuriance I have seldom seen equalled, even to the very edge of the cliff; veronicas especially, but many other plants also, bearing testimony to the wonderful mildness of the climate. The views from the summits of the cliffs seaward are magnificent at all times; but in a storm they are said to be grand beyond all conception, such waves as roll in upon them being rarely seen elsewhere. I have described the northern side, by which we came in; the opposite one is of a very different character—low, and separated but by a narrow strait from the mainland. It is comparatively tame, but very beautiful in the outline of the shore, and the green hills which slope gently to the sea. There is a ferry from this side to a little harbour, Port Magee, just opposite, by means of which carriages and horses have ingress and egress.

The slate-quarries are important works, carried on by steam machinery. The employment they afford has called into existence the nice clean little town on the sea-shore called Knightstown, most of the houses being embowered in fuchsias and roses, which give it an air of refinement and comfort.

The bay was then enlivened by a few yachts and other vessels, but was soon to be gay enough with the ships of war employed in laying down the Atlantic Cable. The Great Eastern would not come in, it was supposed; not that there would be any difficulty in

her going in and out, but to save time and unnecessary expense. I went to visit the spot where the end of the Cable was to be fixed,—a picturesque inlet on the west coast.

We paid a visit to Dowlas Head, and a grand cave close to it. Entered by a passage of about twenty feet wide by thirty high and twenty yards long, it opens into a spacious round hall, the arched roof of which, eighty feet high, requires the eye to become accustomed to the surrounding darkness before it can be descried. Like the others on this coast, it is fine in colouring, and the reverberation of sound all round strikes the mind with awe. Deeply immersed in the darkness, we gazed with astonishment at the high-arched entrance in the distance, bathed in bright sunlight;—the beams trembling on the water, and giving to the vibrating atmosphere a peculiar warm and glowing appearance.

Emerging suddenly into the light, we found ourselves floating nearly under the black and awful cliffs which compose Dowlas Head. It is the most majestic thing I have yet seen. Dark and tremendous, it frowns upon the ocean and defies the storm, rising broad and solid from the sea, with multitudinous masses of rock scattered about its base, through which the seething waves rush and whirl. It rears its massive front hundreds of feet high in air, and looks out afar on the wild waves,—itself immovable, to them destruction. From its summit rise hills of grassy verdure, gradually sloping backwards, and forming part of a high chain, the waving picturesque outline of which constitutes one of the loveliest features in the view.

We remained at Valentia that day and night and till late the next day, and returned to Darrynane by two A.M., having had a charming moonlight row over a calm sea for twenty-four miles; not without an adventure, however—for we met with a great shark, to the best of our judgment about fifteen feet long, and cruised in company with him for a short time—he nowise shy. More than one has been seen lately on this coast. Again songs, stories, pipes *ad lib*.

One more grand trip, and we return to Garinish. It is to a group of rocks hardly ever visited (except by seals and seagulls), called the Bull, Cow, and Calf. Again we started early, and made our voyage prosperously. The Bull and Cow are two rocks, within half a mile of each other, rising sheer from the sea about fifteen miles from Darrynane. On the smallest of the group, the Calf, a lighthouse is erected. I wonder whether the lighthouse men are pleased with their social position; if so, they are easily pleased, which is good and wise.

“O Solitude, if I must with thee dwell!”

Are they living in a happy state of indifference to railways, newspapers, revolutions, murders, and such-like sensational intelligence of the great world?

These islands present a scene of wildness and desolation indeed. We did not visit the smaller one, now become the abode of man and civilisation, but confined ourselves to the home of the seamew and cormorant. Our visit, as the end will show, was not to their advantage, as has always been the result where civilised man has imparted the blessing and benefit of his society to the savage. But I must try to give some idea of this wildest of wild spots.

The "Bull" is between 300 and 400 feet high, consisting solely of a huge mass of barren rocks, piled one over the other in the wildest confusion from base to summit; but the cave, or natural tunnel, that passes right through the centre of the island from side to side, is one of those things not easily forgotten. About 150 yards in length, its course is perfectly straight throughout. I judged it to be about 60 feet wide and about the same in height. The walls are solid slabs, of enormous thickness, of coarse slate formation (which constitutes all through this district, placed by geologists under the comprehensive title of "Devonian," an important and striking feature in the scenery), and are so smooth and perfect as to equal the work of man. The roof is a low arch, every where maintaining the same proportions and lines. No bottom is visible to the eye throughout its whole length. Between high- and low-water mark its sides are covered with sea-anemonies, &c., of all colours, and long beautiful waving seaweed. In consequence of the perpetual damp and leaking from the roof, the walls are painted vividly with every imaginable colour. Fancy the delight of lying in such a spot in your boat, sheltered and motionless, except for the long heaving of the regular swell, forever gliding through the cave like an interminable sea-serpent!

The great charm of these lovely scenes is that no two spots are alike: endless in them is the variety of nature. The "Cow," in its way, is perhaps as fine as the Bull: it too has a grand passage through it; but so different a one! It is a gigantic gateway, formed as it were by perfect strata, layer upon layer, bent by a mighty arm into a perfect arch. It is of about the same proportions as the arch in the Bull, but differs from it in leading only to an open corridor, about 200 yards long, one side of which is a straight and perpendicular wall of rock, perfect and complete as if cloven from the summit to the base by a single stroke of a giant axe. It is quite smooth and bare, and nearly 200 feet in height.

The other side of the corridor is wholly different in character, consisting of a long pile of rugged rocks wildly heaped one over the other in fantastically-shaped masses; as if the same hand that clove down the opposite side had flung all the broken materials, by one act, on this. In no part do the rocks on this side exceed 60 or 80 feet in

height, except where, here and there, some sharp pinnacle springs up in a slanting direction, as if to make you wonder on what principle it stands, and by what mighty power it is upheld.

But what can I say about the countless myriads of birds by which these desolate rocks are inhabited, far more densely than those that I have described before? One would think they were the home of all the sea-birds in the world: hardly a spot was there where a bird could stand where a bird was not; every nook and cranny was filled with nests, every nest with eggs and birds sitting on them, and taking little notice of us until upon a near approach, so little accustomed to the sight of man are they. But while every inch of sitting- or standing-room seemed thus occupied, the air overhead was filled and darkened with them as they flew round, almost deafening us with their wild and ceaseless screams,—all sorts of birds mingling their different notes, not very harmoniously, in one great chorus of anger and surprise.

I am almost ashamed to add that we took some of their eggs, and indeed some of the birds too. We caught them by the hand; they, poor things, not having the power to make their escape. This depredation, however, was committed by the boatmen, who, though wild with delight at the novelty of the scene, were yet wisely mindful of the pot at home.

In a few hours more we were again moored in our pretty little harbour of Darrynane. And now farewell to the Atlantic, and its rocks and cliffs, precipices and caves, and—greatest loss of all—to its long rolling and never-ceasing swell, the sound of which, coming through our open windows, had night after night lulled us to rest!

Beautiful and rare as is the scenery by which we were surrounded at Darrynane, the very name, famous in modern Irish history, suggested that the spot on which we were standing was great in interest of a human and personal nature, as well as in that of the picturesque. In a valley about a quarter of a mile from the rocky eminence on which we were reclining luxuriously on beds of fragrant thyme, embosomed amid deep shady woods rose the ancient pile of Darrynane Abbey, the home of O'Connell. It was whilst walking in those shady groves, or wandering by the banks of the fern-fringed streamlet which winds its way through them to the sea, that he pondered on those questions upon which he believed the welfare of his country (that country his love for which his greatest enemies could not deny) to depend. Bold, active, and ardently loving field-sports, it was through these glens and mountains that the notes of his horn reëchoed, and the baying of his hounds, startling the hare from her dewy couch, broke the silence of the morning. Simple in his habits, this very spot may have been the scene of one of his

early breakfasts of bread-and-milk (the latter with perhaps a dash of whisky in it), shared with his old and faithful huntsman, who affectionately, and not without reverence, called him "Dan." In the midst of these wild scenes it was that his spirit sought relief from the constant excitement of a political life, restless and turbulent as the ocean that broke upon the rocks at our feet.

Entering a time-worn gateway, and following the approach through the wood, we reached the house, a spacious and straggling building, many additions in various styles having been made to it as occasion arose from time to time. The chapel, built by him after the model of the ancient abbey hard by, but on a reduced scale, is within its walls, and open to the whole neighbourhood.

In front of the porch by which one enters, there slopes to a sandy beach a lovely grassy lawn, from the brow of which are seen beautiful mountain and ocean views. It was here that the country-people used to assemble in hundreds for him to settle their disputes. They disdained to have recourse to the law while he was as "a father" among them. The memory of this and other patriarchal offices which he performed lives strongly still in the hearts of the people. Amongst his other high qualities, I must not forget the boundless liberality and hospitality for which he was famous.

The proprietor of this time-honoured place now is Daniel O'Connell, Esq., grandson of the "Liberator." He received us kindly, and before our departure showed me his grandfather's study. Every thing remains as when last occupied by him. There, on the table, and in front of the now empty chair, were strewn various old works upon Irish history and ancient Irish law. The bookcases around were filled with their venerable brotherhood; whilst from the walls hung, amid other articles characteristic of the tastes and pursuits of their late owner, trophies of many a hard-run chase.

I must not omit, however, to mention another picturesque spot on the opposite side of Darrynane Bay. It is called "Rath" (pronounced *Rah*), and consists of about 400 acres of a magnificent rocky promontory, full of deep grassy dells. The hills are well suited for planting; and were this done, and the whole enclosed, it would form one of the most beautiful and romantic places imaginable. It is terminated by Lamb Head, a bold precipitous headland, on the top of which is a smooth down, carpeted with wild thyme and delicious herbage of all kinds, on which we lay at length, gazing with delight on the scene around and the ocean at our feet.

We visited the beautiful islands of Scariff and Deenish before returning. The former is about 400 acres in extent, with a fine outline of mountain and valley, its highest point being about 840 feet above the level of the sea. It has very grand cliffs, as well as caves

and a natural archway. It maintains a goodly number of cattle and sheep, and is farmed principally for the sake of the butter, a large quantity of which is made. Covered with grass, fern, and heather, one never tires of walking over its finely-shaped hills. It has a herd of deer upon it and, what I have never heard of in Ireland before, numbers of wild goats. Were this noble island wooded, it would be one of the finest things conceivable.

Deenish is considerably smaller than Scariff: a channel of about three-quarters of a mile in width separates them; through it the tide sometimes runs furiously, causing a good deal of commotion. There is a farm-house on the island, but at present no inhabitant. I was much interested by some *roches moutonnies*, upon which the stræ were as clear and distinct as if the mighty glacier or iceberg had only lately passed over them. I may mention here that the whole of this district is remarkable for the number and clearness of its glacial evidences, and for the *moraines*, or rocks, which on all sides, and in the most extraordinary positions, bear testimony to the Age of Ice, which, bearing them along on the surface of its floes, or attached to the bottoms of its bergs, at length disappeared, leaving them behind, imperishable monuments of its reign.

Two days afterwards we bade farewell to Darrynane. Part of our return journey to Garinish was performed on that most ingenious and refined instrument of torture, an Irish jaunting-car (with "fine sthrong springs to it, your honour," which nearly break "your honour's" back, and dislocate every bone in his body), for the purpose of visiting one of the finest examples remaining of the old stone forts.

We had a charming drive from Darrynane (through Rath a part of the way) to Westcove, a pretty little village on the Kenmare Bay, and there visited the remains of an old castle, consisting of a square tower, mullioned window, &c. &c. Thence we proceeded by a wild mountain-pass to Staigue Fort, that being the name of the old fort to which I have alluded. It was well worth seeing, and formed a fine feature in the landscape from a long way off. It lies at a considerable distance from the sea-coast, in the midst of a wild and beautiful valley, looked down upon by lofty mountains. A picturesque torrent rushes past it over smooth rocks, or dashes down steep declivities, its banks clothed with *Osmunda regalis* and the delicate fronds of the lady-fern, which bend over it, dipping and swaying in its cool foaming waters.

The fort itself is a massive circular enclosure, the walls of which are enormously thick and strong. It is built without mortar; but of such wonderful strength, endurance, and finish of workmanship, as to have enabled it to withstand till now, from an unknown anti-

quity, all the ravages of time and man. Though not quite perfect, it is nearly so; and along much of the walls—about 15 feet in height—the finishing-course is still intact. In some parts the height is diminished, probably from the stones having been taken for building purposes in the neighbourhood. The enclosure is a space 89 feet in diameter, filled with rank grass: in the walls are occasional openings, leading to small chambers, intended—like those in modern earthworks, such as the Malakoff and the Redan—for the repose and shelter of the garrison.

One remarkable feature in this, as in all the Irish structures of antiquity which I have seen, is the massive though low entrance, formed of great single blocks of stone, which stand on each side, after the Egyptian type, inclining gradually towards each other from the base up, and are surmounted by a great stone lintel, then by a course of masonry, and then by another lintel, consisting of a single stone. Through this entrance one cannot walk upright.

This description will give some idea of these stone forts, objects of great interest and antiquity, commonly, but erroneously, called "Danish." Many of them exist, in a state more or less perfect, in this part of the world.

In the neighbourhood of these forts have sometimes been found (and some were pointed out to me) most curious and remarkable marks on the rocks. They are invariably in the form of circles; sometimes one, sometimes more circumferences, described with a sharp instrument round a small cup-like hollow in the centre. Sometimes these circles are found singly, sometimes in groups; and they have been the cause of much speculation to antiquaries, to whom I believe they are still an unexplained mystery, though generally supposed to have had something to do with the round forts in their vicinity.

Returning to the coast, we got on board our boat, which had sailed round to meet us, and spread our sails to a fair wind for our island paradise; our luncheon too proving most acceptable. The "wild west wind" soon brought our cruise to an end.

I cannot close my narrative without relating one of the many stories and legends of the country with which our jolly boatmen regaled us on the way; but it is impossible to do justice to the inimitable humour with which they were told. It runs something in this way.

In one of the dark mountain lakes or tarns of this wild district are a number of "tussocks," or little islands, of grass and sedge. On a certain day, the festival of the saint of the district, they are accustomed to slip their moorings, take a short pilgrimage, and return to them again! The people firmly believe in this marvel, and assemble in crowds to see it; but unfortunately the pilgrimage,

which is over in a minute, always takes place when their backs are turned, for the "tussocks" don't like to be watched. "But," says Mickey Doyle, "shure it's as thrue as the blessed gospel, your honour; and didn't I see thim wanst myself, when I was looking unknownst to thim? And, by the same token, isn't it thrue that one of thim walks lame ever since that murdthering soldier stuck it with his bagganet? Well and shure, I was smoking my dudeen behind a tree, and all of a suddint they all began to walk, and the poor lame crathur behind thim all; and with that I set up a murdthering great shout for the people to come and see thim. But may I nivr—if they didn't take offinse at the people running, and immediately they all wint back again, and nivr stirred another step! And it's thrue for me, your honour, and divil a word of a lie in it; and isn't it asy to be known shure, if a man can see it?"

Many other such stories enlivened our way, varied occasionally by a low melodious song of love or courtship, wild and plaintive alternately, sung in the Irish, which here still reigns supreme.

We paid visits to some of the beautiful places in the vicinity: Dereen, a whole district of mountain, lake, and valley, belonging to the Marquis of Lansdowne; Dromore, to Mr. Mahony; Derriquin, to Mr. Bland; and Parknassilla, the beautiful summer residence of Dean Graves, between which and Garinish is a whole archipelago of small islands, some of which are covered with the luxuriant natural wood of the district, feathering down to the water's edge. Our time having expired at last, to our great regret, we set sail, and bidding a reluctant farewell to these beautiful scenes, sped away before a fine westerly breeze, and were soon at Kenmare. Thence we drove to Killarney, through the beautiful grounds of Muckross, past the smooth lakes, so lovely, but so different from the boundless and never-resting waters of the Atlantic; and soon afterwards the iron horses of the Great South-Western Railway sped us to A—, where all that remained to us was to lie under the gigantic and venerable old elms by the side of the rushing river, and meditate upon scenes that had sunk deep into our hearts, there to remain for ever.

The Calendars of State-Papers.

PART II.

IN our last Number we promised to take an early opportunity of continuing our remarks upon the important series of Calendars now in the course of publication under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls. So far we have been able to discuss the subject only in its broadest features; nor could we do more than point out the system upon which these works are framed, and the period of history which they severally embrace. We now resume the subject, and propose to make a few observations upon the Calendars separately, following the arrangement under which we placed them in our former notice.

The volume which first claims our attention is that which describes the papers furnished by the Venetian archives.* It contains an abstract of 947 documents, which run between A.D. 1202 and 1509; and to these its accomplished editor, Mr. Rawdon Brown (already so well known by his edition of the *Despatches of Gius-tiniano*), has prefixed an Introduction, written with his accustomed vigour. The earlier papers which he has brought to light from these hitherto unexplored archives are of value chiefly as illustrating the history of European commerce, more especially in relation with our own country. Trade formed the bond of union between England and Venice, the intercourse being carried on chiefly by a small fleet of coasting vessels called the Flemish galleys. They made their first voyage (the first, at least, under the immediate auspices of the State) in 1317. Until that date goods had been conveyed to and fro by land, although there is evidence that as early as the thirteenth century shipping was occasionally employed for the purpose. In 1317, however, the Senate took the whole affair into its own hands, and passed various rules and regulations respecting the galleys, their captains, officers, and crews. The vessels were well manned, found, and armed. A notary-public, several scribes, two fifers and two trumpeters, always accompanied the fleet; while 180 oarsmen and 30 archers formed a part of the crew of each vessel. In his Preface Mr. Brown has given us a curious illustration of the manner in which foreign documents such

* *Calendar of State-Papers and Manuscripts relating to English Affairs existing in the Archives and Collections of Venice, and other Libraries of Northern Italy.* Vol. I. 1202-1509. Edited by Rawdon Brown. 1864.

as these may be most unexpectedly made available for the explanation of English antiquities. He shows that these oarsmen employed in the working of the Venetian galleys were chiefly Slavonians by birth, and that they established in England a confraternity similar to that which they possessed in Venice. They also had their own special place of burial, in the neighbourhood of Southampton; and at this day, in the pavement of the north aisle of North Stoneham Church, four miles distant from that port, is to be read the following inscription: "Sepultura de la schola de Sclavoni, A.D. MCCCCLXXXI." English antiquaries have been sadly puzzled with these words, and have proposed various explanations; but the difficulty is now solved by the information obtained from Mr. Brown's Introduction.

When the Venetian galleys neared the English coasts they generally repaired to the Camber, near Rye, or the Downs. There the vessels destined for England parted company with the rest of the fleet and proceeded to Sandwich, Southampton, or London. They were laden with the produce of the East as far distant as Persia and India, with the manufactures of Venice, and with a mixed cargo picked up at the different ports at which they had touched during their voyage.

The editor has given an interesting summary of the results which he has obtained by an extended inquiry into the produce and manufactures conveyed into England by the Flanders galleys during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Various spices, the growth chiefly of the East Indies, Ceylon, and Persia, and obtained by the Venetians from Damascus, Alexandria, and Constantinople, were imported into our island in considerable quantities. The drugs most in vogue were scammony, from Aleppo; rhubarb, from Persia; and aloes, from Damascus. Turpentine was used as an aperient and diuretic. It was brought direct from the Isle of Scio.

Our ancestors lived in continual terror of being poisoned, and had many preservatives and antidotes against such a disaster. Profiting by their fears, the Venetians supplied them with seed-pearls (which were pounded and taken internally), ambergris, and musk. It is only a step from the shop of the early English druggist to that of the grocer, who was indebted to the Flanders galleys for his green ginger, brown sugars, dried prunes, molasses, saltpetre, dates, and currants. These were chiefly brought from Sicily; the sugars obtained from which island were preferred in England, up to 1503, to those of the Levant or Madeira.

In their return voyage the galleys were freighted chiefly with wools and broadcloths. The latter were manufactured at London,

Winchester, Guildford, Witney, and Norwich. Tin, in rods, and dressed hides, also formed a portion of the cargo. English cloth, however, had found its way to Venice as early as 1265, in which year the Grand Council regulates the duty to be paid upon each piece of "Stamford."

Time passes on, and we find ourselves in the middle of the reign of Edward the Third. We are now introduced by Mr. Brown to one of those captains of Free Bands by which Italy was overrun and desolated at that period of her history. He figures in the vernacular writers of the day as *Aguto*, and that name is inscribed upon his tomb at Florence; but we claim him as a countryman. He was Sir John Hawkwood, an Essex yeoman, who made his first campaign in France in 1343. He crossed the Alps in 1361, and by his talents and courage soon acquired a reputation for generalship, "having in sundry skirmishes" (as old John Stowe has it) "with great courage and consideration, happily taken advantageable occasions of victory, the English demeaning themselves worthily with their bows and arrows." Thirty-four letters of Hawkwood and his followers have been discovered by Mr. Brown at Mantua, and others have been obtained from Friuli. The progress of the events with which this redoubtable freebooter identified himself is traced by his correspondence; and these productions of his Latin secretary will be read with interest.

It is well known that on the banishment of Henry of Bolingbroke (afterwards Henry the Fourth) from England by Richard the Second, he proceeded on an expedition to the Holy Land at the head of three hundred English knights; but it is not generally known that he passed through Venice on his way, and that the signory provided him with a galley and its outfit, which he was to arm at his own cost. His stay at the Holy Sepulchre must have been of no long duration; for when he returned four months afterwards, one hundred golden ducats were expended in his honour by decree of the Grand Council. Henry's antagonist, Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, likewise visited the same city on his way to Palestine, and he too obtained the loan of one of the galleys with its gear, "as had been done in like case to others."

We next have to chronicle the existence of no less than forty-nine original letters addressed by English and Scottish sovereigns to various Popes, ranging between A.D. 1471 to 1506, and authenticated by the original signatures of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. We are at a loss to discover how they wandered from the Vatican to their present depositories. One of these complains of "a monstrous promoter of iniquity and perdition, one Reginald

Peacock, of yore considered Bishop of Chichester, whose follies and new doctrines tend to subvert the decorum and dignity of the Church." Another records the progress of the campaign into Scotland in 1482, in which the English army, under the Duke of Gloucester, "traversing the heart of that kingdom without hindrance, arrived at the royal city of Edinburgh," which the victors spared at the intercession of the Duke of Albany. The same letter also describes the re-conquest of the town and castle of Berwick, after having been in the possession of the Scots for twenty-one years. Even more interesting than these, there is a series of nearly twenty letters to and from Francisco Coppini, bishop of Teramo, papal legate, which throw new light upon that most obscure period of our history, the concluding years of Henry VI.'s unhappy reign. One of the bishop's correspondents, Master Lorenzo of Florence, was resident with Queen Margaret, and from a letter to him it appears how anxiously the Pope attempted to mediate between the rival Roses. Another Italian, Antonio della Torre, was at the same time employed as ambassador from the Duke of Milan to Henry; and to him we are indebted for an account of the battle of Wakefield, written ten days after that action; and in immediate connection with it follow two letters from the redoubtable Earl of Warwick himself, in which he describes the position of affairs in England. Details equally interesting respecting the battle of St. Albans, and the subsequent adventures of Henry VI., Margaret of Anjou, their son Prince Edward, and the Earl of March, afterwards Edward IV., occupy the subsequent pages, and supply material which will fill up many a chasm in the history of this period when next it shall be written.

Here we are constrained to conclude our notice of the present volume. The Preface shows us that the Venetian archives possess important papers illustrative of the following reigns, and to the publication of the information contained in these we look forward with unabated interest. We trust we shall ere long have to record our renewed obligations upon the arrival of a second volume; in the mean time we have to express our thanks for the mingled pleasure and instruction which we have derived from the perusal of Mr. Brown's present contribution to our historical literature.

Bidding a kindly *au revoir* to the sunny land of Italy and our pleasant guide Mr. Rawdon Brown, we now cross over to Spain and place ourselves under the care of Mr. Bergenroth.* Our intelligent

* *Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State-Papers relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives of Simancas and elsewhere.* Vol. I. Henry VII. 1485-1509. Edited by G. A. Bergenroth. 1862.

companion whisks us off to the castle of Simancas, in which the State archives are deposited. Simancas is a dismal place. It is a small village about eight miles distant from Valladolid. The country around it is barren and treeless. There is no hotel, and the historical student must take up his abode in the cottage of some poor peasant, and make the best of the scanty accommodation which the household can afford. He suffers by turns from cold, heat, and wet. The food is worse than the lodging. It fares no better with him during the hours which he devotes to study. The reading-room in the castle has a northern aspect; and as no fires are allowed in the building, so bitter is the cold in winter that the thermometer frequently sinks almost to freezing-point, and the ink becomes congealed in the inkstand. But he forgets these discomforts when he surveys the treasures with which he is surrounded. The building contains forty-eight rooms filled with papers, which the officials in charge estimate at about ten millions of separate documents. Of these the series devoted to the affairs of England is said to consist of 11,244 bundles. Mr. Bergenroth is employed in the investigation of this important series of documents, and the volume now before us contains his abstract of such as relate to the reign of Henry VII. These, supplemented by a few contributions from other sources, swell the number of papers of Henry's reign up to more than six hundred.

Six hundred new letters illustrative of a single reign—a reign hitherto so obscure from the lack of original authorities—enable us to see many of its transactions from a new point of view, and their full importance will be understood when a history of this period shall be written. They enable us to comprehend many transactions, foreign and domestic, which have hitherto been misunderstood, and supply many deficiencies which have made Henry's reign, as we hitherto have read it, more than usually unintelligible. In Mr. Bergenroth's opinion, these Spanish documents throw a clearer light upon the dealings of Henry with foreign powers than all the papers of all other archives put together.

As early as 1488, Roderigo de Puebla was commissioned by Ferdinand and Isabella to proceed into England for the purpose of negotiating a marriage between the Princess Katharine of Spain and Arthur Prince of Wales. On his arrival he had several interviews with the English councillors, but these discussions related chiefly to the amount of the marriage-portion and the dowry which were to be granted to the future bride. The ambassadors offered one-fourth of the sum demanded by the English, and the bargain was continued long and pertinaciously on either side. During these negotiations, Puebla was invited to see the Prince of Wales; and having accepted

the invitation, "he discovered such excellent qualities in him as were quite incredible." Arthur was exhibited naked, and afterwards asleep. Henry wished that a favourable report of the "figure, image, and appearance" of his son should be conveyed to the father and mother of his future daughter-in-law. The ambassador also paid a visit at an unexpected hour to the Queen, whom he found with two-and-thirty companions of angelic appearance. The negotiations which ensued are too minute and protracted to admit of a further notice. While these matters were in progress, De Puebla attempted to arrange a marriage between the King of Scotland and Donna Juana, an illegitimate daughter of Ferdinand. King James was not aware of this blot upon the birth of Juana, and he nearly fell into the trap; but the Spanish sovereigns insisted that Puebla should make the Scottish ambassadors aware of the fraud which had thus been practised upon them, adding that "the consequences might be very serious."

In a letter written by the same ambassador from London a fortnight after the events it records, he gives an account of the landing of Perkin Warbeck. From this document we learn that when his troops disembarked in England, the people rose up in arms against them without the intervention of a single soldier of the king; they were severely cut up by the peasants of the adjoining villages, and but for the aid afforded by the shipping not one of them would have escaped. The English told the so-called Duke of York that he had better return to his father and mother, who were still alive in France, and were well known; and they held it to be as true as gospel that the present affair was the counterpart to that of the Duke of Clarence, who, after having been crowned king in Ireland, was discovered to be the son of a barber. Shortly afterwards Perkin himself appears as the writer of a letter addressed to Lady Katharine Gordon, whom he afterwards married. Of this interesting specimen of an early love-letter (it must have been written in 1495) a copy only (in Latin) has come down to us, and it is indorsed (in Spanish) as being from the Prince of Wales to the Princess of Wales; but its author and its destination are clearly established by internal evidence.

It served the interests of Spain to detach, if possible, Scotland from the offensive and defensive alliance which had bound her, so long and so faithfully, to France; and Puebla was instructed to use every effort to accomplish an end so desirable. If this were effected, the King of France would find himself in such a miserable condition that he would accept any terms which Spain might think fit to impose upon her. In the furtherance of this union with Scotland, the Spanish ambassador, Don Pedro de Ayala, proceeded from London

to Edinburgh, and on his return to the English capital he addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella a long and most interesting account of his mission. He begins with a description of the King of Scots, who (as he reports), besides being as handsome in complexion and shape as a man can be, is well read in the Bible, a good historian, and an admirable linguist. He speaks French, German, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish. Latin he speaks very well. He can also converse in "the language of the savages who live in some parts of Scotland and on the islands." He does not eat meat on Wednesdays and Fridays: he would not ride on Sundays for any consideration, not even to Mass. He is courageous even to rashness: "I have often seen him undertake the most dangerous things in the late wars; nay, I have sometimes clung to his skirts and succeeded in keeping him back." How truly has Ayala pictured the impetuous valour of the fourth James, and anticipated the disastrous result of the battle of Flodden! The portrait becomes yet more striking when he adds that this king is not a good captain, "because he begins to fight before he has given his orders."

We have next a description of Scotland and the Scotch. The people are described as being poor. They are too fond of war; and when they have no war with their neighbours, they fight with one another. They are handsome and hospitable, but vain and ostentatious. They are courageous, strong, quick, and agile. The abbeys are very magnificent, the buildings are fine, and the revenues very great. The towns and villages are populous. The houses are good, all built of hewn stone, and provided with excellent doors, glass-windows, and a great number of chimneys. All the furniture that is used in Italy, Spain, and France is to be found in their dwellings. Many, especially the upper classes, speak the French language, for most of the young gentry are educated in France. The women are extremely courteous, graceful, and handsome. They dress much better than the English, and especially as regards the head-dress. They are really honest, but very bold.

Upon more than one occasion Ayala had seen about one-third of the army assembled, and had counted more than twelve thousand tents, great and small; he was able, therefore, to form an estimate of the military capabilities of the kingdom. In his opinion the soldiers are very ostentatious, and pride themselves much upon the excellency of their equipment. On land, they think themselves the most powerful kingdom that exists; for they say that their king has always an hundred thousand men ready for the field, and they are always well paid. They have old and heavy artillery of iron; besides which, they possess modern French guns of metal, which are very good.

Such is a specimen of the information contained in this curious and interesting paper, which after thus describing Scotland touches upon many points, equally important, illustrative of the character and conduct of Henry VII. We will give an illustration of the nature of this information as affecting one of the mysteries of this obscure reign. Ferdinand and Isabella had asked for some intelligence respecting Perkin; and in reply De Puebla told them that the Bishop of Cambray, ambassador from the archduke, having wished to see Warbeck, Henry sent for him, and asked him, in the presence of the bishop and the writer, De Puebla, why he had deceived the archduke. In reply, Perkin swore to God that the duchess, Madame Margaret, knew as well as himself that he was not the son of King Edward. Puebla noticed how much altered Perkin was; so much so, that to all appearance he would not live long. He himself gave an account of a portion of his adventures to the writer. He stated that when crossing from Ireland to Cornwall, the Biscayan ship in which he was fell in with the English fleet, and was boarded. The commander of the man-of-war charged the captain and crew of the Biscayan to surrender Perkin, if he were hidden in the vessel, promising them a reward of two thousand nobles. The bribe was unavailing, and Perkin escaped; he had been all this time in the bows of the ship, hidden in a pipe.

This is a very imperfect notice of these important documents, for the knowledge of which we are indebted to the energy and the learning of Mr. Bergenroth. We have to thank him also for the spirited and lively Preface, in which he has brought out their value, and shown their bearing upon the general history of Europe during the eventful period which is embraced within the volume. Although we do not coincide with all the conclusions at which he has arrived, we most willingly concede that he has put forward his views with ability and candour. Upon the whole, his work reflects the highest credit upon himself and the authorities who sanctioned his employment, and we look forward with considerable anxiety for the succeeding volumes. The history of Henry VII. is interesting; but it is only of a secondary value as compared with the mightier questions involved in the histories of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon, upon the elucidation of which Mr. Bergenroth is employed at the present time.

We have been induced to enlarge upon the contents of these two volumes, not only on account of their own intrinsic value, but further because they are the first-fruits of an undertaking to which we attach special importance. We refer to the researches which are being made under the auspices of Sir John Romilly into the contents of

foreign libraries and archives in search of documents illustrative of our early national history. The *à priori* probability that such materials must exist abroad is now converted into the certainty that such documents actually do exist, and the amount and importance of the information brought to light at Simancas and Venice are the best arguments that possibly could be advanced for the prosecution of similar researches in other quarters. We do not profess to be in the confidence of the Director-General of the National Archives of England, but we are much mistaken if the system which has been thus happily inaugurated will be confined within its present circumscribed dimensions. No one knows better than the Master of the Rolls that until the whole amount of the historical information which is attainable from every available source has been made to bear upon any given period, no history of that period can be written; and for this very simple reason, that until the search is completed, the inquirer feels that he has not attained all that he ought to know. Let us take, for example, the reign of Henry VII. Mr. Gairdener's volumes give us the English material, Mr. Brown contributes his Venetian documents, and Mr. Bergenroth tells us all we can learn from Spain. But we are still ignorant of what yet remains unexplored at Rome, at Paris, and at Brussels; and until these chasms are supplied, our knowledge is imperfect, and we are prevented from utilising the material which has already been obtained. What we want to see, therefore, is a systematic inquiry into the contents of foreign libraries, by means of which the historical student shall be put in possession of the entire amount of information which is there buried.

We trust that no injudicious parsimony in the application of our public funds will be allowed to interfere with the speedy completion of a design which tends so directly to the advancement of our national honour. Progress is doubtless being made steadily and rapidly; and the sums placed at the disposal of the Master of the Rolls are administered with prudence and discretion. Much, however, yet remains to be done before the materials for any one reign can be said to be complete; and time is precious, and life is short, and our wants are urgent, and we are anxious to see a speedy result. We could be content to postpone the publication of the calendar of the domestic correspondence of the time of Charles II., if by so doing we could obtain a description of the contents of foreign libraries and archives illustrative of the reign of Henry VIII. Doubtless these self-evident considerations have not escaped the attention of the Master of the Rolls; but in the mean time we may be pardoned if we feel some little anxiety on the matter, the removal of which would be a subject of very general congratulation.

Mr. Brewer's volumes* now claim our notice. They consist of no less than 2500 pages of text, which represent 10,500 entries, and embrace the period between the accession of Henry VIII. and the year 1518. Of all the works published, or in process of publication, by the Master of the Rolls, this will probably be the most voluminous as well as (in some sense) the most important. It will be no fault of Mr. Brewer if it is not also the most comprehensive, for he aims at nothing short of rendering his book a complete one. Accordingly he has included within it a notice of every document which has fallen within the range of his very comprehensive researches. Not only are the manuscripts in the General Record Office of the British Museum, the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Lambeth, and Edinburgh put under contribution, but all the printed materials respecting English history, such as the letters of Erasmus, Peter Martyr, and the various other collections of the same kind, are analysed and ranged under their respective dates. We should become too technical were we to specify the Privy Seals, Signed Bills, Patent Rolls, Close Rolls, and others, which here pass under review. The result is, the accumulation of an amount of historical information the rival to which cannot be produced in the literature of any other country.

It is simply impossible for us in a comprehensive sketch like the present to do more than notice, in the most general terms, the exceeding value of such an abundant store of information. Whatever relates to the history of the kingdom, its internal administration, and its foreign policy, is here specified. An ambassador is despatched to Rome, to Paris, to Flanders, or to Spain, and he sends home an account of his proceedings; Mr. Brewer gives us an abstract of his letter. Henry writes to Maximilian, or Charles V., or Leo X., or Francis I.; we look over his shoulder and read what he chose to say to his correspondent. The period embraced within these volumes, though by no means the most interesting or the most important of Henry's reign, demands a careful study, since it exhibits the condition of the realm in Church and State, as it was when it entered on that struggle with the Pope which ended in the formation of Anglicanism. Henry's character too demands a special study, for which these papers afford ample material. We observe that so long as he permitted himself to live under the affectionate influence of Catharine of Aragon, the darker shades of self-will, cruelty, and rapacity were held in comparative restraint; nor was it until he had cast his wife

* *Letters and Papers, foreign and domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII. preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England*; arranged and catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M.A. Vol. I. 1862. Vol. II. (in two parts) 1864.

away, and placed Anne Boleyn on the throne, that he exhibited those characteristics which have branded his name with its indelible infamy. Hitherto, as far as Mr. Brewer's volumes conduct us, Wolsey is the guiding and controlling power; he directs all, and all acknowledge his superiority. Our general impression of the reign, up to this point, remains nearly the same as it is depicted by Lord Herbert, Dr. Lingard, and other recognised authorities. But when we enter upon the question of Henry's adulterous connection with "Mistress Anne," we are prepared to find that we shall have to unlearn much of what Englishmen have so long been taught to believe, and that many a new truth will be revealed. Hitherto history has been all upon one side. We have had only two authorities, Foxe and Burnet, and from their dishonest narratives all our later impressions have been derived, either directly or indirectly. Without pretending to the gift of a special inspiration, we venture to predict that the series of Calendars issued by the Master of the Rolls will go far to annihilate this traditional error, and to bring the truth to light, after its concealment of three centuries. We long, therefore, for the speedy completion of Mr. Brewer's labours. He is engaged, we know, upon a work which demands care, patience, and conscientious study; and these, we feel assured, he will bestow upon the future volumes of his Calendar, as he has bestowed them upon the past. But we may, at the same time, be excused if we long for the opportunity of tracing, step by step, the process by which Henry withdrew from the unity of the Church, which he had shortly before advocated so strenuously; how he managed the matter of the divorce; how he suppressed the religious houses and disposed of their possessions; and how he crushed under his foot the civil and religious liberties of his subjects, and introduced into England, once so free and happy, a system of despotism, sterner and bloodier than the world has ever seen before or since. All this, and much more than this, will be revealed to us as Mr. Brewer's Calendar advances; and each succeeding volume will contribute its share towards our emancipation from the thralldom of error in which we have been held so long. We therefore wish Mr. Brewer health and strength, mentally and bodily, to proceed with his labours as he has begun them. He is honest, truthful, and conscientious; and we feel that he will tell us, without fear or favour, what these plain-spoken records reveal about Henry VIII. and his victims, More and Fisher, Anne Boleyn and Catharine of Aragon.

In an Appendix to the latter volume Mr. Brewer has given us an interesting series of extracts from the private expenses of the king, which enable us to form an opinion respecting his individual

tastes, amusements, and occupations. His love of music shows itself early in his reign; shortly after his coronation "a pair of organs" were bought by him for 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* We are surprised at the price paid for dress; some kinds of ornamental cloth, such as cloth-of-gold of damask, costing 60*s.* per yard, and crimson cloth-of-gold averaging as much as 7*l.* In one month he expended 1200*l.* upon jewels and other ornaments. Christmas and New-Year's tide were always expensive times. Henry laid in a stock of plate and jewels in January 1510 which cost him 484*l.* 10*s.*, and the disguisings shortly after demanded an outlay of 451*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* "The Lord of Misrule, for his business at Christmas," had 66*s.* 8*d.* In the April of the same year, the Friars Observants at Greenwich received for 500 Masses at Easter 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and the Observants at Canterbury, for two Masses daily, 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The St. Nicholas Bishop had a customary payment of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Forty-two priests sang at Our Lady of Pem on All-Souls' day, and received 8*d.* each; and offerings at Our Lady of Walsingham amounted to 13*s.* 4*d.* The king's pleasures, even at this early period of his reign, were more liberally provided for than his devotions. Thus his offering at a Mass of Requiem for his father was limited to the modest sum of 6*s.* 8*d.*; while "two women out of Flanders, that did pipe, dance, and play before the king," received 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and Piers of Toulouse, "a minstrel shalmewer," had a gift of 4*l.* The king's outlay increased at a rapid proportion as compared with his income, and his profuse expenditure upon himself becomes annually more and more conspicuous.

These remarks receive an additional corroboration when we inspect another department of the royal outlay with which Mr. Brewer has made us acquainted. Under the head of "Revels" we have extracts from the books, which record the sums paid by Henry for those costly pageants in which he so much delighted, and which old Hall, the chronicler of his reign, has so abundantly recorded. They must have been singular spectacles, and if reproduced would astonish the sight-seers of the present generation. We will give a specimen. In February 1511 a joust was held by the king at Westminster, which lasted for three days. Part of the entertainment consisted in the representation of a forest, which was 26 feet long, 16 feet broad, and 9 feet high. It was garnished with artificial oaks, maples, hazels, birches, fern, broom, and furze, with beasts and birds embossed of sundry fashion, with foresters sitting and going on the top of the same, and a castle in the said forest, with a maiden sitting thereby with a garland, and a lion of great stature and bigness, with an antelope of like proportion. The whole finery came to an untimely end, We will record its fate in the phraseology and spelling

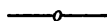
of the Clerk of the Revels for the time being, from whose book of accounts the following is an extract :

"Thys forrest or pagent after the ews was had into Westmester Gret Hall, and by the King's gard and other gentyllmen rent, brokyn, and by fors karryed away, and the poor men that wer set to kep, they heds brokyn two of them, and the remnant put ther from with foors."

Another account by the same functionary gives us an insight into the origin of the drama. At Christmas, 1516, Cornish, the deviser of the revels (no sinecure, we should think, in Henry's masking days), and the children of the chapel, performed "the story of Troylous and Pander rychly imparylled. Also Kallkas and Kryssyd, imparylled lyke a wedow of onour, in blake sarsenet and other ablements for seche mater; Dyomed and the Greks imparylld lyke men of war, akording to the intent or porpoos." After this "komedy" was played and done, a herald made a proclamation that three strange knights were come to do battle with those of the said castle, out of which issued "three men of arms with punching spears," appparelled in white satin and green satin of Bruges, lined with green and white sarsenet, and the satin cut thereon. A double cloak for Troylous, and a mantle and bishop's surcoat for Cornish to play Kallkas in, cost 10*l.* 11*s.* The dress of the lady who played Faith cost 48*s.*, and "7 ells of Holland cloth for short wide sleeves for Diomed and his fellows" were charged 7*s.* an ell.

Thus we see that, besides the more direct and purely historical element which predominates through these volumes, they abound with matter of a subsidiary character, and of surpassing interest. From them we are enabled to gather much curious information respecting many points about which we are glad to be informed, but for the elucidation of which we should search in vain elsewhere. The price of labour; the cost of furniture, dress, food, and luxuries; the domestic arrangements of the royal household; the rate of travelling; the names of the vegetables and flowers then in cultivation; the terms used in hunting, tilting, and shooting; the rate of interest, —these, and very many other subjects of a kindred nature, may be illustrated from Mr. Brewer's important volumes; indeed it is not easy to say what subject they do not illustrate.

Art and Beauty.



PART II.

WE may look on Beauty as an attractiveness not addressed to the wants of men, only to the sight,—an *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, a smile of joy in dimples, past the power of men to count; an element of perfect completeness, repose, satisfaction, spread over all created things, each in its degree,—some objects showing this in a singular degree, some only in connection with what is around them, as foils or contrasts, but adding still an atom to the whole; some things being made to honour, some to dishonour; but all, in one way or another, having a place.

Corruption, destruction, and death—agencies the existence of which is awful and unsearchable to us—show themselves in the natural world, to mar this visible delightfulness, to break off the completeness of its harmony. We pass by, and see from time to time the ruin of this perfect work; we see, in fact, something the very reverse of beauty, having its origin in some opposite force. And this sudden cessation of the existence of beautiful things or aspects is a mystery we must notice, but which we are not called upon to investigate. It is the negation—the contrary of this beautiful order; it is no part of it. Often, indeed, the powers or principles of destruction are contained in the substances and objects around us, which are so beautiful and so good; as, *e. g.*, the principle of fire, and the lightning, which lies hidden in so many substances; the explosive powers of gases in vegetables, and so on. The capacity for actively rending asunder and destroying or consuming, thus hidden away for good ends, is collected, brought into violent exercise, and reverses the musical concord and progress of the natural order; as if that which Oersted calls the “soul in nature” were armed against its Author, and undid His work. This is emphatically “ugliness.”

From this violent action we except what may be called consumption—such as that of herbs and fruits, appointed to be the food of men or animals—and the fall of leaves, of which the vital principle is spent, or has retreated into hidden store-places, to collect fresh strength and prepare for a renewed growth another year.

For this nature provides: nor does this succession mar its beauty. Violent forces do so; and though existing and coming into action—sometimes through the fury or design of men, sometimes by an upheaving of natural things—we do not recognise them as in the natural order,—rather as disruption of that order, happening we cannot tell why or when, telling of a mysterious influence which we cannot fathom.

Nevertheless, over the ruins thus brought about by wars, fires, earthquakes, floods, or other forces, after a while—shorter or longer—the natural order flows again, and has its will; as we say, “resumes her sway.” Thus the scars, and rents, and the downfall of nature, or of men’s works, put this healing power to the proof, and draw out its resources in the way of repair and restoration.

That which causes ugliness, horror—in short, want of beauty—either in its action or the marks of its action, we may speak of as death,—death going on, or death completed. This, though often before us in the world, is not part of this order of nature; it has no part of its beauty. Natural growth, on the contrary, strives against this disruption, overcomes it, and ends by showing, on the maimed and broken objects of its destructive agency, some of the most beautiful and attractive of its appearances.

Leaving aside, however, inquiry into the origin and action of this mysterious influence, that runs counter to the creation on all hands, while allowing the gaps and breaks that it brings about in what we call nature,—we may take it as indisputable that all created things have on them a seal of exquisite attractiveness, which we call beauty. Some creatures are more, some less beautiful; some singly, some when in combination; some standing out before us loved and desired by all men; some brought to our notice after long and careful examination. It is to the study and representation of what we here call Beauty that Art is directed. Art in this high sense has nothing to do with “usefulness;” and as we are calling attention to the distinction, it is worth while to consider the relative importance of these two qualities.

It is often said in our age, and especially in our own country, that the real important consideration of the day is usefulness. Railroads, canals, machinery, mines, coalfields, and so on, are sources of wealth, and are useful. Is Beauty, which is distinct from all this, of equal importance?

We argue now only with reference to Art, and to the dignity and importance of Art,—not on moral grounds at all. Whether wealth and abundance be good or bad, hurtful or profitable to men; and whether the pleasures of sight, which are enjoyable without the

necessity of the possession of the beautiful things we see, be liable to abuse or not,—are moral questions, which are not our business. But as we decided at the outset that there was a positive rank in pleasures themselves, and that some were more enduring and more capable of indefinite increase than others, so it was clear that that class of enjoyments was, in itself and on those accounts, higher and nobler than those which answer to a necessity, and proclaim our weakness in doing so. What is their relative value?

Let us look out on the creation, on “nature,” as it lives and grows around us, for an answer. Now, nature produces useful objects—things with a beauty of their own—but clearly brought into existence for use: animals, *e. g.*, corn, and fruits.

If we consider man as the visible master of the earth, and animals as subjects of his, then the animals in the first place, and the fruits that sustain both him and the animals, are the creatures most useful to him. He and they have certain wants: they and the fruits are the sources from which these wants are supplied. Now, amongst the countless order of vegetable productions, how many are useable for food? how many produce eatable fruits at all? Bread, as far as tradition can carry us back, has been the staff of man’s life. A few animals form part of his food; a few others become his servants, help him to till the earth, to grind the corn, to give him eggs and rear their young for him, or to hunt and take for him what is wild, and to carry him and his goods to and fro according to his wish. A few fruits are useful to him rather as delicacies than dependable sources of nourishment.

But if horses and dogs, camels and asses and oxen, are his servants, and a few more animals are useful to him for food,—of what immense numbers has he no real need! And excepting hounds and horses, those he does use have comparatively little beauty. The wonderful and beautiful animals we see in the Zoological Gardens and other menageries are of no use. Many are our enemies; many live and die in primeval forests, receding and disappearing before the step of man, glorifying with graceful forms or brilliant plumage solitudes that the foot of man has never trodden.

Of what use, in the sense in which we are speaking here, are all these wonderful creatures? Men may take them, tame them in a measure, or destroy them, but have no need of them. Of birds and animals that man leaves room for, great numbers are useless. The hawk, the raven, the swallow, and so on, are of no use. If, as we hear now on all sides, the birds are friends to us, and are so by destroying insects, what is this but saying that one set of useless creatures subsists in order to find food for another? Others again

are requisite for them; and so on in a long chain. The vegetable world shows us a similar side. If corn and fruits are useful to us, and green herbs and grasses to our beasts, how few there are of these! The flowers, which are the glory of vegetable things, are for delight, and not for use; and, as in the case of animals, vast numbers of plants and flowers are known to bloom and grow where the feet rarely tread; some flourish most and are most beautiful where the air would be pestilential to men. So again the mountains and the sea contain recesses and creatures living or growing, which cannot be seen, but of which we know enough to be certain of their beauty.

Man is the only being that can enjoy beauty; and there are places in the earth and the vast extent of the sea which can never be his. Yet this superabundant beauty is every where; and vast tribes and genera of beautiful creatures succeed each other and perish, giving place to other kinds, though men get only glimpses of them, and have but heard enough to know of this truth.

We see, besides, that while to grow corn and eatable fruits tillage and care are wanted, yet the flowers neither toil nor spin. Though they are capable of enlargement or greater vividness of colour, or of other developments, yet they will come into bloom and be beautiful in their own places of their own accord. "Useful" nature requires and is obedient to the will and the exertions of men: were it not so, they would perish. But Beautiful nature goes on whether they are present or absent; subsisted for long ages where man had never come, and springs to life again over the ruined cloister or the shattered tower, after its owner or its occupant has been driven from it never to return.

This beauty, then, continues independently of any helper, even of any human witness,—a perpetual declaration of glory; and we see it or hear of it, wonder at or love it, but with no thought that it is useful to us. Such is the answer nature gives us, when we look around us to find out the relative rank and importance of its beauty as compared with its usefulness.

We may observe, besides, that before useful things men are equal; that with all possible command of wealth and opportunity, the possession of land or of produce of all kinds, no one can increase his capacity for enjoying useful things except to a very limited degree. A rich possessor cannot eat much more, or wear warmer clothes than a poor man could. He may use horses and the services of other men, but his body undergoes no substantial change by the abundance of useful appliances; and for the less wealthy, *if they have enough*, they have as much as he has. The

inequality is slight as regards the capacity of satisfying actual wants. On the other hand, regarding the pleasures of the eye, as of the ear, this capacity is often wholly reversed; men of few wants, slender means, and infirm bodies having powers of enjoying these pleasures as much as the richest and those most keenly alive to bodily gratifications. Though, indeed, the pleasures of the eye and the ear may be enjoyed to a high degree by those who are indulgent in the pleasures of sense generally, yet there remains a certain antagonism between the two; indulgence in the latter having a tendency to blunt the capacity of refinement in the former, so that what we commonly call self-indulgence is wont to dull and thicken our taste for these more refined pleasures. If it is conceivable that the two classes of enjoyments may be equally within the reach of the same person, we do not find it so often—in fact, perhaps never. It is from this attempted union that what we mean by the word “vulgarity” creeps over the taste of individuals and of periods of society. Immense wealth is thus commonly found allied to coarseness and vulgarity in taste, and thence to lead to profusion, voluptuousness, and degradation in Art.

The consideration, however, of this matter of vulgarity would take us too long for the present. It arises from a disregard of the true dignity of beauty and an over-estimate of the importance of some other desirable qualities. We pass on now to another point, one of very great significance in the treatment of Art-criticism,—the imperfection we see in the creation around us. If Beauty be so important—if it be the type and suggestion of so much, and be capable of giving us so true and so desirable a source of enjoyment, how is it that “nature” is ever otherwise than perfect and complete? We have already considered the fact, disheartening and sad, that there is in the world a counter-agency that seems to reverse the order of created things, and to bring them to nothing; but it is also true that many productions are in their own nature perishable: that is, are doing their work and showing their beauty only for a time, and are always bringing to maturity their fruits and seeds—the principle of their reproduction—and that for this renewal they must make way. The principle of vitality is gathered up with seed or root; the colours fade, the leaf dries up, it is dissolved into its own chemical elements, and, combining with others in the earth and the air, it prepares for a new life and fresh beauty, true to its own type, but each year or period of renewal wholly new, and with something of its own and original. This is the decay of succession; but as far as beauty goes, these stages of life show in each stage beauty they did not show at first; and relative perfection and beauty, time and purpose considered,

is found to consist with this onward move and ceaseless change. Foliage is quite as beautiful in autumn as in spring ; often far more so. Orchards in fruit have a beauty different, but not inferior to that which belongs to them when they are in flower. This principle holds less, of course, in regard to animal life.

Over and above all the variations of beauty, however, to which the course of nature is liable, and the blots or losses that natural objects betray, we are met by the phenomenon that perfection in beautiful objects is rare. Few of us have seen perfect specimens of complicated organic life. As this life is less complex, perfection is more common ; but in proportion to the beauty and variety of structure, to the delicacy of adjustment of parts, and the number of functions, this perfection is found wanting. If we were to examine vegetable growth, we should find that grasses, leaves, corn-stalks, flowers of the simpler kind may be met with all complete, but also all alike, — full of delicate variation when closely examined, but appearing alike, having all their proper characteristics, but, as these are few, showing little to common observers by which one can be discerned from another. But who meets with a perfect oak-tree ? or if he does, how many can he remember ? Proprietors who are proud of their timber take us up to one or two special trees of various kinds and point to them as very choice examples, but they are but few. Culture and careful treatment improve them ; and now and then, as in the New Forest, may be seen the happy result of a seed dropping in a peculiar patch of soil, and becoming, from favouring circumstances of shelter, moisture, and the like, an example of what a tree may be. Beauty is not wanting because of this imperfection ; sometimes a strange and imposing grandeur accompanies it, and supplies the want ; but a certain completeness, harmony, and satisfaction accompany perfection, and impart to us a pleasure which is over and above what we get from seeing the general beauty of ordinary and even of good specimens of the object, whatever it be.

In organic animal life this rule holds still more. Creatures of extremely simple construction, with few functions to do, and that come into existence for the shortest time and in the most overpowering numbers, seeming as it were difficult to find or conceive of as imperfect, while larger, more complicated creatures, with variety of parts and degrees of intelligence, are as difficult to meet with in perfection ; and so on till we come to man. And as animals come into contact with man they have to give way before him and die out. Those only remain that are useful to him as servants. And amongst these perfection of form and beauty and special perfection of powers

become rarer under his culture, though for his general uses this culture produces more serviceable combination.

Thus we find special races of dogs and horses with special instinctive gifts merging in breeds of animals uniting these special gifts to some extent, but with a loss of intensity in each. And these cultivated animals are more rarely met with perfect than has been the case in the races from which they sprung.

If from these we rise to the consideration of human beauty, we find indeed that that culture which we speak of under the word "civilisation" enlarges the powers of man, and, if not abused, opens to him a higher range of thought, a wider and a firmer grasp of every thing within his reach; but it makes him also a creature more complicated. The beauty of which a mixed and cultivated race or nation has the capacity is far beyond that of an unmixed race. But the full attainment of this magnificent type is more rare than the full attainment of the beauty of a less varied kind. Races which retain or have formerly retained one special type are, on the other hand, more alike in their component individuals; and such beauty and perfection as that race shows is oftener seen, and more evenly approaches its perfect development. Thus if we observe lower families of men, among Hottentots or other races that have gone on unchanging for long ages, each man or woman has gathered in himself more of the perfections of his race, inferior as that perfection is, than we find in the mixed races of Europe.

But if the total sum of perfection is in man infinitely beyond that of other created things, and of highly-cultivated men vastly beyond that of more uncultivated and wilder people, that perfect type is more rarely to be met with. The variety of beauty will be greater, many of its characteristics more subtle, and demanding more observation from us; but perfection rare. Not necessarily; for the intercommunion of races, the free-trade of thought in its legitimate channels—the making brothers instead of enemies of the families of the earth—is in itself an object to be desired, an end intended. According as this purpose is honestly carried out, the resources of men must necessarily grow, their attainments ought to be greater and more various, their natural beauty and visible perfection must be of a higher kind. Still, perfection—that is, complete perfection, the rare, harmonious, imposing gift, so wonderful, so attractive when we see and understand it in vegetation or amongst animals—is indeed rare. We might expect it to be more common. The time might come—many shallow minds think it is coming—when it will be common. As a fact it is not so.

To understand Art, as to understand any other results of delicate

human faculties, it is necessary to bear this imperfectness in mind. Art is not philosophy, but a way and a result of the contemplation of outward visible things, representing their beauty and their harmony. Both beauty and harmony may coexist with much imperfectness. It is not the true part of Art to "make up" the imperfectness and deficiencies of things we see, or, as is said, "to improve nature;" far from it. It is the business of the artist to see; and to imagine is to see in a certain sense. Thoroughly imaginative men and thoroughly imaginative works put before us objects, scenes, histories, in a way so thoroughly in accordance with visible "nature," however imperfect, that we recognise them for their truth. Their power is in a ratio with the simplicity and the "naturalness" of their details. Phidias and Homer, Dante and Michael Angelo, Raphael and Shakespeare, hold their sway over us by the intensity with which they see and portray "nature," with all its want of perfection on it. As often as not their charm consists in the exceeding accuracy with which they record very common occurrences and very obvious suggestions, while weak men strain after the sublime, or soften off the rough genuineness of real life.

So much, then, of the beauty of the natural world, and of its liability to loss and destruction,—of its fulness, and of the rarity of absolute perfection.

Let us say a word or two as to the easiness or difficulty of rightly observing these beautiful aspects of nature.

We may begin by remarking how seldom we make a good use of our eyes in common matters. We do not really see what is under our very noses. It sounds an anomaly to say so, but the inaccuracy of the impressions ordinary people receive from what passes before them is as undeniable as it is continuous. The grounds on which pleaders trust to baffle their opponents is the uncertainty of these impressions on the part of eye-witnesses of very simple occurrences. The eye, indeed, is an accurate instrument; but the observer is not conscious of the impressions the eye receives. The mind has not properly directed the eye. Cross-examinations rouse the observer's thought. His memory is forced back on the things or actions referred to; and after many efforts the mind does often find out and bring forward, under this pressure, the true images which the eye brought before it, but which were not observed at the time.

To be a good and careful observer of outward beauty in the natural world, and to be able to direct the eye wisely, is the real foundation of criticism of Art. We know whether Art is true or not in proportion to our accuracy in the observation of nature. It is

because of the excessive inaccuracy of ordinary eyes that false principles are accepted in Art, and become perpetuated.

Want of observation of nature is not all either. Much of our inaccuracy is doubtless owing to the enormous field of our vision; so very many objects are before the eye. Things pleasing or beautiful succeed one another so unceasingly, that we cannot recollect them or fix our attention on them all, and indeed do but hazily see any of them.

But there remains, besides this, the difficulty of accurately seeing many things we do look at and do try to take in. We all know how difficult it is to follow the flight of birds that are like in colour to the ground over which they fly; to make out writing to which we are unused; how foreign languages seem to be gabbled over with which we are but partly familiar, the brain requiring time to make out the impressions which the senses receive, though the senses themselves take in these impressions, as mere impressions of sense, just as quickly as they would if the mind were familiar with the subject. Most people indeed could be taught to observe nature accurately, were their attention rightly and steadily directed.

The faculty of observing and recording these impressions in pictures, or other representations addressed to the eye, makes men artists, and may be taught; and the faculty of doing this with ease and unfailing certainty, and of taking in all the complex relations of objects or persons with other objects and persons under varying circumstances, is imagination. This is a gift. We cannot expect training to give it to us. Those who have this faculty are poets; and poets are uncommon people. By poets we do not mean writers only, but those who can put before us, whether on their canvas, their marble, or their pages, true and beautiful images. Poetry, in whatever way expressed, is always affecting us, as we have already remarked, by its extraordinary perception and accurate record of actual things—the smallest as well as the greatest.

Poets in any form have been few. In Art they have been our guides to the observation of nature. When the observations of artists are weak and untrue, we are likely to see nature amiss. When they continue so for long, they create a vicious tradition, and our love and knowledge of Art are impaired accordingly.

How then are we to expect at a time like the present, when Art, though abundant, is so generally an object of ostentation on one side and commercial profit on the other, to form sound principles for the judgment of Beauty? The kinds of Art are so various and views of the subject so discordant, and we live so much on the revival and reproduction of the works of former days, that, without devoting

some real thought to the subject, false and specious attractiveness cannot be at once set aside, but will corrupt the taste and give a false bias to the judgment. But what holds good in nature is also true of Art. By attention and observation we shall begin to see what is really before us; and when the eye distinguishes objects that at first seem confused and overpowering from their number and juxtaposition, the mind will begin to reason on the order, harmony, or otherwise, of the system before it. Some works of great artists—the sculptures of the Elgin room or the ceiling of the Sistine chapel—are not likely to be ever misobserved; but a vast field of the finest art is not to be understood without some real amount of patient study. No one will spend such attention without reaping the benefit of it. Supposing even an observer to be wholly out of reach of the traditions of Art, and to make for himself reflections the most original, and to see or learn to look for very special qualities in Art, this would but add a keenness to his relish for acknowledged traditions when pointed out, if he did not end by finding them sooner or later for himself.

It is to be observed that Art is as fully open to the judgment of those who are not themselves artists as of those who are. Criticism, indeed, is more just, and the judgment better balanced, in those who are not poets or inventors. The two operations represent two sets of faculties wholly different. Great inventors form their conceptions in a way altogether beyond analysis or description, while judgments are formed by a logical and argumentative process. A great musician may be no composer; and painters and sculptors of real imaginative power would be unable to account for their own productions, would obey the rules of their art by instinct, and pass beyond them from time to time with unerring success.

It is again true, however difficult to account for it, that fondness for Art in men of the very greatest minds, if they have not directed their powers that way, is no security against the weakest preferences. Men of strong will, keen intellectual force and vast acquirements, turn often towards Art as a relaxation, as they might play with children, and find solace in the softness of weak productions.

This is from no want of capacity to distinguish between softness and tenderness, but from want of attention, and from the natural tendency of strong and laborious men to love what is unlike themselves, or supplies what they seem to lack. However it is to be explained, it is true that men, societies—one might almost say generations of great men—are to be found with childish preferences in Art. An age that constructs ships like the Great Eastern and bridges like that over the Menai is pleased with the most transpa-

rent feebleness of lath-and-plaster and the poorest platitudes of our contractors' architecture.

It would perhaps be better, and take us further in the direction of real refinement, if these sickly tributes to the charms of Art were left out of most of our modern life altogether. If we can give attention to useful works alone,—if it be right and best for a nation to absorb itself in the pursuit of money, and the national faculties in making works that have the increase of money for their one sole object,—it would be wise to acknowledge that Art cannot be super-added without effort, as a flourish altogether supererogatory.

Then indeed we should perceive that the pursuit of Art is something altogether different, something absorbing and serious; that Beauty is in itself an object, and an object distinct from "utility." We should see, from considering the analogy of the Creation about us, what a place in it and what a value beauty and beautiful things have; of what a dignity the contemplation of this vast field must be, silently inviting us to disregard that which ministers to and multiplies wants and weaknesses, and to consider this vast field itself, with its wonderful growth and productions. Can it be so constantly before and round about us for nothing? If it is not so, is it not worth our study?

Art indeed, like other admirable energies of man, so noble in reason, so excellent in faculty, may be abused, or it may be used for ends beside its own. We do not enter on this question,—the moral good or the moral evil to which Art may be turned.

To love Art is our natural bent; to enjoy it is in the reach of every one. But this enjoyment is no part of any natural instinct that craves, as the palate craves, for its satisfaction; and to reach it we must be at the pains of a certain measure of mental effort. The beauty that draws the eyes, the harmony of sounds that enter through the ear, must be wooed with full and serious intention. He who is great with the one may be altogether a fool with the other; but excellence both in the one and in the other is for the delight, not of the artist or composer alone, but of every one who will look and listen without impatience.

J. H. P.

Saints of the Desert.

No. IX.

1. SOME old men came to Abbot Antony; who, to try their spirits, proposed to them a difficult passage of Scripture.

As each in turn did his best to explain it, Antony said: "You have not hit it."

Till Abbot Joseph said: "I give it up."

Then cried Antony: "*He* has hit it; for he owns he does not know it."

2. When the Abbot Arsenius was at the point of death, his brethren noted that he wept. They said then: "Is it so? art thou too afraid, O Father?"

He answered: "It is so; and the fear that is now upon me has been with me ever since I became a monk."

And so he went to sleep.

3. Abbot Pastor said: "We cannot keep out bad thoughts, as we cannot stop the wind rushing through the door; but we can resist them when they come."

4. Abbot Besarion said, when he was dying: "A monk ought to be all eye, as the Cherubim and Seraphim."

5. They asked Abbot Macarius how they ought to pray.

The old man made answer: "No need to be voluble in prayer; but stretch forth thy hands frequently, and say, 'Lord, as Thou wilt, and as Thou knowest, have mercy on me.' And if war is coming on, say, 'Help!' And He, who Himself knoweth what is expedient for thee, will show thee mercy."

6. On a festival, when the monks were at table, one cried out to the servers, "*I* eat nothing dressed, so bring me some salt."

Blessed Theodore made reply: "My brother, better were it to have even secretly eaten flesh in thy cell than thus loudly to have refused it."

7. An old man said: "A monk's cell is that golden Babylonian furnace, in which the Three Children found the Son of God."

J. H. N.

Early Married Life of Marie Antoinette.

THE life of Marie Antoinette, which began in the purple and ended on the scaffold, was less free from trial and trouble in its seemingly brightest stages than we are wont to suppose. Born in the lap of greatness, endowed with some of nature's choicest gifts, wedded while yet a child to the heir of France,—she was at first looked on with coldness by him, and by most of the French court; and she had to fight her way to the full possession of her husband's heart, as many a woman of meaner degree and less innate pride could not have condescended to do. To be loved by all was the dream of her youth, and she found most of her new relatives and intimate associates systematically arrayed against her. Enthusiastic popularity, it is true, waited on her bright beauty and winning grace whenever she appeared in public. For a long time she seemed the idol of the nation; but an under-current of hostile feeling from the royal family was ever at work against her. Too generous for suspicion, too lightly gay for prudence, she made no account of low intrigue or petty jealousy; and secure in her freedom from evil intention, she forgot the duty of aiming higher, and bartered queenly dignity for frivolous amusements and the incense breathed to her womanly fascinations. The whispered tales insidiously set afloat gradually penetrated downwards, till that fair innocent sovereign became branded to the mind of the multitude, not only as the enemy of France, but as the gay despiser of all moral ties. Nevertheless, taught and matured by sorrow, Marie Antoinette fulfilled nobly her part as wife and queen during her later and most trying years; and when royalty perished in the storm of revolution, she threaded her calm way with dignity to the scaffold through long scenes of cruel outrage and keenest mental torture.

Born at Vienna, the 2d of November 1755, she was the youngest child of Marie Thérèse and of François, duc de Lorraine. In stature small, but finely formed, she was especially remarkable for graceful carriage, and for the winning softness of her look and manner. Her brilliant complexion was enhanced by the profusion of her light glossy auburn hair; her large blue eyes, that could flash with the haughtiness of an imperial race, sometimes swam tenderly, but were mostly sparkling with frolic and mirth; innocence and childish gaiety

lent charms to each expression or motion. Such was Marie Antoinette when, at little past fourteen, she reached Versailles, to become the Dauphin's wife.

Her education had not been so carefully attended to as we might have expected: either the Empress was too much engaged with state affairs, or, as would seem much more likely, the young princess herself was too incorrigibly gay to be very studious. French was then the language generally used at her mother's court both for conversation and letter-writing. Marie Antoinette spoke that language and German with perfect fluency, and without any accent; her letters, however, betray many faults, not only of style, but also of spelling: the former is often very pleasing nevertheless. Some early letters would even seem beyond her age in this respect, and therefore to have undergone correction. Her handwriting continued for many years an unformed scrawl, that called forth reproaches from the Empress, and made Marie Antoinette tremble lest her letters should be seen by Madame du Barry. Besides the two languages mentioned above, she knew a little Italian, and studied music with some success. After her marriage with the Dauphin had been definitively arranged, towards the close of 1768, professors of all kinds were in constant attendance to perfect her education, but with no very remarkable results, except in the lighter branches of deportment, dancing, and singing. Two actors, Dufresne and Sainville, had first been chosen to give her the last finish in French declamation; but on learning afterwards the irregularity of their lives, Marie Thérèse selected the Abbé de Vermond for the general superintendence of her daughter's studies. The Abbé was a conscientious well-informed man, and quite devoted to his pupil, but devoid of zeal, and with little intelligence. He kept aloof from evil or from intrigue of any kind, but did not possess the moral energy requisite for guiding another, and especially one in such a difficult position as the Dauphiness of France.

Though her ambition was much gratified by the match, it was not without many an anxious pang that Marie Thérèse consigned her fair and innocent child to the dangerous atmosphere of French corruption at this period. Louis the Fifteenth was dragging out the last portion of his wretched career; Madame du Barry reigned supreme at court,—held levees and received ambassadors exactly as if she shared the throne. The king's only son had been dead five years, leaving behind him five children; of whom the eldest, afterwards Louis the Sixteenth, was only one year older than his bride Marie Antoinette. The other four were: the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois, subsequently married to two sisters, prin-

cesses of the house of Savoy; Clotilde, afterwards queen of Sardinia; and Madame Elizabeth.

The Dauphin held his father's memory in great affection and respect; he had inherited his virtues, and shared his deep disgust at the vices that disgraced the French court. M. de Choiseul, the negotiator of his marriage, was peculiarly distasteful to him, both as having behaved disrespectfully to the late Dauphin, and as having deeply injured religion by the expulsion of the Jesuits. A shade of this dislike fell at first on the young archduchess, conducted into France by Choiseul. Moreover, the Dauphin, though so good, was by nature heavy and dull; he was fond of violent sports and of mechanics, but did not care for the society of women. Marie Antoinette, light-hearted even to frivolity, abashed his shy reserve. It was long ere her virtues and gentle attentions, though so powerfully aided by native charms, could quite win for her the heart of the young prince.

The old king only noticed his granddaughter by fits and starts. Madame du Barry was very exacting, and seldom satisfied with the degree of attention wrung from *la petite rousse*, as she disdainfully called Marie Antoinette. The king's three daughters instinctively disliked their new niece, and were moreover resolved on keeping sway over the Dauphin's mind. But they wished also to win Marie Antoinette; and she leant strongly towards aunts dear to her husband,—good pious women, though narrow-minded and intriguing, and who had the merit in her eyes of being uncompromisingly opposed to Madame du Barry. Marie Thérèse often warned her daughter against yielding to their influence. During all this time the court saw little in Marie Antoinette but a foreign princess without firm hold on her husband's affections, and liable to be set aside as giving no heirs to the throne; the Comte de Provence (Louis the Eighteenth), who was always calculating, sought to do her harm by stealth; and the Comte d'Artois (Charles the Tenth), who was really fond of her, injured her nevertheless in public opinion through his character for dissipation, which cast a shade over their intimacy. M. de la Vanguyon, Governor to the Dauphin and his brothers, was the decided enemy of Marie Antoinette.

The Dauphiness, despite her levity, had tact that enabled her to judge pretty fairly those around her. She never wholly trusted M. de Provence; and though liking his brother better, knew that not much reliance could be placed on him either. But she was both too noble-minded and too volatile to be constantly on her guard.

As often occurs, she was her own greatest enemy. Nothing did her more harm than the childish way in which she yielded to her

love of ridicule, and put off all restraint not absolutely necessary for good conduct; whereas in France appearances are always respected, even when realities fail to be so. Her lady-in-waiting or *gouvernante*, Madame de Noailles, afterwards Maréchale de Mouchy, a person of great virtue and good sense, but stiff and rigid in manner, was secretly styled *Madame l'Etiquette*. Indeed, all the ladies about court were divided into three classes by the giddy Dauphiness: those growing old she called *les siècles*; those supposed to aim at peculiar propriety were denominated *collets-montés*; and the more talkative rejoiced in the epithet of *paquets*. Few persons pardon satire from royalty, considering it with truth as an ungenerous abuse of power. Women, of course, are less forgiving on such a score, and Frenchwomen least of all the sex. No nation applies the social lash with greater nicety, and resents its application more vindictively. That a German should presume to let fly shafts at French manners and elegance was much too intolerable to be borne with patience.

The Dauphiness had one true friend at court, and that was M. de Mercy-Argenteau, the Austrian ambassador. To him Marie Thérèse perpetually refers her for advice, sometimes forgetting how necessary it was for her popularity that Marie Antoinette should cease to be German and become thoroughly French. M. de Choiseul, who had hoped firmly to base his own credit on the gratitude of the future queen of France, found himself set aside six months after the royal marriage. His successor as head of the ministry, the Duc d'Aiguillon, was a creature of Madame du Barry, and consequently opposed to the Dauphiness.*

* The works lately published concerning Marie Antoinette are three in number. The volume due to M. von Arneth gives 163 letters exchanged between the Empress Marie Thérèse and her daughter during the years that intervene from 1770 to the death of the former in 1780. Ninety-three of these were penned by Marie Antoinette. Most of the letters contained in M. D'Hunolstein's collection are addressed to her sister, the Duchesse de Saxe-Teschén. In the four volumes published by M. Feuillet de Conches the correspondence chiefly emanates from Louis the Sixteenth and Madame Elizabeth; but there are also four interesting letters by Marie Antoinette, that relate her first impressions regarding the royal family of France. These four were perhaps partly corrected as to style; but the others are far too unreserved to have been intended for any save her mother's eye. Our readers are perhaps aware that a controversy is now on foot as to the genuineness of some of the letters contained in these collections. A professor of Bonn, Dr. Sybel, has attacked them in a German review; and his arguments have appeared to some critics as worthy of attention. They are grounded chiefly on the difference of style which is to be observed between some of the undoubted authentic letters and others that are placed by their side. The

Four years passed between her marriage and the time when she became queen; and, despite the enmities around her, she appears to have spent her time very happily. According to the minute account given to Marie Thérèse, she rose at half-past nine or ten, dressed, said morning prayers, and then went to visit her aunts, where she generally found the king. At eleven her hair was dressed, and she received visits while putting on her rouge and washing her hands; after these preliminaries the men present withdrew, but the women remained while her toilet was completed. Mass was always said at twelve, and the dauphiness either went to chapel with the king and his daughters, or, if the former did not attend, alone with the Dauphin. She and her husband then dined together, the public being admitted indiscriminately to look on. After this meal she retired with the Dauphin to his apartment, or if he were occupied went to her own, where she read, wrote, or worked with her needle. At three she went again to see mesdames, and the king was mostly there; at four the Abbé de Vermond came to give instruction, and an hour later the music- or singing-master attended. At half-past six she and the Dauphin again returned to the apartments of mesdames, where they played at cards till nine, or else went out to walk. Then mesdames supped with the Dauphiness, unless the king took that meal with his daughters, in which case Marie Antoinette came in when it was over. Sometimes, if Louis the Fifteenth arrived late, she stretched herself to sleep on a sofa till he made his appearance.

One of her great pleasures was riding, and Marie Thérèse constantly blamed the indulgence of this taste as contrary to health and good looks. "You will spoil your complexion and your figure; it is even dangerous for you to ride *en homme*. You promise at least

attack is made on the French collections, the work of Von Arneth being above all suspicion. Besides internal evidence, there are some considerable difficulties raised by external arguments. The *Revue des deux Mondes* has made light of the controversy, as an explosion of German scepticism in critical matters, not unprompted by national animosity. M. Eugène Veuillot, in the *Revue du Monde Catholique*, has taken the opposite side. The chief point in his argument strikes us as singularly weak. Both M. D'Hunolstein and M. Feuillet de Conches give a letter of Marie Antoinette to her mother dated Dec. 7, 1771, in which she mentions Madame du Barry, "*dont je ne vous ai jamais parlé*," or "*reparlé*." But it is clear, says M. Veuillot, that she had often mentioned Madame du Barry before in her correspondence; therefore the letter is false. The expression is strange, but easily explained as an allusion to a reproach from Marie Thérèse, who found that her daughter sometimes held her tongue about matters on which she had been lectured. On the whole, no sufficient case has been yet made out against the letters. Some of them may have passed through the hands of different copyists, and this may account for some discrepancies.

never to hunt on horseback, and I rely on this promise." But a little later on Marie Thérèse reproaches her daughter with having failed on this point, and the Dauphiness assures her that she only followed the stag once, and that but for a short time. Newspapers, however, told other tales, and the Empress upbraids her for insincerity still more than for the fault itself. "It wounds me, I acknowledge, and throws shade over the confidence reposed in you." Marie Antoinette replies :

"You punish me severely for my forgetfulness. Above all cast away that painful shade as to my want of confidence in you ; such a suspicion would make me miserable. I told you the exact truth as to the king's and M. le Dauphin's approbation ; but it is also true that my complaisance on this head has no great merit. I should not dare to affirm that I was careful on horseback if I had not the testimony of my two grooms, who never leave my side, and who are very steady people."

It has been seen in the distribution of her day that the Dauphiness passed many hours with her aunts, and court gossip attributed to them a large share of influence. Marie Thérèse, as we have said, grew alarmed :

"All accounts agree in saying that you are entirely led by mesdames, and Mercy confirms the same. Look over my instructions on this head. I esteem and like the princesses ; but they have never made themselves either liked or esteemed by their family nor by the public. Would you follow on the same path ?"

Marie Antoinette in her reply did not mention the aunts at all ; but this silence only increased her mother's anxiety :

"That was the important part of my letter, and it is therein especially, my dear daughter, that you ought to be guided by me. Do my counsels and my affection deserve less return than theirs ? The thought wrings my heart. Compare their reputation—it pains me to say so much—with my own. What success have they met with in the world ? I am far from comparing myself to these respectable princesses in real merit ; but I cannot help repeating that they have never known how to make themselves esteemed or loved. By dint of weakness and *ennui* they have rendered themselves odious and ridiculous. You are taking the same road, and you would have me keep silence. No, I love you too much for that ; and your affected reserve showing little chance of amendment only grieves me the more."

"Indeed, my dear mamma," then answered Marie Antoinette, "whatever my affection for my aunts, I had not consulted them on the matter (Madame du Barry). I should never dream of putting them in comparison with my beloved and revered mother ; their faults are not lost on me ; but I believe all this is greatly exaggerated in the accounts given to you."

Madame du Barry was another and greater source of uneasiness to the anxious mother. Marie Thérèse, notwithstanding her religion, often suffered state reasons to influence her decisions. She could even stoop to flatter Madame de Pompadour, calling her "My dear friend." From similar motives she wished her daughter to treat Madame du Barry politely. Marie Antoinette's repugnance for the favourite, and her impolicy in showing it so openly, do credit to her heart and delicacy of feeling. When Marie Thérèse, led on by the wish of worldly success for her daughter, desired she should please the old king by showing positive attentions to his favourite, Marie Antoinette, with true sense of right, refused; she *saw* what her mother only heard of; she instinctively felt that the future queen should already shape her course according to her own conscience; and if she went beyond what was necessary on this head, the line to be kept was assuredly delicate in the extreme, and she was moreover secure of approbation from her husband and his aunts.

In one of the earliest letters after her marriage the Dauphiness writes :

"The king is full of kindness towards me, and I love him dearly; but his weakness for Madame du Barry is truly pitiable: she is the silliest and most impertinent creature that can be imagined. She has been playing at cards with us every evening at Marly, and twice sat next to me. She did not talk to me, nor did I exactly try to begin a conversation with her; I spoke to her, however, when necessary."

In another letter she entreats her mother not to believe the fables transmitted from the French court, but to place confidence rather in Mercy and herself :

"I have many reasons for thinking that the king does not of himself wish me to talk with *la Barry*; besides, he has never mentioned any such desire to me. Since he knows of my refusal he has been even kinder than before; and if you could see all going on here, you would easily believe that a word could not possibly satisfy this woman and her set: the same thing would have to be done over again constantly. . . . To show you the injustice of *la Barry's* friends, I must tell you that I spoke to her at Marly—nor do I mean that I never will; but I cannot agree to fixing a day and hour for conversing with her, and thus afford her the triumph of blazoning it beforehand. Forgive my vivacity on this head—your dear letter gave me so much pain—and never doubt, sweet mamma, my warm affection and devoted respect."

But Marie Thérèse was not satisfied with the explanations received; she had heard other details from Mercy :

"After knowing what the king wished, you failed in duty towards

him ; and what good reason can you allege ? not one. You have no right to consider *la Barry* otherwise than as a lady admitted to court and to the king's society. You are his first subject, and you owe him submission ; it is your place to give example to the courtiers. If any meanness or familiarity were required, neither I nor any one else could advise you to it ; but a trifling word, a certain politeness—not for the lady herself, but for your grandfather and benefactor—why do you omit it ? Through shameful condescension for people who have won you over by pleasure-parties on horseback or on donkeys, pastimes shared with children and dogs.”

In addition to this taunting reproof, Marie Thérèse next accuses the Dauphiness of having defended herself with impatience rather than as repenting her fault. Marie Antoinette answers most sweetly : “ I can assure you that however strongly expressed, it was not impatience I felt, but regret at having displeased you. Just now I am left pretty quiet ; nor can the friends of that creature pretend I treat them ill.” When New Year's-day came round, she took the opportunity of showing some civility to Madame du Barry.

Marie Antoinette certainly did not always comply with her mother's advice. Though not ceasing to be German in heart, she became French also in her affections and ideas ; and discrepancies of opinion naturally grew up between them. Marie Thérèse continued to blame *Madame ma chère fille* even after she became queen, without any sort of punctilio. Marie Antoinette sometimes eluded counsels, but never cooled in her tenderness for her mother. No detail was too trifling for the vigilance of Marie Thérèse : she would exhort her daughter not to be negligent in dress, to keep her teeth clean, and offered to send her stays from Vienna. At other times she cautions her against extravagance in following the fashions. More than once the Empress remarks with indignation that Marie Antoinette has been wanting in attentions for Austrians who visited the French court, and adjures her to remain *bonne allemande*. She blames her for being engrossed with young favourites, for neglecting age and merit, and also for seeking less to please. “ Comment ! l'Antoinette à 12 ans savait recevoir très-joliment son monde, et la Dauphine à cette heure aurait de l'embarras. Ne vous accoutumez pas à ces frivoles excuses : embarras, crainte, timidité, chimères ! ”

On one occasion Marie Antoinette had yielded to her mother's remonstrances, and shown anew a greater wish to please. The Empress writes : “ I am delighted at what Mercy tells me. Success is certain the moment you undertake a thing. God has given you a face and charms that, joined to your goodness, suffice to win all

hearts, if you only so desire. . . . There is something so winning in your whole person, that you can with difficulty be refused. Thank God for His gift, and make use of it only for His glory and for the good of others." Compliments, however, were judiciously tempered with certain little restrictions: "Continue to make yourself esteemed and loved; do not neglect the means by which you have arrived at these results. It has not been through your beauty, *which really is not so great*; nor yet through your talents or knowledge (*you are well aware they do not exist*): you please by your goodness of heart, your frankness, your little attentions, so judiciously bestowed, when you choose."

On one point Marie Thérèse was unceasing in her remonstrances, and, alas! with little or no result. She was perpetually imploring her daughter to be less trifling, less dissipated; more given to serious occupation; to store her mind with useful knowledge. "Let me hear each month what you are reading with the Abbé, or beg him to write me word through Mercy. Try to fill your mind with solid information; you require it more than others. I fear donkeys and horses carry off the time destined for reading: you have no accomplishments, read at least." "Amusements are very allowable at your age, but it is wrong to live only for walking and visits. Your handwriting even grows worse, there is no improvement." As time went on, Marie Thérèse assumed a yet more serious tone. "Vainly have I waited for the account of your occupations. Is the Abbé de Vermond no longer with you? or do you render his presence useless? The esteem in which you were held is diminishing. Your conscience even ought to be alarmed at leading a life devoid of all serious occupation. I tremble at your future; such careless dissipation may prove your ruin." In such grave words did the anxious mother pour out her fears even in the early part of her daughter's marriage. The Dauphiness hastened to reassure Marie Thérèse; she promised to read more; mentioned triumphantly a few books, such as *Mémoires de l'Etoile*, *Letters between a Mother and Daughter*, Hume's *History of England*, and the book of *Tobias*, which she was actually getting through. Often she did not reply at all on this head, having of course nothing satisfactory to say. Occasionally she speaks of making progress with her "dear harp;" her handwriting became by degrees very tolerable, and even Marie Thérèse was able to compliment her improved style of dancing. But here ends the catalogue. Marie Antoinette did not possess great faculties of mind, and they cannot be acquired. By following her mother's advice she might have developed more seriously her quick native powers of perception; but neglecting it, she remained only a

charming graceful woman, until sorrow chastened and matured her. She was always true to her religious duties, and had a certain amount of piety; but as may be so frequently seen in the world, her piety, though true as to sentiment, did not all at once mould her practice. Thus Marie Antoinette could perform her religious duties—could confess and communicate, endeavouring to avoid distractions—could with sweet filial feeling dedicate her mother's birthday to acts of devotion as the best manner of celebrating it; but she had not the courage to mortify her natural character and endeavour to become less frivolous.

Marie Antoinette could not find in the Dauphin such external qualities as were most calculated to attract her regard, but she certainly liked him even at first. Her letters to Marie Thérèse were evidently unseen by others; they speak of him and of their intercourse quite openly. We know that many persons were bent on keeping him aloof from the little Dauphiness,—shyness and a sort of natural apathy combined on his part to aid their endeavours; but the young prince was pious and kind-hearted. Duty first taught him to foster affection for her; but he could not always be insensible to her good qualities, even though he might have remained callous to her winning charms. Her letters testify, not to the untruthfulness, but to the exaggeration that has come to prevail in public opinion as to his profound and prolonged indifference.

Only three months after marriage the Dauphiness writes, "My dear husband is greatly improved. He shows much liking for me, and even begins to testify confidence." Next year she speaks of his increasing tenderness and acquiescence in all her wishes. She often takes occasion to praise him, as if anxious to give her mother a more favourable opinion; or relates little details of his health with the interest of affection, for it is impossible to suppose artifice in Marie Antoinette at that tender age. Her delight was great when she persuaded him to take her to a masked ball at the opera; and soon after she relates with equal pleasure the good reception they both met with on entering Paris. "What happiness to gain the affection of a nation so easily! M. le Dauphin was admirable." The enthusiasm shown on this occasion, and the order with which every thing passed off, consoled her a little for the fatal accidents that had saddened the public festivities for their marriage some years previous.

During all this time Marie Antoinette had the grief not to become a mother; but she never renounced hope in the future, nor allowed her serenity to be ruffled even when her young sister-in-law gave heirs to the throne. The Comte de Provence married José-

phine de Savoie in 1771, and two years after the Comte de Artois was united to the sister of this princess.

Marie Antoinette lived on excellent terms with her husband's brothers and their wives; but she was not always blind to their faults. "I was deceived in what I wrote of M. de Provence, who has really behaved ill in the affair of Madame de Brancas. His wife follows his example in every thing, but either through fear or stupidity, for I believe her to be very unhappy. I keep up a good understanding with them, though doubting at bottom their sincerity."

Marie Antoinette rather liked Madame de Provence, though she had been afraid at first of her courting Madame du Barry. The Empress advised her to be kind, and notice her new sister-in-law; the Dauphiness willingly complied, saying the latter was amiable and gay, and not prejudiced in favour of *la Barry*. But when Marie Thérèse went farther still, and, praising Madame de Provence for conciliating opinion, wished the Dauphiness to do likewise, Marie Antoinette protested strongly:

"As to my sister Madame de Provence, I have never blamed her conduct (towards the du Barry faction); but my dear mamma must allow me to say, in all confidence, that there is some little difference between her and me: first, the Italian character gives her resources that I do not possess; second, when she came here M. de Provence was mixed up with court intrigues, and wished her to act as she has done. I am very sure that the Dauphin, on the contrary, would have disapproved such conduct in me."

The death of Louis the Fifteenth is announced in the following terms:

"Choisy, 14 mai 1774.

"Madame ma très-chère Mère,—Mercy will have informed you of the circumstances accompanying our misfortune; happily this cruel malady left the king his entire senses up to the last moment, and his end was very edifying. The new sovereign appears to possess the affection of his people. Two days before his grandfather's death he had 200,000 francs distributed among the poor; and this seems to have produced a great effect. Certainly he desires to be economical, and has the sincerest wish of promoting his subjects' happiness. His desire of gaining information on all points is only equalled by his want of knowledge; I hope God will bless his good intentions.

"The public expected that many changes would take place immediately; but the king has contented himself with sending the creature to a convent, and with dismissing from court all bearing that scandalous name. He owed this example to the people of Versailles, who at the moment of the catastrophe overwhelmed with insults Madame de Mazarin, one of the favourite's devoted servants. . . . The king

leaves me entire liberty in the choice of persons for my new household as queen. . . . Though God caused me to be born in the rank I now enjoy, I cannot help admiring Providence for choosing me, the last of your children, to occupy the first throne in Europe. More than ever do I feel what I owe to the tenderness of my august mother, who took so much trouble and care to procure me this high position. I never wished so much to throw myself at her feet, to embrace her, and to show how my whole soul is penetrated with respect, tenderness, and gratitude."

Then the king adds :

"I am very glad to find an opportunity, my dear mamma, of proving to you my tender attachment. I should much like to receive counsel from you at this very embarrassing time. I should be delighted to give you pleasure, and thus to prove my attachment and gratitude for having bestowed your daughter on me, with whom I am quite satisfied."

The chariness of such praise did not of course escape Marie Antoinette, and she resumes her pen :

"The king would not let my letter go without adding a word. I feel that it would not have been too much if he had written a letter expressly ; but I pray my dear mamma to excuse him on account of the load of affairs with which he is greatly occupied, and also a little on account of his shyness and natural reserve. You see, dear mamma, by the end of his paragraph, that though very fond of me he does not spoil me with compliments."

And thus, at eighteen, Marie Antoinette entered on the cares of a throne.

The Three Sanctuaries of Casentino.

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in reading the *Voyages des deux Bénédictins*, the record left us of men who saw and described the monasteries and convents of Catholic France in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Cîteaux and Clairvaux live again in their quaint pages, and the old quarto is now a precious relic of what has long since passed away.

In Italy the revolution is fast doing what the Jacobins did in France, and what Thomas Cromwell did in England; and unless Providence interposes, the ruin of its monastic institutions is, alas! too certain. Every memory thus becomes precious,—a thing to be treasured up. It was but a few months back that a clever writer in a very popular serial forestalled in part the subject of this paper; but while the vivid word-painting and eloquence of diction left nothing to be desired, there was no true sympathy with Catholic memories. Eloquent on “a Tuscan village,” he had but few and scornful words for “a Tuscan sanctuary.” We trust, then, the slight memories of a pilgrimage made some years back may prove of interest to our readers, especially as the Three Sanctuaries are less known, and have been less described, than others of that holy land; while in beauty of position and interest of history they yield to few.

VALLOMBROSA.

I had an old longing to visit Alvernia. It dated perhaps from the day when first from the old castle of Radicofani I saw its long dark crest rising far away over the barren Apennines. Chancing to be in Florence one October, the feast of St. Francis seemed a fitting season to execute my long-planned design. Vallombrosa was on my way, and Camaldoli was near Alvernia. I resolved to visit all three.

On the afternoon of the 2d of October, with satchel on my shoulders and stick in hand, I mounted up the old diligence to Pelago—so graphically described by our contemporary—and by three o'clock was lumbering over the unequal stones that form, as in Pompeii or Herculaneum, the street-ways of the City of Flowers. A

few peasants were the inside passengers, while outside on the box or *coupé* were two young Florentines, reading for the benefit of the public a sort of degraded copy of *Punch*, filled with ribald verses on the Pope and Lamoricière, parodies of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, of which the general was the hero; while even the sublime words of the *Stabat Mater* were turned into derisive couplets to ridicule the sorrows of our Holy Father. They thought it a new revelation to find a *forestiere* take up the cudgels for the vanquished general, and give an answer to these vile slanders. Meanwhile, with many a strain and too many a jolt, on we went by the river Sieve, up and down, past farm-house and villa, until, after a long ascent, we saw Vallombrosa far in front of us,—a white spot among the dark woods that clothed the range of hills. It was night when the vehicle pulled up at the little inn of Pelago, and six miles of rough road and a long climb was between me and Vallombrosa. So, much as I wished to push on to Alvernia for the 4th of October, there was nothing for it but to stay there the night. The day had been rainy, but the sun had shown itself at setting, lighting with a dull red the under-side of the serried clouds, and promising fine weather for the morrow.

But the next morning proved unfavourable; for hardly had I started but the rain began to drop, and all seemed to threaten a wet day. I must needs, however, reach Alvernia on the morrow. The road skirted the side of the hill, somewhat barren, with chestnut-trees and small vineyards, until, on opening the gate of an enclosure, a long and gracefully-dipping flagged path brought me to the substantial grange of the monastery. Through this building, or rather under it—by a spacious arched way—and the road became wilder, as did the weather. Winding cautiously round some steep and shingly cliffs, and gradually descending into a deep and precipitous glen, the path was marked at intervals by stone crosses, the arms of the abbey—a hand leaning upon a crutch—carved upon them. A small bridge led across a brook which ran down the valley, where a few cottages were scattered, and then the road turned sharply up, rising rapidly through the forest of chestnuts. A thick drift of Miltonic leaves was strewn across the good stone road by a very wintry blast. The views at each cross were most grand and extensive far over the country we had passed the previous day, the drifting mists and half-obscurd sun adding to the idea of height and solitude. Soon I entered the deep gloom and solemn aisles of the fir-trees. It was a long pull and a long road; but at last, and all of a sudden, I came out on a broad bright lawn and a paved approach, and beyond, the monastery, not picturesque, but solid and stately, with the fir-forest rising behind and surrounding it as in an amphitheatre. The first enclosure—

containing an apology for a garden—passed, I was warmly welcomed by the good monks, and ushered into the guest-room, where a bright fire roared up the capacious chimney. Time has left little that is remarkable in architecture or art in the building itself; and from the cruel sacking of the modern Vandals—the republican troops of France—there has been saved nothing but the arm of their sainted founder, St. John Gualberto, in a rich reliquary of Benvenuto, and the crutch of the saint, which, as we saw, figures in the armorial bearings of the house.

Dinner over, we visited the sanctuaries and memories of the great founder. There is the beech-tree under which the Saint lived for many years, when first he sought and found a solitude in this Alpine height. There are the caves, or rather holes in the rock, the scenes of the penance and prayer, the dwelling-places of his first companions. Perched upon a crag, high above the abbey, is the hermitage, called Paradisino, from the loveliness of the views it commands. Once it was the cell of the Saint, but now, after a fire, it has lost all its ancient character and been changed into a little convent for private retreats. Down a retired gorge a leaping waterfall sends a rapid stream to turn the large saw-mill, which, besides its ordinary use, serves to divide the blocks of ice that freeze in tanks made for the purpose, and which are carried down on sledges during the summer months to the *cafés* and palaces of Florence, the produce of the sale forming no small part of the Fathers' revenue.

LA VERNIA.

It was with regret that early next morning—St. Francis' day—I left my kind and hospitable hosts. The path skirted the mountain-side through the autumnal woods; far away the morning sun gleamed on the roofs and domes of Florence, and the long range of mountains beyond. A last look at Vallombrosa, which seen from above, with its courts and quaint towers, appeared most conventual; and missing all trace of a road, I clambered up the highest part of the mountain, over a rich carpet of soft mossy grass. Once on the other side, another path led me on, till I found myself nearing again the monastery I had that morning left. Before me was a strange country. Below, the foreground was broken with deep valleys and scanty woods; here and there the gray smoke of a charcoal heap rose from a hollow. In the far distance the long chain of the dark Apennines, and crowning them a black crest, which I knew must be Alvernia. The day was glorious, and confident that San Francesco would guide me safely to his shrine, I made to the nearest

village as directly as the rugged country would allow. I startled a *carbonaro* at his work rearing his charcoal heap, who wondered much at the sight of a solitary foreigner in so outlandish a country, and then sent me re-assured on my way. A scramble up and down through some two or three rocky glens and a chestnut-wood, and I reached a strange wild path cut in the shingly rock on which stands the village I had seen from afar. It is situated at the bottom of a richly-wooded dell. The road ran through this beautiful valley, now up and now down, as little tributary brooks came flowing across the path into the main stream. The old folks at the doors of their cottages gladly offered hospitality. "You have come from a long way off?" "Yes, my good man." "D'Arezzo?" which being the nearest city was the furthest stretch of an old contadino's fancy. The valley ended at a busy little town, all astir with hand-looms, where—spite of a great fair at Bibbiena, for which most of the conveyances had been hired betimes—a country calèche was found, and we rattled cheerily for twelve miles along a high road, through the fertile and populous district of Casentino. Passing Poppi, with its solemn town-hall rising over the old walls like the Palazzo at Florence, we wound up the eminence on which Bibbiena stands. Little is there now of the days of Bibbiena the Cardinal. The Franciscans welcomed us at their convent, and pressed us to share their *festa* dinner before commencing the final ascent of the holy mount; so that the afternoon was far advanced when, bidding good-bye to my Tuscan Jehu and the hospitable friars, I went on to Alvernia. It rose clear and near before me while passing on through many vineyards, where all were busy with the vintage. Many were the pressing invitations to the *pellegrino* to take of their tempting harvest. Over a wooded hill, whose soil was a rich red loam, and when the broad bed of a waterless and stony torrent had been crossed, the ascent began in earnest. The road was rugged, often on the bare rock, or through a barren country sprinkled with vast boulders—wild and solemn exceedingly. Toiling on, I overtook an honest countryman, and his company shortened the tedious journey. Strongly he spoke of the grievous wrongs that this new-fangled liberty had done to his once-happy country, and deeply he lamented the dark days that were approaching, when Alvernia would be deserted and its friars scattered. Talking thus, we reached the plateau on which stands the sacred rock. There was a chapel nestling above, with three small lancets in its rude walls, from which the cliff went sheer down a hundred feet or more, its base being hidden by a clump of trees. Mountain firs and beeches were above, crowning the rock. I did not know then that it was the Chapel of the Stigmata. The

mountain is, as Dante describes it, "infra Tevere ed Arno," and separated on all sides from the surrounding range; while upon its summit, as we have just described, is, as it were, a second mountain, of some three miles in circuit and nearly square in shape. It is perfectly inaccessible on three sides, the rocks rising to the height of 300 feet. This is, properly speaking, the "crudo sasso" of Alvernia, or, as the Tuscans call it, La Vernia. At last we reached the foot of the rock; there St. Francis rested on his first visit, in company with the generous donor Count Orlando, beneath the shade of an oak, and the birds gathered round him, rejoicing in his coming. A little chapel commemorates the event, and over it are two quaint inscriptions too beautiful to be omitted:

Salve! mons felix, Sinai felicior illo
 Scripsit ubi Moysi jura dicata Deus.
 Te super apparens Crucifixus luce refulsit
 Francisco oranti, Stigmata sacra dedit.

Hail! blessed mount, more blessed than Sion's rock,
 Where God for Moses wrote His sacred law;
 On thee Christ crucified in glory shone,
 And stamp'd His image on St. Francis' form.

Cum comite Orlando Franciscus scandere montem
 Hunc primum venit, venit et omnis avis
 Hic ad Franciscum pictæ venêre volucres,
 Voce salutantes, fert avis omnis Ave.

When first St. Francis with Orlando came
 To scale this mount, came flocking many a bird;
 To Francis came the gaudy songsters here
 With tuneful welcome; each its Ave brought.

With sharp ascent a road from the chapel winds up the only accessible side of the holy rock; and turning to the left, I found myself in a paved court, the arcades of the convent, with a picturesque well on one side, the mountains seen far distant on the other.

The glow of an autumnal evening was fading over the dark range, and the long lines of gold and red were changing into a sombre brown. A number of people were standing about in groups, for the second vespers were just completed, and the ceremonies of the festal day were over. I prayed a friar to lead me before night-fall to the end and goal of my pilgrimage. Crossing the court, down a long passage decorated with frescoes from the life of St. Francis, we passed through one or two little oratories, and entered by a low

gothic door into a small oblong chapel. By the light fading fast through its three narrow windows I could see its good proportions, a lofty coved and vaulted roof, dark stalls to the right and left, and over the altar, filling up the whole space of the wall, a Crucifixion by Della Robbia—perhaps the largest and finest of his works. Five lamps were burning before the altar, and on some of them was the well-known device of the great Franciscan Pope, Sixtus V., no doubt an *ex voto* to the patriarch of his Order. A yard or so in front of the steps was a raised bronze grating, covering the place where the Saint was kneeling at the moment he received the sacred Stigmata:

“E qui devoto
Adora, e scioglie il voto.”

The whole was in gala; rich flowers arranged all round; and their brilliant colours made strong contrast with the simplicity and poverty of the holy spot.

It was almost dark when we retraced our steps, and passing through the gloom of the church, went up to an apartment in the *foresteria*, or guest-ward of the convent. There a long table covered with a spotless cloth was prepared, and lay brothers and fathers were busy bringing in supper for the numerous guests. All was simplicity, but there was abundance. The warm kindness of the good Riformati was truly genuine, and it was a very merry party, spite of the icy wind that whistled without. Supper over, we gathered round the blazing fire. There were country gentlemen from Bibbiena, good honest farmers from the neighbourhood—benefactors all, no doubt, of the convent—and priests and seminarists and choristers from Arezzo, and friars from distant convents.

The next day was given to visiting the many hallowed spots—too many to detail—upon this sacred rock. An old father was our guide; and the multitude of his legends, and the charming simplicity with which he narrated them, made it seem as though we were listening to the old chronicler of the well-known *Fioretti*. Perhaps the most striking place is the chasm, which the Saint loved so well, because our Lord had revealed to him that it had been riven at the hour of His death. Descending by a long flight of steps from the level of the church, you stand beneath an enormous block of stone, projecting so far forward that a large cross had been reared under it. Those who have seen the Brimham rocks of Yorkshire lying in wild confusion, tossed one upon the other, and supported in such strange and weird ways, can form some idea of the chaos of rocks which separate the Chapel of the Stigmata from the conventual buildings, and across which the conjoining cloister is thrown as a bridge, the

light in many places streaming through the confused heap by which it is supported.

Again, there is the cell of the Saint, wherein he received the great promise of constant protection for his Order and its members; and there is the first church which he built, guided as to form and size by our Blessed Lady. There is the church used by the community, begun in the middle of the fourteenth century—a hundred years after the Chapel of the Stigmata—and not completed till 1459. Among other relics it enshrines are the rude drinking-glass and the bowl of St. Francis, and a letter which he dictated as a farewell to Alvernia. Tradition gives to an ivory crosier the dignity of having belonged to our St. Thomas of Canterbury; though, truth to tell, no authentication or record of it could be found in the archives. Altarpieces of Della Robbia adorn both churches. The campanile, which contains among other bells one blessed by St. Bonaventure, has a peculiar interest, for it is said to have been built of the ruins of the castle of Count Orlando, the benefactor of St. Francis, and which stood a mile or so from the convent,—memorable in later days as the birthplace of Michael Angelo.

The quaint *cortile* of the guest-house, with open corridors running round it, is adorned with *plaques* of Della Robbia ware inserted in the rude walls.

In the afternoon we explored the thick forest which covers the plateau on the summit of the rock. From various points the panorama is very extensive,—a wilderness, unbroken except by a few scattered trees. Parched herbage or bare rocks and mountains on all sides. The precipices are awful, going sheer down sometimes 300 feet. There is a remarkable rock on the western side, rising like an inverted obelisk, not far from the cliff, but quite detached from it, called after Fra Lupo. He was the terror of the passers-by; many a rich burgher from Tuscany, and fat merchant from the March of Ancona, fell into his clutches, and were obliged to choose between starvation on this isolated peak, or a rich ransom to be paid their captor. When St. Francis came to the mountain, he not only dislodged Lupo and his band, but converted him, and even clothed him in the habit of penance, with the name of Fra Agnello. Chapels and sanctuaries are scattered through the forest. Every evening after Vespers, and every night after Matins, the whole community—one hundred in number—gather in choir; and then, issuing from the church with cross at their head, wind through the long passage built for this purpose, and down the steps, and so into the Chapel of the Stigmata, singing a hymn to St. Francis. There they all kneel; and the cantors, pointing to the spot, chant slowly

the versicle, "Thou hast signed here, O Lord, Thy servant Francis;" the community responding, "With the signs of our redemption." Some other prayers follow, and then all remain, for the space of five Paters and Aves, in prayer with outstretched arms. The procession returns as it came, chanting the Litany of our Lady. It is a touching record of the great event. The community are of the strict reform of St. Francis, and their regularity and sanctity are most admirable. Alas that revolution should envy these poor mendicants their rugged and inhospitable home!

CAMALDOLI.

Another fine October morning, and with many a *buon viaggio* and a *riverlerla* I started for Camaldoli. I had passed it on my left coming from Poppi; and the best road to it from Alvernia is to return, as I came, to Bibbiena, whence a carriage-road of a sort goes up to the monastery. This was evidently a very roundabout, or rather acutely-angular way. The short side of the triangle was too tempting; and spite of the friars' warning, and encouraged by the praises bestowed upon the short-cut by a passer-by, who declared there was "an excellent road," I went boldly forward. Soon, to my cost, its perfection proved to be in the pluperfect tense. It fully realised the description of its revilers, *una strada da lupi*—a very road for wolves. No Tuscan road-commissioner had given it his attention since the days of St. Francis. Now and then a stretch of rude paving, and then again all trace of the path was lost save a slight elevation of the soil, like the faint indication one sees in England, where the "Watling Street" crosses a freshly-enclosed field. Wild as the road were the savage sheep-dogs, that, to diversify its dulness, came yelling out from each farmhouse, and bounding towards me, suggested disagreeable thoughts of the Flavian amphitheatre and "*Christiani ad leones!*" And to suit the idea, I had to wait patiently till they had all got round me, and when their master called them off, he received a good scolding in very unheroic measure. Down in one of the many little valleys I traversed was a man ploughing beneath the shade of mulberry trees, among whose foliage were rich clusters of luxurious grapes. He stopped his two white oxen, with their mild gazelle-like eyes, and a rich frontlet of many colours across their broad foreheads, and broke me off a goodly branch laden with fruit, dark leaves, and delicate tendrils.

Passing two villages in the midst of deep ravines, through which one was forced to scramble, all signs of a road vanished, and I found myself in a wild country, a village at my feet, and before me the

other side of a broad valley, which proved to be part of the woods of Camaldoli, clothing the mountain to its summit. Shouting to some labourers in the fields below, they signalled me to come down, and then prayed me to rest awhile in their pleasant cottage. The ceiling was gay with serried heads of golden maize hung from the rafters. My good guides vanished, and after a short delay opening an inner door, begged me to come forward. On the oaken table of this, their state-room, a cloth was laid, with a great flask of wine, a loaf, bunches of grapes, and a mountain cheese. It was after mid-day, so I helped myself to a hearty lunch, and turned to pay, little imagining the storm that this would raise. "Pay, good sir! you must know that I journey too—*sa che io giro pure!*" said the father. I heartily wished him the good fortune of always meeting with such kindness and hospitality.

From the village (Pantina) a road rapidly ascended over bare limestone, with here and there a stunted oak, and all scarred with the beds of wintry streams. At length it passed a little crest covered with the thick ilex; and just as I was wondering where it would lead, the sight of a clean-cut hedge and a gate seemed to denote civilised life, and turning by a little wayside chapel I entered a broad walk, beneath a regular avenue. The road curved gradually; and advancing onwards, I suddenly perceived to my left the cross of the monastery, with its bright outbuildings and green lawn, looking like an English shooting-box, partly hidden amidst a primeval forest of firs. In front was an old lay brother in his long white habit, with a venerable beard and broad straw-hat, superintending the stripping of a chestnut-tree. He welcomed me with the warmth of an old acquaintance; and leading me to the portal, put me in charge of another lay brother, who took me through a spacious court up to my room. It looked out on another antique *cortile* with open cloister, and a sparkling fountain leaping up in its midst, doves cooing and drinking around. Weary and tired as I was, I could not resist the *excelsior* of a mile and a half up to the hermitage above.

The path, which served as a slide for the felled pines, was bordered by a sparkling torrent dashing down the ravine, half-concealed in its deep channel by the long rich grass. Here and there was a little oratory. Closer and thicker became the forest, till the pines closed overhead, and I hastened my steps, thinking that night was drawing on; when at the end of the long aisle, I saw the gleam of the white cells, and came out into the bright sunshine, just without the enclosure of the *Eremo*. Its elevation can be imagined from the fact that it had taken three hours to reach it from the valley at Pantina. It is a solitude indeed; not like that of La Vernia, but

the solitude of an Alpine forest, where eagles make their nests, and from whose heights the two seas are visible on a clear day. The snow lies long and deep there, and the hardship of the penitential life is thus fearfully aggravated, though each cell is protected by inner-walls, and fires are allowed to resist the damp. Indeed the labouring-men have oftentimes to dig away the snow-drifts, and carry the monks to the church, where they are bound to assemble at the seven canonical hours. Each hermit has a complete little house with four rooms: his oratory, his refectory, his bed-room, and store-room; the meals being brought to a window by a lay brother. Two rows of these dwellings, with a simple church, an infirmary, and library, constitute the monastic buildings. All provisions are brought up from the house below, so that no earthly care pre-occupies the hermits' minds. The Eremo cannot be compared in beauty to that of Frascati, near Rome, with its prim gardens, its fountains, and wide Campagna view; nor to that of Naples, with its unrivalled panorama of sea and land; but far surpasses both in the grandeur of its position and the holiness of its memories. Here for a long time lived St. Romuald; and his cell is still pointed out, containing within it the relic of his girdle; there too is his oratory, and the place where, sleeping by the fountain, he had the mysterious dream of the Ladder with his monks ascending it, clothed in white, which made him adopt the present habit. Andrea Sacchi's painting of this vision is well known in the Vatican collection. The fountain still supplies the Eremo. There is also a hermitage occupied some time by St. Francis. Though rebuilt from time to time, these cells are the representatives of those that went before them. The little library is rich in old ascetic books and early-printed works. Late in the evening I returned to the monastery, revisiting the Eremo early the following morning. On my return one of the Fathers took me over the extensive buildings of the monastery. The cloister into which my room looked was the only remaining portion of the old Casa Mandoli—the palace of the charitable count who gave all this property to St. Romuald. Frequent sacking by robbers and soldiers, and the steady advance of time, have changed all the rest. The church is modern; the refectory has a fine painting of our Lord breaking His fast in the desert, by Parmegiano, I think. In the Farmacia, which serves as the dispensary for all the country round, you pass through a vestibule hung with drawings of anatomical studies, and a genuine crocodile swinging from the roof: and so are nowise surprised, on entering the pharmacy proper, to find the most veritable old alchemist behind the counter, a white cap covering his head, a pair of piercing eyes peering through spectacles thrown forward on his sharp nose, a snowy

beard flowing down on the long white robe of a Camaldolese lay brother; while on the shelves behind are ranged quaint medicine-jars, phials of Venetian glass, and old pottery, and, above all, two superb vases of Raphael ware, which, to my untutored eyes, appeared to be treasures. I left at mid-day the good Fathers, whose kindness is written in prose and verse by many great, many small, and many stupid men and women, in their visitors' book. I remember but one extract: "Kenelm Digby was permitted to remain an unworthy guest in this habitation of saints.—*Istorum est enim regnum coelorum qui contempserunt vitam mundi et pervenerunt ad præmium regni et laverunt stolas suas in sanguine Agni.*"

And as I went along to Bibbiena the church-bells were chiming merrily for the Feast of the Rosary, and the villages were either silent and at prayer, or the peasants were crowding out into the road from the evening Benediction.

The Settlement of Ireland under Cromwell.

Most people have some vague notion that Ireland was not very gently handled by Cromwell and his subordinates; but the actual facts of the case have either been avoided or suppressed by historians. Time, however, brings all things to light; and among the important revelations of the present day must certainly be counted those which have been lately embodied in a work on the subject named in the title of this article by Mr. Prendergast. It is based on authentic documents, and is therefore truly historical. Its chief value must, however, be considered to consist in the witness which it bears to the barbarous intentions of the "settlers," in whose favour the wholesale decree of confiscation was issued, and of the usurping government that sanctioned such a measure. The real history of what actually took place in consequence can never be written. If we may judge from analogy, it is probable that many cruelties were practised on the Irish beyond what were legalised by any authority; and that on the other hand the attempt to drive the native population beyond the Shannon into the desolate wilds of Connaught was in reality a failure. It was, in fact, one of those schemes which can never be executed; but it gave occasion to countless barbarities on the one side, and an immense amount of misery and, what in a Christian view is a still greater affliction and degradation, of implacable vindictiveness on the other.

The idea of the transplantation of the Irish nation seems not to have been new. While England was engaged in war with France, and afterwards in the War of the Roses, her dominion in Ireland was reduced to a very small portion of the island, and even there it was almost nominal. But Henry VIII., after the execution of the famous Silken Thomas, Earl of Kildare, and his five uncles at Tyburn, projected anew the clearing of Ireland to the Shannon, and the colonising it with English. The carrying out of this project was attempted by Henry's children, and with still more success by James I., whose son availed himself of the genius of Lord Strafford to develop the same policy.

The rebellion, however, of 1641 gave a more favourable opportunity than had ever offered before of clearing the land of the Irish.

To this we must now turn our attention, if we would understand subsequent events. Though the forty years preceding the rebellion are represented as the period of the greatest prosperity in Ireland since it became part of the English dominions, this was true only of the English Protestant settler; the Irishman was even more oppressed than formerly, because his religion made him doubly hated. Fines, imprisonment, and confiscation had already begun their work. Suddenly, on the night of the 23d of October 1641, the Irish of Ulster, under Sir Phelim O'Neil, rose in insurrection, and in one night overthrew the English power in three-fourths of the kingdom. It has been represented that there was a general massacre; but this Mr. Prendergast satisfactorily disproves. The English Parliament considered this uprising as an act of hostility to themselves, rather than rebellion against the king. When the latter, therefore, attempted to raise forces for the subjugation of Ireland, Parliament, unwilling to trust him, resolved to take matters into its own hands. Accordingly they offered 2,500,000 acres of Irish lands to be forfeited, as security to those who should advance money for the raising and paying an army to subdue the Irish rebels. The subscribers, or adventurers as they were called, were to nominate the general and the officers; the king only signing the commissions. The adventurers had their private army of 5,000 foot and 500 horse at Bristol, under the command of Lord Wharton, ready to embark for the invasion of Munster, in the summer of 1642; but the civil war having broken out, the Parliament directed Lord Wharton and his troops to march against the king. The conflict in England thus prevented any forces from coming thence for seven years. In 1649 Cromwell landed at King's End, near Dublin, to carry on the war; he remained nine months, plundering and devastating the country. It was not, however, till September 1653, that the Parliament declared the rebellion finally subdued.

The question now arose as to what was to be done with the soldiers about to be disbanded. The revenue from all sources did not amount to 200,000*l.*, while the cost of the army exceeded 500,000*l.* Large arrears of pay were due to both officers and men, who were eager to take Irish lands in lieu of them. The adventurers, consisting chiefly of merchants and traders in London, had advanced further sums for the subjugation of Ireland; and new acts of parliament had guaranteed their compensation in Irish lands on still more advantageous terms than were first offered; their claims, therefore, must first be disposed of. The temptation was too great. The Parliament of the Commonwealth beheld before it a country exhausted by a cruel civil war of more than ten years' duration; the last act of which was

drawn to a close by Cromwell with fire and sword. Besides, she had lost the flower of her army by emigration. The Parliament, by the Kilkenny Articles, had apprised all foreign nations in amity with England that the Irish were allowed to engage in their service. Every facility was given to induce those whose military experience might prove formidable to seek foreign service. In a pamphlet entitled *The Great Case of Transplantation discussed*, we find that "the chiefest and eminentest of the nobility and gentry have taken condition from the King of Spain and transported 40,000 of the most active-spirited men most acquainted with the dangers and discipline of war." But the reputation of the Irish soldier was well known on the Continent. A manuscript of 1615 says: "There lives not a people more active, hardy, and painful." And "the Prince of Orange's Excellency uses often publicly to deliver that the Irish are souldiers the first day of their birth. The famous Henry IV., late king of France, said there would prove no nation so resolute martial men as they, would they be ruly and not too headstrong. And Sir John Norris was wont to ascribe this particular to that nation above others, that he never beheld so few of any country as of Irish that were idiots and cowards, which is very notable." Agents from the King of Poland and the Prince de Condé, as well as from the King of Spain, were now contending for the services of Irish troops. And we have little doubt that when John Sobieski rolled back for ever the tide of Turkish invasion from the walls of Vienna, he was aided by the impetuous valour of the Irish exiles.

Things being now ready, the great work of settlement began. On the 11th of October 1652, what Mr. Prendergast significantly calls the first trumpet was sounded; that is the Irish nation was warned by an act, read in all the market-places, that they were to lose their lands, and take up their residence wherever the Parliament should order. By the 26th of September 1653, the scheme, too monstrous even for Cromwell's government to entertain at once, had developed. On that day, the second trumpet was sounded, and the doom of the Irish nation was sealed. All the ancient estates and farms of the Irish people were declared to belong to the adventurers and army of England; and it was announced that Parliament had assigned Connaught for the habitation of the Irish people, whither they must transplant with their wives and children, before the 1st of May 1654, under penalty of death, if found at this side of the Shannon after that day. Connaught was at this time the most wasted province in the kingdom. Sir Charles Coote had ravaged it with fire and sword, like another Attila. But "to hell or to Connaught"

was the only choice given the unfortunate Irishman—hell being impiously considered by the Puritans as synonymous with death for a Papist. The Parliament made one exception. Those Irish who could show that they had borne “constant good affection” to the English Parliament during the ten years’ contest were to be exempt from transplantation. To render this more difficult to prove, however, the claim was barred if it was shown the claimant had dwelt on an estate in the Irish quarters, or that rents were remitted to him though dwelling in the English quarters. The exception too of husbandmen, ploughmen, and others of the lower rank, for the use of the English settlers, did not save them; for all swordsmen were to transplant; and in this term were included all who had attended muster, and any who had kept watch and ward, and so comprised almost every one. For their share in the war, the proprietors of lands were to suffer a loss of the greater part of their estates, and to receive an equivalent for the residue in Connaught. Irish women married to English Protestants, provided they became Protestants, (otherwise their husbands became transplantable), and boys under fourteen, girls under twelve, in Protestant service, were also exempted. The government reserved for itself all towns, church-lands, and tithes; also the four counties of Kildare, Dublin, Carlow, and Cork.

Our space will not allow us to follow in detail the narrative of what now took place. Nothing shows more clearly the utter despair that had seized the nation than the tone of the petitions that went forth from all parts of the kingdom claiming exemption. They are the prayer of a people without hope, who have no longer the power of resistance.

The harvest was not yet gathered in, and the commissioners began to see that a famine would probably be the result of forcing a wholesale transplantation at that season of the year. It was therefore arranged that the women with some servants should remain to gather in the crops, while the unfortunate heads of families went to prepare a dwelling for them—often only a miserable cabin for those whose home had been a castle. Notwithstanding their prostrate condition, many resisted the cruel edict, and declared they would rather die than leave their ancestral homes. The commissioners complained that the work was proceeding slowly. A letter dated Dublin, July 1654, tells us that “the transplanting moves on but slowly; not above six score families have removed to Connaught; they begin to break out into Torying, and the waters begin to rise on us.” Again, “the work of transplanting is at a stand-still. The Tories fly out and increase. It is the nature of this people to be rebellious. The

time was extended to the 1st of March 1655, when it was hoped that the last of the Irish gentry would have withdrawn across the Shannon. The humanity of the expectant planters may be judged from the following letter: "I have only to acquaint you that the time prescribed for the transplantation of the Irish proprietors and those who have been in arms and abettors of the rebellion, being near at hand, the officers are resolved to fill the gaols and seize them, by which this bloody people will know they (the officers) are not degenerated from English principles, though I presume we shall be very tender of hanging any except leading men; yet we shall make no scruple of sending them to the West Indies, where they will serve for planters." And the officers carried out their resolution; for on the 19th of March 1655, all transplantable persons not transplanted, men and women, were hauled out of their beds in the dead of the night, and thrown into prison till the gaols would not hold any more. Mr. Edward Hetherington of Kilnemanagh was hanged with placards on his back and breast, "for not transplanting." A letter from Dublin says: "The Irish in many places choose death rather than remove from their wonted habitations; but the State is resolved to see it done." And to add to the miseries of the Irish, the adventurers and soldiers were quarrelling over their ill-gotten gains. The lands were assigned by lot, but robbery and cheating was the order of the day. About this time the pamphlet entitled *The Great Case of Transplantation discussed*, by Vincent Gookin, an English settler, was published. He says: "The country will be ruined by the getting rid of the Irish; for the soldiers know nothing of stock nor husbandry, while the Irish were skilful in husbandry, and more exact than any Englishman in the husbandry proper to their own country. Few of the women but were skilful in dressing hemp and flax, and making woollen cloth. In every 100 men there were five or six carpenters and masons at least; and those more ready and handy in building ordinary houses, and much more skilful in supplying the defects of instruments and materials than English artificers." Further, if the transplanting went forward, it would so multiply "Tories, that the English could not inhabit the country. The remaining part of the whole nation was not one-sixth part of what they were at the beginning of the war, so great a devastation had God and man brought on the land; and the handful of natives left were poor labourers, whose sole design was to maintain their families."

Notwithstanding the difficulties that beset the commissioners of Ireland on all sides, as well from the planters as the transplanted, the work was pressed on. "They were determined to see it done." The gaols were filled again and again; but as wholesale executions

were deemed imprudent, the government had recourse to the equally cruel and barbarous expedient of sending the prisoners to the West Indies. But they did not confine themselves to prisoners. They had agents actively employed through Ireland seizing women, orphans, and the destitute, for transportation to Barbadoes and the English plantations in America. The long civil war, followed by the departure of 40,000 swordsmen, with the chief nobility and gentry, for Spain and other countries, had left a number of widows and deserted wives with destitute families. Bristol merchants treated with the Irish government for men, women, and girls to be transported to the sugar-plantations in the West Indies. They were authorised to demand from governors of garrisons prisoners of war; from keepers of gaols, offenders in custody convicted in most instances of the high crime of not transplanting; from masters of workhouses, the destitute who were of an age to labour, and, if women, were marriageable. They had also power to seize all who had "no visible means of livelihood,"—a very numerous class, considering the vast amount of property that had been confiscated. Friar Morison, in a book printed at Innspruck 1659, called "The Wail of the Irish Catholics, or the Groans of the whole Clergy and People of Ireland," tells us "that David Connery, a Clare gentleman, was sentenced in his (Friar Morison's) presence to banishment, in 1657, for harbouring a priest. Three of his daughters, most beautiful girls, were transported to Barbadoes, and there, if they are alive, they are in miserable slavery." In 1653, the commissioners contracted to supply to the West-Indies sugar-plantations 250 women over 12 years and under 65; and 300 men under 50 years of age, from the county of Cork alone. And in the following year, the governors of Carlow, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Ross, Wexford, and Waterford had orders to deliver to certain English merchants, for the same purpose, all such as had no visible means of livelihood; also all children in hospitals or workhouses, and all prisoners of both sexes. In the course of four years, these slave-dealers shipped about 6,400 men, women, and children to the West Indies. In 1655, the Lord Protector applied to Lord Henry Cromwell, then major-general of the forces in Ireland, for 1,500 soldiers to send as planters to Jamaica, requesting him to secure 1,000 "Irish wenches" to accompany them. Henry Cromwell replied that there would be no difficulty, "only force should be used in securing them," and he suggested the addition of 1,500 or 2,000 boys. "We could well spare them," he adds; "and who knows but it might be a means to make them Englishmen—I mean Christians." "For such a scene of desolation," we quote Mr. Prendergast's words, "as the cities and towns of Ireland pre-

sented at this period, recourse must be had to the records of antiquity; and there, in the ruined state of the towns of Sicily, when rescued by Timoleon from the tyranny of the Carthaginians, is to be found a parallel. Syracuse when taken was found comparatively destitute of inhabitants; the other cities were deserts full of deer and wild-boars, which were hunted in the suburbs round the walls. And such was the case in Ireland. In December 1652, a public hunt was ordered by the State of the numerous wolves lying in the wood in the barony of Castleknock, only six miles north of Dublin!"

In the midst of this desolation, we find the commissioners for Ireland informing the Protector's government of the improved condition of affairs, and urging them to make it known that the country was now cleared of Irish and ready for the settlers.

The following letter is characteristic:

"To Secretary Thurloe.

Dublin Castle, 14th March 1657.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—The Council having lately taken into most serious consideration what may be most for the security of the country, and the encouragement of English to come over and plant here, did think fit that all Popish recusants, as well proprietors as others, whose habitations are in any post-towns, walled towns, or garrisons, and who did not before the 15th September 1654 (being the time mentioned in the act of 1653 for the encouragement of adventurers and soldiers) and ever since profess the Protestant religion, should remove themselves and their families out of all such places, and two miles distant at the least therefrom, before May 20th next; and being desirous that the English people may take notice, that by this means there will be both security and conveniency of habitation for such as will be willing to come over as planters, they have commanded me to send you the enclosed declaration, and to desire that you will take some measure whereby it may be made known unto the people for their encouragement to come over and plant in this country.—Your humble servant,

THOMAS HERBERT, *Clerk of the Council.*"

A printed declaration of the Council says: "Upon serious consideration had of the great multitude of poore swarming in all parts of this nacion, occasioned by the devastation of the country, and by the habits of licentiousness and idleness which the generality of the people have acquired in the time of the rebellion, insomuch that frequently some are found feeding on carrion and weeds, some starved on the highways, and many times poor children are found exposed to,

and some of them fed upon, ravening wolves, and other beasts of prey, &c."

"We have three beasts to destroy," says Major Morgan, M.P. for Wicklow, "that lay burdens on us. The first beast is the wolf, on whom we lay 5*l.* a-head. The second is a priest, on whom we lay 10*l.*; if he be eminent, more. The third beast is a Tory, on whom we lay 20*l.* if he be a public Tory, and 40*s.* on a private Tory." We have already spoken of the wolf, and of its depredations within a few miles of the metropolis. The second burdensome beast was the priest. We are not surprised that Major Morgan should complain of him; for of all the beasts he was the most ineradicable. Notwithstanding the cruel edicts that were again and again promulgated against the clergy, they braved all dangers to minister to their flocks; and it is to their heroic discharge of their duty, that, under Providence, the preservation of the Faith in Ireland may be attributed. So early as the days of Elizabeth, Spenser says of them, they faced all penalties in discharge of their duty. "They spared not to come out of Spain, from Rome, from Rheims, by long toil and dangerous travelling to Ireland, where they knew the peril of death awaited them, and no reward but to draw the people unto the Church of Rome." It was the same at the time we speak of; no penalties daunted them. At the close of 1655, so great was the increase of priests that a general arrest was ordered, and the gaols were filled to overflowing. Later in the year, the governors of gaols were ordered to send them to Carrickfergus, whence they were shipped to Barbadoes. Afterwards, government seems to have found the cost of transporting them across the sea too heavy, and they were sent to the Isles of Arran, where they were allowed sixpence a-day for their maintenance. "Yet still," says Mr. Prendergast, "in all parts of the nation there was found a succession of these intrepid soldiers of religion to perform their sworn duties; meeting the relics of their flocks in old raths, under trees, and in ruined chapels; administering to individuals in the very houses of their persecutors, and in the ranks of the army. And never was such devotion better repaid. No reward could tempt the Irishman to betray his pastor; no penalty could make him shrink from assisting him."

The third beast was the Tory. This was the name given to bands of outlaws, who placed themselves under the leadership of some dispossessed gentleman, and ravaged the country. They attacked the new English tenant, waylaid and murdered him, and carried off his cattle and cows. These bandits, if they deserve to be so named, continued to disturb the country down to the close of the last century.

Priest-hunting is now as obsolete in Ireland as the hunting of wolves; and though there are still persons who call themselves "Tories," the meaning of the name is now so changed, as almost to make it incumbent on us to apologise for having introduced it here in its old signification. It is a good sign when periods so full of passion and civil discord as that in which the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland was possible become the subject of the patient labour of the historian, instead of being studied only for the purpose of perpetuating angry memories, and feeding afresh the flames of those hereditary hatreds which wither the energies of nations, and are at the present day among the greatest curses of Christendom. Providence soon wiped out the effects of the unresisted tyranny of the Cromwellian commissioners; and the race which they sought to banish enjoys in its native homes the blessings of the religion which they attempted to proscribe. It has too great a work to do in the world, and too glorious a future before it, to find its satisfaction in gloomy and ignoble broodings over the wrongs of its ancestors.

Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson.

WE once knew a lady who had sat at the footstool of the great Lexicographer, and listened to the floods of learning which he poured forth in the drawing-room of her mother. She was the youngest daughter of "the black-eyed Thrale," and the only one who clung to her mother during the storm of obloquy which fell upon the latter in consequence of her marriage with Piozzi. She lived at Brighton when we knew her, and her house was full of relics of those bygone days—dresses which our grandmothers had gloried in, but which were then only available for theatricals or a fancy-ball, books, pictures, knickknacks of all kinds, and she herself the most perfect and interesting curiosity of them all. Tall and stately, and a little formal, it was impossible to see her without feeling how well she must have looked in the patches and powder of her youthful days; it was impossible to hear her without confessing that her very speech smacked of Johnson in its rounded periods and monotonous delivery. She must have been very young, almost indeed a child, in the days when Johnson and his friends found a hospitable home at Streatham; but from the quiet corner to which her youth and her position as youngest daughter of the house consigned her, she had doubtless witnessed many of those scenes with which the pens of Boswell and of Burney have familiarised our minds. She had seen Johnson, just as we see him in our fancy still, with powderless wig and unbuckled shoes, the centre of the circle, pouring forth wit and sense—ay, and sometimes nonsense also—in "high Johnsonese;" pausing perhaps, ever and anon, in the midst of his oration—now to pet the young and timid of his admirers, now to trample (alas that it must be recorded!) with the foot of an elephant upon every thing that even looked like opposition to his sway. She had watched Boswell, busy and delighted, in his self-elected task of showman, seeking by all ways and means to make his lion roar, and never hesitating (to do him only justice) to sacrifice himself, by sayings silly even for a Boswell, in order to provoke him to exertion. Mrs. Montague, the blue-belles' queen, with

her "grand air and blaze of diamonds," she might have sometimes seen; as well as Mrs. Ord, her rival in the same shadowy dominion; and Miss Monckton, who set up on her own account as an eccentric and gifted woman. These ladies, however, she could have merely known as passing guests; while with "little Burney," on the contrary, the constant inmate of her mother's house, she must have been intimate as with a sister. Perhaps also, if she were in the secret of the "diary," she might have sometimes smiled with a little more than mere sisterly malice as she watched the "timid intelligence and drooping air" with which the fair Fanny received that homage in the drawing-room which was afterwards transferred with such unblushing fidelity to the pages of the journal, whence posterity has learned how Reynolds flirted with and Johnson praised her. Goldsmith, no doubt, she had sometimes seen in that bloom-coloured coat of which his friends tried with such cruel kindness to make him feel the folly; and Reynolds must inevitably have been associated in her childish mind with that trumpet which served him so well in a twofold capacity—by enabling him to enjoy the conversation of the truly wise, and to escape from that of the vain pretender; for

"When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

What a picture of head and heart Goldsmith has left us in these two lines! and happily the chief merit of the painting is its truth. Sir Joshua Reynolds was not merely honoured by all men as the chief painter of the day; he was loved by those who knew him best for the kind and equal temper which made him tender of his friends, and forbearing even to his very foes. Too kind-hearted willingly to give pain, he had no delight in witty speeches at the expense of others; and as he spared his friends, so they in turn seem unconsciously to have spared and respected him; for amid the biting retorts, the wicked jests, the horseplay raillery, which marked, and in some degree disfigured, the conversation of the best and wisest of that period, no anecdote, ridiculous or unkind, is told of Reynolds, and nothing of the sort is recorded as having been uttered by him.

A man is often less what nature than what circumstances have made him; and Reynolds was fortunate in both respects. Born of respectable if not rich parents, he was never plunged by want into that lower depth of misery and woe from which men seldom emerge without some injury to temper and external bearing, even when the heart remains sound to its core.

His road to fame was made comparatively easy to him; the friends who started him for the race remained true till he reached

the goal; and he had no temptation, therefore, to speak unkindly of a world which had never been unkind or false to him. Race also had probably something to say to his gentleness of disposition; for if his sister Frances was a fidget, his father appears to have been as guileless and unsuspecting as a child. Absent too the good man must have been in no very common measure, if the story be true which is told of him,—that riding one day in a pair of gambadoes (whatever that article of dress may be), he lost them, and never even knew that he had done so, until it was remarked by a chance acquaintance. A piece of unconsciousness which earned for him the sobriquet of ‘Parson Adams’ ever afterwards among his friends.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the youngest of eleven children, and his father, a clergyman by profession, kept the grammar-school at Plympton. Here the future artist was born; and here, until a few years ago, might still be seen his first attempts at art, in the shape of rude charcoal-sketches on a white-washed wall. His father has been accused of having neglected his education; but it seems more probable that he had an idle pupil to begin with, and that Joshua found it an infinitely pleasanter amusement to pencil-over the blank margin of a Latin lesson than to make himself master of the lesson itself. There is still a tradition of a Latin exercise with a drawing in perspective on the back, and a note in his father's handwriting underneath it, stating it to have been done by Joshua out of pure idleness in school. It was an idleness, however, which bore splendid fruit. At eight years of age he had completed a successful study of perspective, and he commenced portrait-painting at twelve. The Rev. Thomas Smart was the subject of this first attempt. He was parson, butt, and tutor to young Dick Edgcombe, a humourist even in his boyhood; and local tradition tells us that it was at his instigation Reynolds perpetrated the portrait. It was painted from a sketch made surreptitiously at the church at Maker, where Smart officiated as clergyman; and the two boys ran off triumphantly with their treasure to the boat-house on Cremyll beach, where Reynolds finished-up the portrait. He must have been rather puzzled for materials, for it is painted with common shipwright paint, on a piece of canvas torn from an old boat-sail. It is still in existence, and though of course very rough, is not (a friendly critic says) without a certain broad cleverness of character and design. Four years more, however, were suffered to elapse, and the profession of the young artist was still undecided. It seems to have been a choice for a time between painting and physic. The old schoolmaster was a dabbler himself in the healing art, and Joshua appears to have had no disinclination to it either. His very love of art may perhaps have made him nice in his ambition,

for he told his father that if he could not be bound to an eminent master, with a fair chance of reaching eminence himself, he would rather be an apothecary. Such a high tone of thought, joined as it was to genius and perseverance, was certain to succeed. A print which he saw, taken from one of Hudson's paintings, decided him at last; and he thought himself, and was thought by all his friends, the most fortunate of youths when that very mediocre personage consented to receive him as a pupil. His father speaks of it as of a very miracle of good luck, and adds, with a simplicity which Parson Adams could have equalled but not surpassed, that even Mr. Treby (the then great man of Plympton) might have envied such a position for one of his sons, if he had had enough of them to make him seek professions for them. Joshua went to London full of enthusiasm for his new master, and in all his boy's letters to his father he shows himself as anxious for Hudson's fame as if it had been his own. "On Thursday next Sir Robert Walpole sits for his picture," he writes; "master says he has had a great longing to draw his picture, because so many have been drawn and none are like." And proud and exultant the boy appears, when in another letter he is able to announce that the picture has succeeded, and that Sir Robert "acknowledges no other likeness to be his, but this." Shortly after writing this, he met with another and more unexpected delight. He had been sent by Hudson to purchase pictures, and was close to the auctioneer when he perceived a bustle near the door, and "Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope!" ran in an electric whisper round the room. The crowd fell back to let him pass, and the hands of all were held out to greet the old poet as he bowed his way up the room. Reynolds was not in the first row; but, eager and enthusiastic, he contrived to pass his arm through the crowd before him; and the poet who had sung the *Belindas* of a bygone age shook hands unconsciously with the painter who was to immortalise their successors upon canvas.

Fortunately for Reynolds, a disagreement between him and Hudson terminated their engagement at the close of two years. In that time he had learned all that Hudson had it in his power to teach him, and a longer course of such tuition would probably have left him a mere copyist of his master's tame and most inefficient manner. He returned to his father's house at Plympton, and painted most of the notabilities of his native town. In 1744, however, he was again in London, and had made it up with his old master; for it was Hudson who introduced him to a club (probably old Slaughter's), which he tells us was composed of all the most celebrated painters of the period. No man in the eighteenth century, however, was supposed to have completed his education, whether as an artist or a gentleman,

before he had completed what was popularly designated as the "grand tour." Through the kindness of Commodore Keppel, who gave him a free passage in the *Centurion*, Reynolds was enabled to pay this tax to public opinion in a cheap and pleasant manner. In his case, however, the "grand tour" was no mere tax or sham; and to the hours which he spent in the cold chambers of the Vatican, he attributed the cold which terminated so sadly for him in the almost total loss of hearing. Art was at a low ebb in those days in Italy, though people in England seem hardly to have realised the fact; for the magic of what had been still shed a sort of glamour over that which was. Men talked of the "Italian touch" as if it were a something to be imbibed by merely breathing the air of that bright land; and they fancied that because Italy could boast of her dead masters, her living artists must be great likewise. Reynolds, luckily for himself, was of a different opinion, and steadily declined all Lord Edgumbe's entreaties that he would put himself under the guidance of Pompeo Battoni, the then great man of the Italian school. The young artist had already served his apprenticeship to a commonplace English master; and declining all further study of the kind, he wisely chose Michael Angelo and Raphael for his only masters. After two years spent conscientiously in the study of his art, he returned to England, remaining for some time in Devonshire before he returned to London. The year in which he settled there was a dull one in the annals of the town. Politics were at so low an ebb that, as a witty woman said, they took rank after the "two young ladies who had been married, and the two young ladies who had been hanged." Faro and hazard were the fashionable games at White's. George Selwyn was the reigning wit; and the beautiful Gunning sisters were the reigning toasts, being in fact the identical young ladies who had achieved greatness by marriage. Among literary men Johnson had already tided over the first great difficulties of his career, and was hard at work upon his Dictionary. Burke, a much younger man, was reading at the Middle Temple. Goldsmith, ever luckless, had been sent in disgrace by his friends to study medicine in the capital of the North. Garrick was in the zenith of his fame as an actor; and Richardson, as a novelist, was on the pinnacle of his.

With none of these men was Reynolds at that time acquainted; nor does he seem to have become known to any of them until after he had left Saint Martin's Lane, and settled in Newport Street with his sister. "Dictionary Johnson," as the great Doctor was irreverently styled in those days, he met for the first time at the house of the Miss Cotterels', who lived opposite him in Newport

Street. He had read the life of Savage, and was prepared to admire its author; and Johnson on his part was so taken by a chance remark of the painter's, that he went back with him to his house, and supped with him that very night. A day or two afterwards, Reynolds returned the visit, bringing with him Roubilliac the sculptor, who was anxious to be introduced to Johnson, in order to obtain from him an epitaph for a monument he was executing for Westminster Abbey. Johnson took them both up to the garret, which he called his library. His dictionary labours had been pursued in this room, and the floor was still littered with books which had been used for reference and then thrown aside. A crazy deal table, and a still more crazy arm-chair on three legs, were the only other articles of furniture which it contained. Johnson seated himself without ceremony in the chair, and then, pen in hand, waited to know what the sculptor wished him to say. Roubilliac, a little frightened perhaps, was beginning in his full-blown French style, when Johnson broke in sternly with his "Come, come, sir; let us have no more of this bombastic ridiculous rodomontade; but let me know, in simple language, the name and quality of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write." "Simple language" not being the strong point of the doctor himself, Roubilliac might easily have retorted had he dared; but few men cared to bandy words with Johnson, whose power of sarcasm was so nicely balanced with his powers of abuse, that, as poor "Goldie" once wittily expressed it, if his pistol missed fire, he was sure to knock you down with the butt-end of the weapon.

The friendship between Johnson and Reynolds, once begun, lasted without interruption until the death, thirty years afterwards, of the Doctor. It was a friendship founded so firmly on feelings of mutual respect and esteem, that even the occasional inequalities of the great Samuel's temper had no further effect than occasionally to ruffle the surface by a passing breeze.

If he went too far, Reynolds knew how to recall him quietly to his better self, and on some occasions he even managed to make him apologise for his rudeness before he left the house. It was not, however, so difficult to make Johnson apologise as it might at first sight appear. With all his violence of temper, he respected those who had enough of manly firmness to oppose themselves to his dictatorship, and enough of self-command to do so with moderation; and in such a case he was as ready as a repentant child to *make it up* (so to speak) with any one he had offended.

There is something quite touching in the account Miss Reynolds gives us of his contrition on one of these occasions. He had said something savage at her brother's table to the Dean of Derry, who

received it in silence, more dignified and far more cutting than the bitterest retort could possibly have been. The big doctor could not stand it. He left the other gentlemen at their wine, and sitting down by Miss Reynolds, bemoaned his evil temper, which had led him to attack a minister of the gospel, and one too who had received his rudeness with such mild and dignified tranquillity. Miss Reynolds does not seem to have given him much comfort; and when the other gentlemen came in, "it was quite pathetic" (we quote her own words) "to see him go up to the Dean, and make him sit beside him on the sofa, with a beseeching look for pardon and such fond gestures, literally smoothing down his arms and knees, as seemed at once to express repentance and deprecate his pardon."

Reynolds himself, however, did not always come off so easily. It was at a party at Cumberland's, we believe, that Johnson once called for another cup of tea, and Reynolds reminded him (in pity for the lady of the house perhaps) that he had already had eleven. "Sir," cried the doctor fiercely, "I did not number your glasses of wine; why should you count up my cups of tea? No, sir, if it had not been for your remark, I should have saved the lady all further trouble; as it is, I must request her to round my number." The lady seems to have complied with a good grace with this request, and touched by her gentleness Johnson instantly set himself to repair his rudeness by showing how much ruder he could have been if he had not really loved his company. "Madam," quoth he, "I must tell you for your comfort that you escape better than another lady did, who asked me for no other purpose than to make a zany of me, and to set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of. So, madam, I had my revenge; for I swallowed twenty-five cups of her tea, and did not treat her to as many words."

Perhaps Reynolds was secretly as tired as this poor lady must have been of the eternal tea-drinkings which were the inevitable accompaniment of Dr. Johnson's visits. Daylight is too precious to a painter to be wasted wilfully. He cannot, as a writer can, crowd into the small hours of the night the work that should have been distributed through the day, and not even for Johnson's sake would Reynolds have neglected his profession. When, therefore, Johnson dropt in uninvited to dine at four, with the manifest intention of tea-drinking until midnight, Reynolds used to leave him to his sister's care and walk off quietly to his studio. Nor was the Doctor likely to resent, or even to regret, the change; for he loved Miss Reynolds, and with all his outward roughness of demeanour, there was a fund of tenderness in that great heart of his, which, without marring the manliness of his intercourse with men, made him turn instinctively

to the society of women for its unrebuked indulgence. He was naturally a proud man, and poverty had made his pride aggressive. With men, therefore, he was always on his guard lest they should insult his dignity; but no such morbid feeling disturbed him in the society of women; and he was just as true to one phase of the Johnsonian nature when he ran races with the Devonshire lassie on the lawn, puffing and blowing, and throwing his slippers before him, as eager as a boy for victory, as he was to another and sterner mood when he shook the dust from his shoes at Lord Chesterfield's door, and published his Dictionary (an unheard-of audacity in those days) without its matter-of-course dedication to a living lord.

Though Reynolds declined the tea-drinkings, he felt the full value of the Doctor's society, and founded the "Literary Club," which met every Monday evening at the Turk's Head, for the express purpose of making Johnson talk. When he first broached the matter to Johnson, he told him that Lord Charlemont had suggested the idea, and proposed very naturally that his lordship should be chosen as one of its first members; but the sturdy Doctor put in his veto. "No, sir; for in that case we should be called 'Lord Charlemont's Club;' let him come in afterwards." He did come in afterwards, and seems to have had the good sense not to be offended by the delay. He was better treated, however, than Garrick, who, hearing of the club from Reynolds, expressed in an off-hand way his intention to be "one of them." "*He* be one of us!" cried the enraged Doctor on the speech being reported to him; "how does he know we will permit him? Sir, the first duke in England has no right to hold such language." And as Johnson decreed, so was it done; for Garrick was not admitted until some years afterwards. Goldsmith, Burke, Beauclerc, and "unclubbable Hawkins"—cold-shouldered out of the club soon afterwards for a violent attack on Burke—were among its earliest members. It took the name of "The Literary Club," and "*Esto perpetua*" was its toast and motto.

Pedro di Luna.

(*Sketches from the History of Christendom, No. V.*)

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I.

IN a former article we quoted the words of a modern English writer, in which he expressed his wonder that the Papacy should ever have been able to recover its power and prestige, after the humiliations entailed upon it by its long sojourn at Avignon. Such a sentiment was not unnatural in the mind of one who could not have a true idea of the real source of strength and vigour in the institution of which he was speaking—of what was essential and really vital, what accidental and external in it—of the principle of which it is, so to say, the embodiment, the spirit that animates it, and the Hand that guides and holds it up. Even on simple historical grounds, the statement implied in the remark was an exaggeration. We are now about to deal with a shorter phase in the history of the Papacy, at which some of its chroniclers have stood aghast, and which contains events which might seem much more likely in all natural consequence to degrade and ruin such an institution, if it had been possible for a Divine work to be overthrown by the folly and malice of men. The so-called schism of the West, which divided Christendom for the space of forty years, and during which it was really a matter of practical doubt whether the Pope in Italy or the Antipope at Avignon was the lawful successor of St. Peter, might seem a calamity to the Church so great and so fatal, as that the most ingenious malice of her bitterest enemies could invent no greater. The very keystone of the arch seemed to be split in two, and to threaten the collapse of the whole fabric. Wonderful indeed it is to think how much power for evil against the peace and prosperity of the kingdom of God upon earth was then allowed to the passions and the ambition of a few bad men! And yet still more wonderful the indwelling supernatural healthfulness and strength of the Papacy and of the whole Church, which shook off, as it were, by a kind of spontaneous repulsion, rather than by external aid, the dagger which seemed to have pierced it to the heart. The legitimate Popes were not graced by any remarkable qualities either of genius or of sanctity, so as to draw to themselves allegiance by the force of character; nor was any great saint raised up to settle, as St. Bernard had done in his day, the question between the rival claimants to the Pontifical

throne. It was the universal irresistible feeling of Christendom that there must be but one successor of St. Peter that ended the division. Every thing was made to yield to this, even the rights of the lawful Pontiff. It was not a time of very great theologians, of great purity of manners, of wide-spread devotion, of apostolical simplicity of life; nor on any other subject of European importance could public opinion and general feeling have had an opportunity of declaring themselves in a manner which no one could mistake or gainsay. But the minds of men of every grade and kind in the fourteenth century were more instinctively ruled by Christian and Catholic principles than in the present day. Now we might have them looking on with indifference, while Pope and Antipope fought out their own quarrel for themselves. Or we might hear of a compromise, a division of the seamless robe, by which one might rule in one part of Europe, another over the rest. Or national passions and the jealous policy of rival cabinets would come in, and the schism might be perpetuated because the natural instincts of men are stronger than the supernatural. Nothing of the kind was possible then. It was a simply personal question; there was no principle involved in the difference between one side and the other, much less was there any divergence of doctrine or even of discipline. From Sweden and Norway to Sicily, and from the furthest shores of Portugal to the frontiers of Hungary, the same religion, the same creed, the same rites and sacraments were in possession. But because there was one divinely-appointed centre of unity, with which communion was necessary to all, the doubt about the individual man in whom, for the time being, that centre resided, threw consciences into the most painful trouble, and confused Christian life from one end of Europe to another. In the midst of the strangely anomalous condition of the Church, she was left to herself to set matters to rights in her own way, and to seek in her own legitimate assemblies for a remedy for so abnormal an evil.

Though it is true, as has been said above, that no question of principle was involved in the dispute, it must also be noted that it would have been at the outset little more than an explosion of bad temper, but for the previous existence of elements of discord quite unconnected with it, but which gave terrible strength to the conflagration when it once was lighted up. We have already spoken of the need for reformation among the higher clergy, to which all the best writers of that day bear uniform witness. Any one who laid his hand to this most essential work was sure to be met with fierce opposition; and the delay which had been occasioned by the troubles of the later years of the reign of Gregory XI. only increased the

difficulties of his successor. Then there was the still seething discontent of the majority of the Papal Court at the return of the Holy See from Avignon; and the long sojourn of the Papacy at that place had silently prepared for any one who might set himself up against the legitimate Pontiff a safe and brilliant seat for his usurped power, in a city,—in many respects far more splendid and attractive than Rome,—which had been the unquestioned home of the successor of St. Peter during the memory of every living man; and where, instead of the unruly Romans at his doors to make the government of the Church almost impossible, he might be free from all fear and distraction under the protection of the King of France. It would never be difficult to persuade men who remembered the splendours of Clement VI., that a claimant who proposed to continue them was the true Pope. Then, as it happened, the ever-turbulent Romans, in their eagerness to secure for themselves a Pontiff born in their own city, or at least an Italian, gave the French Cardinals, in the tumult which followed the election, an excuse for their rebellion against the ruler whom they had themselves been the first to choose. All these things combined to make a division possible, and to promise it temporary success. Two things alone were wanting to make it certain—that the newly-elected Pontiff should be wanting in temper, prudence, and gentleness in dealing with the fiery spirits that surrounded him, and should at the same time fail to understand his danger, and so to provide against it before matters had gone too far. History has usually dealt hardly with Urban VI.: a certain rudeness and severity of manner, which in a man whose lot lay in quieter times might have escaped notice,—at least, from posterity,—has been made responsible for a whole train of evils of which it was but the occasion or the pretext; his real failing was, that he trusted too much to the forbearance and obedience of men who had placed him on the altar in St. Peter's, and done homage to him as to the Vicar of Christ.

But for the operation of these already-prepared elements of evil, the "Great Schism" would have been a simple quarrel between the Cardinals and the Pope. Although it lasted for about forty years, and was complicated towards its close by the appearance on the scene of a third line of claimants to the Pontifical throne, deriving their title from the Council of Pisa, still the universal sense of the absolute necessity of its termination was manifested almost at once, and after a time found expression among the Cardinals of the rival Popes. More than one Pontifical election was made on the distinct understanding, that whoever should be the nominee of the Conclave, he should refuse no compromise that might produce peace, even

though it involved a cession of his own personal rights. Yet the men who had it in their power to cause so great a scandal so easily found it the most difficult of tasks to bend themselves to a re-union; and the last to perpetuate the division, and to hold out against the Council of Constance, after his two rivals had consented to yield their claims, was one of the Cardinals of Gregory XI., who had taken part in the disputed election of Urban VI., and who deserves the sad distinction of having been, if not the author of the schism, at least its most able supporter and most efficient advocate. The hero of this miserable episode in the history of the Christian Church was Pedro di Luna.

And yet, strange to say, he was perhaps the most respectable of all the Cardinals who revolted against Urban VI. Others were great and luxurious French seigneurs, whose lives would have been but little different had they been laymen instead of ecclesiastics. Against some the charge of vice might be made, not without an appearance of justice; and Robert of Geneva, who was the first actual Antipope of the party, was a man of war and blood, already famous or infamous by his cruelties at Cesena. Nothing of the kind could be said against Pedro di Luna. He was a native of the kingdom of Aragon, of noble family, and even princely descent,—at least his mother was descended from a Saracen king of Majorca, conquered by James I. of Aragon, whose son had become a Christian, and settled under the protection of his conqueror. Historians—especially Spaniards, who have so great an innate hatred of the infidels—noted afterwards that Pedro di Luna's indomitable obstinacy came from the bad blood of his mother's ancestor. Pedro began his career in the same way with so many who rose to eminence in the Church in those days. He made his theological studies in France, and was a professor of canon-law in the University of Montpellier. He was famous for his learning—more famous still for his austerity of life, the purity and even the rigour of his manners; a hard, irreproachable, severe, and industrious man, able, eloquent, useful to any cause, and, as it would seem, with no passion untamed except his ambition, that was too prudent to show itself impatiently. Gregory XI. heard of him, and determined to raise him to the Cardinalate, undeterred, as is said, by certain reports of his wily and intriguing disposition. When he gave him the sacred purple, the gentle and suffering Pontiff played upon his name in words that were afterwards thought to have been prophetic, "*Caveas ne tua Luna patiatur eclipsin*" ("Beware lest thy moon suffer an eclipse!"). He made himself the friend of St. Catharine when she was at Avignon, and Blessed Raymond, her confessor and biographer, was intimate with him. After-

wards he was one of the Cardinals to whom she wrote, when he had accompanied Gregory to Rome. There he had made himself popular with the people; and it is even said that they would have been glad to have had him for Pope, if they could not have had a Roman or an Italian.

Gregory XI. had but a short time given him in which to carry out the work which he had begun. He survived his arrival in Rome less than a year and a half. He had no time to attempt the much-needed reform of the prelature, nor had he acted on the suggestions of St. Catharine of Siena as to the appointment of Cardinals. On account of the troubles which succeeded his death, strange intentions and stranger sayings have been attributed to him in his last days, on which historians of various parties have put their own interpretations. He is said to have thought of returning to Avignon, like Urban VI.; he is even said to have protested solemnly his repentance for having heeded supposed saints and visionaries, and having been led by them to endanger the Church's peace by coming to Rome. The authority on which the last statement rests is far too suspicious to give it credibility, even if it were not in the highest degree improbable in itself. But it is certain that the signs of a coming storm were too evident not to fill the mind of the dying Pontiff with anxiety. He seems to have feared most a long vacancy of the throne. A few days before his death, he made certain decrees for the election of his successor. The Cardinals present in the court were to elect at once, without waiting for their colleagues; they might choose any place, and a simple majority was to be enough to secure an election. He implored them to elect the most worthy, and to elect him quickly. These decrees were made on the 19th of March; on the 27th Gregory was dead.

Nine days had to pass in the funeral solemnities of the Pontiff, and then the Cardinals present in Rome were to enter at once on the Conclave, without waiting for their absent brethren. It would seem as if this disposition of Gregory had been intended to make the election of a French Pope less probable; and it struck with a practical sentence of exclusion the six Cardinals who had remained behind at Avignon, unable to face the climate and the tumults of Rome. Their absence, and that of the Cardinal de Lagrange, who was representing the Holy See at the Congress of Sarzano, reduced the number of electors to sixteen. No less than seven of these were Limousins, four more were natives of other parts of France, four were Italians, and Pedro di Luna was a Spaniard. So before the beginning of the election the gossips of Rome might easily have counted up the votes and speculated on the power that circumstances

conferred upon the Spanish Cardinal. It was taken for granted that nationalities would have a great deal to do with the divisions of the electors. An actual majority was to be enough. The Frenchmen and the Limousins together would make eleven, and were therefore all-powerful, if united. If, as was expected, they should quarrel, then the Frenchmen and the Italians together could carry a candidate against the Limousins, if they could prevail on the Cardinal di Luna to side with them, or to throw away his vote; if he sided with the Limousins, he could prevent a majority against them. Thus, to one of the two parties into which it was expected the Conclave would be divided, he could at any moment give the certainty of success: he could secure the other from being defeated. If a man in such a position were ambitious, he might well have conceived the dream of turning it to his own advantage.

Informal discussions among the Cardinals themselves, during these nine days, showed that the expected difference between the French and the Limousins was a reality. There had been already, within a few years, three Limousin Popes: the world, as the French Cardinals said, was weary of them. But it was not easy to fix on a candidate on whom all could agree. There were strong personal objections to each of the Italians. One was too old, another too young; the election of either of the remaining two would have been a triumph to the enemies of the Church, as they were connected, the one with Milan, the other with Florence. Instead of thinking of the Spaniard, the French Cardinals came to the conclusion that the wisest policy would be to nominate an Italian, not a member of the Sacred College. Such a prelate, a man whom all respected, was then in Rome; and their minds turned naturally to him.

II.

Meanwhile there were others who wished to have a hand in the election beside the Cardinals. The people and magistrates of Rome had got back their Pope for the second time when Gregory landed at St. Paul's. They had soon relapsed from their protestations of loyalty and fidelity into their old turbulence and insubordination; and but a short time before the death of the late Pontiff, they had heard the rumours as to his intention of once more taking flight to Avignon—rumours which at all events expressed the hearty desires and prayers of every one around him, and of most of the Cardinals who were now to give him a successor. They determined, in their reckless and violent way, that the new Pope must be one who would not take his court beyond the sea; and to secure this the Cardinals must elect a Roman, or at least an Italian.

Such was the proposal submitted, with every appearance of respect, to the Cardinals, at the very moment of the termination of the obsequies of Gregory in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, by the Senator of Rome and the "Banderesi" of the Rioni. The Cardinals replied with dignity and firmness. Who should be the person chosen to govern the Church was a question to be discussed by themselves in the secret of the Conclave. They intended to be perfectly free in their choice, and could not exclude the natives of any country as ineligible. Such petitions as that which had just been made to them should not be repeated; their object was to intimidate, and no election would be valid that was made under menace. They then took measures to secure the liberty of the Conclave. The treasure of the Church was conveyed to the Castle of St. Angelo; the fort was garrisoned and provisioned; eight guardians of the Conclave were appointed, three of whom were French; and the magistrates were made to swear that they would protect the quarter of St. Peter's from all popular tumult. But the aspect of the city was threatening when the time came for entering on the deliberations. A crowd of peasants from the country had come in, lawless and clamorous for a Roman Pope; and the Cardinals could see that measures had been taken to prevent their escape, if they endeavoured to leave Rome and hold the Conclave elsewhere.

About sixty years before, the Cardinals for the time being had been subjected to the same kind of constraint by Philippe le Long, then Count of Poitiers. The Conclave after the death of Clement V. had been held at Carpentras, and had been dispersed in consequence of a riot in which the Italian Cardinals had seen their houses burnt by French soldiers and their countrymen slaughtered. Two years passed away, and no Pope was elected, till Philippe persuaded the Cardinals to meet at Lyons for a conference, by swearing to them that he would not force them to hold a Conclave or prevent their departure when they chose. He broke both his oaths, and John XXII. was at last elected. No one seriously thought of questioning the validity of his election.

A thunderstorm burst over the Vatican as the Cardinals now entered it for the purpose of making their election. The lightning struck down the escutcheon of Gregory XI., and injured the cells of the Cardinals Robert of Geneva and Pedro di Luna. The incident was afterwards noted; for these two Cardinals succeeded one another as the Antipopes, opposed to the successor of Gregory XI., who was nominated in the Conclave. What actually passed before the election, it is perhaps impossible at this distance of time to relate with perfect accuracy. It is certain that, putting aside all other

questions, the equal balance of parties would of itself have naturally suggested to the Sacred College the conclusion of which we have already spoken: that of electing as Pope some prelate not included among the Cardinals themselves. This had been done a few years before in the case of Urban V., and the election had given to the Church a great and venerated Pontiff. It is distinctly asserted by the historian Raynaldi, who had access to by far the greatest collection of documents that exists relating to this Conclave, that this idea had already been entertained by the Cardinals, and that the Archbishop of Bari, Bartolomeo Prignano, an Italian, but a subject of Queen Joanna's, and therefore closely connected with France, had already been fixed upon as the candidate to be proposed. To all appearance a better choice could not have been made. He was a man of learning and piety, great purity of life, and simplicity of manners. He had made himself universally respected in his administration of the Cancellaria. He was a reformer: a sworn enemy of simony, corruption, and injustice of every kind; a patron of literature and a friend of holy men. If he had never been Pope, every one would have admitted that he was fit to be. It is absurd to speak of him as a candidate imposed on the Cardinals by force. Those writers who insist most strongly on the nullity of his election on the ground of intimidation are forced into the inconsistency of acknowledging that the election was kept secret by the Cardinals from their fear of popular violence if it should become known. They are obliged to say that the Cardinals elected him nominally, in the conviction that he would abdicate as soon as he was told that the election was illusory. But if such a proceeding was contemplated, they had Romans among their own body whom the people would have welcomed with enthusiasm, and whom they might have bound down to any conditions that they chose. Under such circumstances, no set of men in their senses would have elected an absent person, whose name they felt obliged to conceal because it did not meet the wishes of the people, whose violence was the only reason for a mock election at all.

It would seem that, but for the tumultuous disposition of the populace, the history of the election of a successor to Gregory XI. would have been as simple as that of any such election recorded in the annals of the Church. The Cardinals who took part in it, in their letters to their colleagues at Avignon, declared that on the morning after their entrance into the Conclave, they elected freely and unanimously the Archbishop of Bari. This letter was written more than ten days after the election—a delay probably occasioned by the wish to include in it the news of the coronation of the new

Pope, which was delayed by the sacred time of Holy Week, which immediately followed the election. But it is clear that disturbances took place, as was anticipated, on the very day of the election, and before it was publicly announced; and these were afterwards skillfully used by the authors of the schism to throw doubt on the validity of the title of Urban VI.

This other story of the Conclave, as it was afterwards told by the Cardinals on their rebellion against the Pope whom they elected, has been stated in its best possible form by a recent French historian,* who, in this portion of his work, is certainly a partisan of his countrymen. First, the palace in which the Cardinals are met is invaded by a crowd of men, who pretend that their object is to see whether soldiers are concealed in it. They are at last got rid of; and then the thirteen Banderesi, the magistrates of the Rioni, come again to the door, and demand an assurance that the new Pope shall be a Roman or an Italian; they declare that they will not answer for the personal safety of the Cardinals in any other case. The Cardinal of Florence, a Corsini, replies, in the name of his colleagues, that they have no answer to give to such a demand: they do not intend to choose according to the will of the multitude, but according to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The night passes with tumultuous cries outside the Conclave, the door of which is barred instead of being walled up. When the morning came, and the Cardinals were hearing Mass, the noise outside is renewed and redoubled. The guardians of the Conclave think it right to warn the Cardinals that they must make haste to elect as the people will. Then, it is said, the Cardinals began to fear for their lives, and it was agreed that they should promise to do as they were bid. But the Cardinal Corsini, who was to make this announcement at the window, was too frightened to do so: it was, however, made by two of his companions. Meanwhile, it was determined to make some election at once. The idea of a mock election, which would deceive the people and give the Cardinals time to escape to some other place, was proposed and rejected deliberately. The Cardinal of Limoges and Pedro di Luna were the first to declare that they would not expose their souls to damnation by such a trick. Then the old Cardinal of St. Peter, Tebaldeschi, a Roman, was proposed by Corsini; but it was thought that his great age and infirmities made him unfit for the burden of the Papal crown. There were three other Italians left: Corsini of Florence himself, Orsini of Rome, Brossano of Milan. Jean de Cros, Cardinal of Limoges, rose and objected to each of them. A Floren-

* Christophe, *Hist. de la Papauté pendant le xiv. siècle*, liv. xiii.

tine was of a city hostile to the Church; the Milanese was a dependent of Barnabo Visconti; Orsini was too young, too thoroughly a Roman. He gave his voice to the Archbishop of Bari, and the nomination then received the adhesion of the rest, except Corsini, who still voted for Tebaldeschi; and Orsini, who would not vote for Prignano because he thought it unbecoming to elect as if the Sacred College had no Italian fit for the tiara in its own body, but, at the same time, gave his suffrage to the person elected by the majority.

It must be remembered that this is the extreme statement of the partisans of the subsequent revolt. It must be remembered also that the very men on whose assertions this version of the election is given acted for several weeks as if there were no flaw in the title of the new Pope, long after all semblance of coercion had passed away, and only produced these statements—contradicting thereby their own former declarations—after their revolt against Urban VI. It will, perhaps, appear to many that the anti-Urbanists might be taken on their own statement; for it is nothing unparalleled in the history of Conclaves that there should be some kind of pressure from without to hasten the decision of the electors, and the dissensions between the Limousins and the French Cardinals had made the election of an ultramontane Cardinal impossible. It is the commonest thing to read in the accounts of such assemblies that a number of Cardinals are excluded on account of their nationality, or on account of the personal objections entertained to individuals among them by powerful Catholic princes. No one thinks the liberty of choice taken away because it has become a rule that the Pope must be an Italian, or that no one can be elected who is previously excluded by Austria, France, or Spain. In the present case, the people may have done in their rude and lawless way what the representatives of Catholic courts have often done since in a blander and more diplomatic manner. The election may have been hurried; it does not follow that it was not voluntary; and the idea of a sham election had been discarded with scorn. But the best-informed and most impartial historians tell the story in a different way altogether. They state that the Cardinals entered the Conclave, and proceeded on the following morning to elect in the usual manner the candidate as to whom they had almost agreed before. But as this choice was likely to be unacceptable to the people, there was some hesitation as to its publication. Both accounts agree as to the terror of the Cardinals after the completion of their work; but this fact, as to which there is no dispute, is far more intelligible on the supposition of a free election, not dictated by the mob, than on any other. When Prignano had been elected, we are told, the Cardinals kept the fact secret from fear

of the displeasure of the people, for the new Pope was not a Roman. It was given out that the election would take place on the morrow. This pacified the crowd and gave the Cardinals an opportunity of sending for the Archbishop of Bari and some other prelates, by whose influence order was restored. Meanwhile the secret half transpired, and the tumult began again. The people heard that a Pope had been made; they wished to know who he was. Silence was suspicious; if he was a Roman, why were they not told at once? One of the guardians of the Conclave, in order to get rid of them, told them to go to St. Peter's; they would be told there. His words were caught up and repeated, till the impression prevailed that the Cardinal of St. Peter's, the old Tebaldeschi, was elected. A crowd rushed to his house to pillage it, as was the custom when a Cardinal passed to the Pontificate; others rushed into the Vatican to look for the new Pope. The Cardinals dispersed in terror. Tebaldeschi was found, clothed in a cope, and dragged to the altar in St. Peter's. The feeble gouty old man resisted and protested in vain; at last he made himself heard, and declared that not he, but the Archbishop of Bari, was elected. Meanwhile, there being no more to be done in the Vatican, the Cardinals had got out of the way as quickly as they could. Eight went to the Castle of St. Angelo; Robert of Geneva fled as far as Zagarolo, on the road to Palestrina, a possession of the Colonnas. Orsini, with one other, went to his own town of Vicovaro, beyond Tivoli; another went off to Ardea; only four repaired to their homes—Corsini and De Brossano of the Italians; one Frenchman, the Cardinal de Puy; and Pedro di Luna, the Spaniard.

The people sought out the Archbishop of Bari—we follow now the account of the anti-Urbanists—and endeavoured to invest him with the Pontifical insignia. He refused to accept them, till he heard from the mouths of the Cardinals themselves that his election was canonical. The four Cardinals in the city, and the eight in the castle, met at the palace; the remaining four did not return till later. The twelve declared that the election was true and canonical: there was now no constraint upon them, and they entreated Prignano to accept the burthensome post. He took the name of Urban VI., and was then acknowledged as Pope by the twelve Cardinals, as well as by the four fugitives, who returned at once to Rome. Holy Week followed, and he went through the usual ceremonies with their assistance. On Easter-day he was crowned by Cardinal Orsini: all the Cardinals accompanied him in the *cavalcata*, the procession from St. Peter's to St. John Lateran, in which the Pope takes possession of the latter church as his cathedral;

they wrote to their colleagues at Avignon, and to the kings and princes of Europe, to notify his election; for three months they treated him as Pope, named him in their public prayers, and asked and received favours from him, which no one but the Pope could give. It is said that, in private letters and conversations, some of them called in question the validity of his election; but it is clear that if they thought it invalid, they were acting a most dishonest part, and committing daily fresh treason against the Church, for the service of which they were bound to die.

The events which followed on the election of Urban VI. may, perhaps, become more intelligible if we consider the momentous importance to the Church of the questions settled by that election. It was the death-blow of the Avignon residence of the Papacy—that real calamity to the Church, from which it was not unnatural that it should cost her dearly to free herself. The return to Rome had from the first, as we have seen, been the dream or the intention of almost every one of the Popes who had sat at Avignon. Two Popes had actually carried it out: the first had returned to Provence to die; and the second had, as it was said, rued the step he had taken, or, as is perhaps more true, had worn out his frail and gentle life too soon in consequence of the effort he had made. Both were Frenchmen, who had surrounded themselves with Cardinals and prelates of their own nation. Their courts had been almost as much an army of occupation in Rome as the French garrison is at the present moment. Under such circumstances Avignon was always possible; or, at all events, Avignon ruled Rome. The election of an Italian to the chair of St. Peter violently broke the chain of French Pontiffs; there could no longer be any illusion on the subject of the seat of power. Moreover, it was a sentence of exclusion, as to all future elections, of the majority of the men who had made it. The sixth Urban had none of the sympathies of the fifth. His Cardinals would be Italian; he could multiply them as he chose, and prevent for the future the prevalence of any ultramontane influence in the Sacred College. The Limousins and the French might unite in the future Conclaves, if they survived long enough; but they might unite in vain. The only hope for them was that there should be a vacancy in the Holy See before the creation of new Cardinals. As a matter of fact, though they remained faithful to Urban long enough to give him plenty of time to use his powers, he neglected to do so; but when they heard that he had imprudently declared his intention of filling the Sacred College with Italians, they delayed their revolt no longer. St. Catharine, the good angel, as she may be called, of the Papacy at this time, wrote to Urban almost as soon as he became

Pope, urging him to choose at once *una brigata di buoni Cardinali*. The advice was neglected till it was too late—till he had made the old Cardinals his enemies, so that the measure had the effect of arming them with the recklessness of despair.

We may gather from the letters of the same fearless and faithful counsellor to Urban VI., that the charges which have been brought against him by historians, of occasioning the rebellion of his Cardinals by his own excessive severity, are not without some foundation in his character and conduct. How far the events that followed on his determination to create a large number of new Cardinals are to be laid to his score, it is now impossible to say. None of the chief actors in these lamentable scenes have been spared the virulent abuse of partisan writers of the opposite sides; and perhaps, as Boniface VIII. and other long-maligned characters have been at last vindicated, some writer may yet appear who will wipe away the many stains with which the memory of Urban has been defaced. His moral character and his rectitude of intention have never been seriously impeached; the accusation falls on his manners, his temper, and his judgment. He may have been one of those good and virtuous men who have preëminently the gift of making themselves intolerable. Their minds are narrow and their temper is sour; they cannot even do a kindness graciously, or refuse a request without insulting the person who makes it. While they are in subordinate stations, they win admiration and confidence by their honesty, industry, and cleverness, and they are disagreeable but to a few with whom they are closely thrown: when a great cause is committed to them, or a great post conferred upon them, their character begins to play without restraint, and the blaze of publicity reveals in them the defects which are least easily forgiven in rulers. If they are in a position which calls for delicacy of tact, prudence, gentleness, consideration, and management, they rudely alienate every sympathy, and outrage the very men on whose coöperation they ought most to lean. In their eyes every subordinate is a servant, who may be used without being thanked; every offender, eminent though he be, is a schoolboy, who may be rated unsparingly and punished unmercifully. They expect affairs to move on by reason and logic; they order men about as if they were the figures on a chess-board, and they think it as easy to change traditional habits and ideas that have become ingrained, as it is for a musician to pass from one key to another. No wonder they are inconsiderate and reckless of the feelings of those with whom they have to do: for they have no knowledge of men to teach them that patience and moderation are necessary in order to make the best even of willing

instruments, while proud hearts must be softened before they can be bent, and even the most hardened and incorrigible have a title to respect and courtesy. They ignore the weaknesses of human nature as much as modern philosophers ignore its corruption; they forget the preëminent claims of charity and the resistless force of meekness as much as those philosophers forget the rights of a Creator and the necessity of grace to the human will. Minds such as these have only to be linked with snappish and unrestrained tempers, and exposed to the intoxicating atmosphere of suddenly-acquired power, with no obligation of listening to advice, and with no opportunity of receiving correction, in order to bring the strongest and holiest causes to the brink of destruction.

It must remain far from certain that Urban VI. was a man to whom this description would apply; but his defects seem to have been those which belong to characters of this stamp. Of course the most has been made of his faults in this regard. The name by which he chose to be enrolled in the catalogue of Popes implied that he meant to aim at walking in the footsteps of Urban V., who, like himself, had not been, when elected, a member of the College of Cardinals. Urban V. had been a reformer and a severe reprover of the faults of the prelates by whom he found himself as Pope surrounded; but his character and manner gave force to his reproofs, and, at the same time, took off the edge of their severity. Urban V. was a saint. Urban VI. was fond of saints, and listened readily to their advice; but he had not himself the refinement, the nobility, the sweetness, which the highest order of graces seem necessarily to bring with them. The very day after his coronation he called a number of Bishops "perjured," because they were absent from their sees. A fortnight later, he delivered an address in a public Consistory, in which the Cardinals and prelates of the court were attacked with the utmost violence. He began to reform the Sacred College with a high hand; the Cardinals were to receive no more presents; they were to cut down their equipages, diminish the number of their servants, and abandon the grand luxurious style in which they had hitherto lived. His conversation is said to have been full of bitter humiliating remarks when addressed to them; and he spoke of them with contempt to others. He was displeased with the Cardinal de Lagrange, who had returned from Sarzano, and spoke to him so cuttingly in public as to provoke the fiery French nobleman to give him the lie. Robert of Geneva warned him that, as he did no honour to the Cardinals, they might perhaps do none to him. But that which made the bitter cup overflow has already been mentioned. The Banderesi of Rome came to ask him some favours for the city,

and added their hopes that he would signalise his elevation by a promotion of Cardinals. It is a feature of Urban's character noted by his contemporaries, that he was always ready to promise far more than he afterwards performed. It made him so unpopular with the Romans, that within a year after his election they rose in insurrection, and sought to take his life. On this occasion he told their magistrates that he intended to make so many Italian and Roman Cardinals, that their number would far overbalance that of the foreigners. The Cardinals were present. Robert of Geneva grew pale with rage, and left the room at once, his companions following him. What could they hope from a Pope who declared openly his intention of reducing them to insignificance?

The imprudence and want of tact of Urban may have been great. St. Catharine warns him against his violent bursts of temper, and begs him not to use justice without mercy, and to be at the pains not only to do what was right, but to do it in the right way. It is a mark of a petty mind to be full of gibes, sneers, and reproaches against inferiors, who cannot retaliate without disrespect; and no one with any knowledge of men and life would, it would seem, be fond of announcing important and hazardous measures before the time came for carrying them out, and of making promises and threats needlessly and recklessly. It is clear also that he had no idea of the only manner in which the difficult task of reforming his court could have been carried out. But it is preposterous to suppose that a man so confessedly virtuous and able before his elevation lost all at once both his ability and his virtue after it; and it is more reasonable to look for the causes of the schism in the haughty ambition and obstinate intolerance of censure of the French Cardinals than in the follies or the severities of their master. Their own story charges them first with the most shameful cowardice, and then with long-continued and sacrilegious hypocrisy; and their complaints against Urban really tell against themselves, for they point to the real cause of their rebellion, and that a cause utterly insufficient. If he were the true Pontiff, no harshness on his part could justify them in deserting him; yet it is clear that, but for his severity, they would never have proclaimed him to be an intruder.

Literary Notices.

ORIGEN'S HEXAPLA.*

THE Catholic Church in every age has jealously guarded the Sacred Volume. As early as the fourth century Saint Jerome published the text which she to this day hands to her followers as the Vulgate. To the correctness of this version the labours of succeeding scholars are continually testifying afresh. That it is not free from verbal mistakes she herself knows well; nor did she ever pretend to guarantee it such freedom from error, or to take away in aught from the authority of versions in other languages. The Council of Trent in its fourth session only decrees that of all Latin versions this one is to be considered authentic. The constant use of this version in the Church secured its infallibility from error and guaranteed its agreement with the original sources. The Greek and Hebrew text were not in the same constant use, nor were they therefore under the same watchful care. Still in every age the Fathers of the Church have inspected the original sources, that so they might illustrate the Vulgate. For the same end, the Council of Trent ordered correct editions of the Greek and Hebrew text to be printed; and the learned Salmeron, who himself assisted at the Council, says that if in matters which do not strictly belong to the rule of faith there be found between the original text and the Vulgate any discrepancy which cannot be explained by the principles of criticism, then "that reading must rather be followed which agrees better with the context, or which is more in accordance with the monuments of the Apostles and the Gospels; or which has on its side the more ancient and more approved copies, or which is acknowledged and admitted by the larger number of Fathers." The object of the celebrated decree was to prevent the corruption of the text. This corruption had crept in from many causes, such as the great number and variety of versions, the number of errors in the Greek and Hebrew copies, the liberty taken by individuals to wrest Scripture according to their own views, and the faulty readings perpetuated by printers, who often added equally faulty glosses. The kind of evil was not new: a sense of its importance had produced in the very earliest age of the Church the great work of Origen, of which we are now to speak.

Origen, who taught the Christian school at Alexandria in the third century, keenly felt the inconvenience which arose from the variety

* *Origenis Hexaplorum quæ supersunt*, post Nobilium, Drusium, et Montefalconium concinnavit, emendavit, et innumeris locis auxit Fridericus Field, A.M., Col. SS. Trin. Cantab. olim Socius. (Proposals for publishing.)

of versions. Besides the Hebrew version, there were at this time in use, particularly at Alexandria, no fewer than four Greek translations of the Old Testament: these were—1. the Septuagint; 2. that of Aquila; 3. that of Theodotion; 4. that of Symmachus. To these may also be added what were afterwards called, from their position in Origen's great work, the Quinta, Sexta, and Septima versions. All these different translations, therefore, Origen determined to publish in parallel columns, much in the shape of our present Polyglot Bibles. For this step we are able to assign two reasons: the first rests on the authority of St. Jerome, who gives as the motive, "that when one version disagreed with the others, it might forthwith be condemned by the concurrent testimony of the rest." To persons who were unacquainted with the original Hebrew the greater weight of external evidence would of course be a reason for accepting one text rather than another; but to the Hebrew scholar also the collection was not without use. He could at a glance determine which of the Greek translations approached most nearly to the original Hebrew.

But there was a second reason for making such a collection, and this is stated for us by Origen himself in his commentary on St. Matthew, viz. that the Septuagint translation had, through the malice and ignorance of librarians, become so corrupt that it really needed correction. Passages had been omitted—these Origen supplied from other copies, and marked the additions with an asterisk; other passages had been interpolated—these he marked with an obelus; at the end of the restored part he placed another sign; whilst a fourth mark pointed out the end of the superfluous addition. According to some critics, Origen mentioned the sources whence he made his additions; and when these were derived from only one authority, he placed the mark called *hypolemniscus*; when from more than one, the *lemniscus*. To show that he had not made these changes without sufficient grounds, he published also the Hebrew and the interpretations of other commentators. He seems also to have added large marginal notes, or even to have introduced other versions, for example, the Syrian; at least, allusion is made by early writers to such versions. All doubt on this point would be for ever set at rest, could we discover any fragment of the original Ms. of Origen: does such a fragment still exist mid the hidden treasures of the Vatican or other libraries? The question is a difficult one to answer. It is said to have sometimes happened that a librarian has known of such a treasure, but has kept its existence secret that he might in time bring it forth to the world, and not allow another to rob him of the glory; but ere he could accomplish his plan, death has carried him off, and his secret has been buried with him in the tomb.

Origen's first work, embracing only the four Greek versions already mentioned, is commonly known as the *Tetrapla*. The Hexapla, which according to Montfaucon is to be ascribed to a later date in the life of Origen, presented in two more columns alongside of the Tetrapla, the Hebrew version in its proper form, and likewise in Greek characters.

In the Psalms, the minor Prophets, and perhaps elsewhere, two or three other columns in Greek characters were added: hence the work acquired the names of Octopla and Enneapla, according as it presented eight or nine parallel columns.

We have said that Origen had keenly felt the inconvenience arising from different versions of the Scriptures. From the days of the Apostles there had been amongst some of the Church's followers a Judaizing spirit; new heresies had now arisen—Gnostics, Ebionites, Marcionites: the Jews reproached the Christians that their version was not in accordance with the original. To silence these murmurs, Origen began at Alexandria the task of collecting and comparing the different versions. This labour he afterwards carried on at Cæsarea, and probably ended his work at Tyre. Some think that the original Ms. was placed in the library of Cæsarea, and afterwards destroyed, either when the city was taken by the Persians under King Chosroes, or a little later, by the Arabs, when that library was burned, A.D. 653. The better to fulfil his task, he learned the Hebrew tongue, and made himself master of the original Scriptures received amongst the Jews in the Hebrew characters.

The Tetrapla Origen corrected with his own hand, and illustrated with scholia; but for the execution of the task he employed seven notaries or tachygraphi, seven librarians, seven girls distinguished for their good writing: it is said that he could dictate at once to seven people. He would have been unable to defray the expenses thus necessarily incurred, had not the means been furnished by a noble friend named Ambrose, who always encouraged him to pursue his tasks, which were so much for the public good. We may here add, that when Origen marks a reading with the letter *r* he means to convey to us that such a reading is supported by three authorities, viz. Aquila, Theodotion, and Symmachus.

It is not hard to imagine that on account of the great toil and expense required for the production of such a work, especially when the Hebrew tongue had fallen into disuse, and when only uncial characters were employed, not many copies of it were made. To get the different versions into the same compass would require a skilful copyist. Origen himself, with all the aid afforded him, is said to have spent many years on the work; and with all the notes which he added in the margin to explain the proper names of persons and places, the work would probably fill fifty large volumes. Hence copyists began merely to insert in the margin the most remarkable readings from any of the six or nine editions; and as different judgments were formed on the value of different readings, few copies present us with the same. Amongst these codices Montfaucon makes special mention of two, which Coislin, Bishop of Metz, had bequeathed to the library of St. Germain-aux-Prés, but which are now in the Imperial Library. One of these, written in square uncial characters about the sixth or seventh century, includes the Octateuch and the Book of Kings; the other, which is of the tenth century, embraces the Books of Kings, Paral-

pomenon, Esdras, Esther, Judith, and the Maccabees, with a large quantity of marginal notes on the Books of Kings. Another Regius Codex of the thirteenth century gives many readings of the ancient Fathers on the same books. The Basilian Codex of the tenth century, belonging to the Fathers of St. Basil in Rome, was also of great use to Montfaucon, as was also another Regius Codex of the same date, and known by the number 1871: the former of these two had formerly contained the Heptateuch; but almost the whole Book of Genesis had been lost. On the prophets Jeremiah and Ezechiel he borrowed many marginal notes from a codex in the library of the College of Louis Le Grand. He makes mention too of the Codex Colbertinus on Job, which, though itself of recent date, was a copy of an ancient Ms. Brian Walton, in the appendix to his Polyglot, has added various readings from the Codex Barberinus on the Prophets.

Ancient writers too had embodied different readings, and of these again Montfaucon made use. Amongst these writers the chief are St. Pamphilus the Martyr (A.D. 309), under Diocletian, who corrected, in company with his friend Eusebius, various codices; Eusebius, who added scholia and gathered together numberless readings; St. Epiphanius, Rufinus the Latin translator of Origen, St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, Theodoret, Procopius of Gaza, &c.

We have so far told only what the Hexapla was, and given some idea of its history; we must now see its importance and influence, especially on the question of the Canon of Scripture.

Origen's great work naturally roused a spirit of inquiry: if certain passages or books were not to be found in the original Hebrew, or in the Jewish canon, on what authority did the Church admit them as sacred, or from what source did the different versions of the Hexapla derive their additions? Had the Jewish priests—for instance, in the Book of Daniel—suppressed all passages which might bring discredit on their office, by showing that it had sometimes been unworthily filled? Had the passage, "*A virgin shall conceive*," &c., been wrongly rendered "*a young girl*," so to withdraw Scriptural support from the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation?

Certainly, some books had not been much quoted, because from them heretics pretended to draw their false doctrines: had passages been suppressed, lest something of the *arcana* or more esoteric teachings of the Church should become known? All the Fathers agree that the canon of the Church was not to be made to correspond with the canon of the Jews: this people had themselves expected a prophet who should declare what books were inspired, and the Church was to have a fuller light than its type, the synagogue. Still, discussion would arise. Controversy at this time was especially rife with Jews and Judaizers: against them authorities must be appealed to, which they themselves would admit; there must be some common point or principle of argument. Hence, though the deuterocanonical "*apocryphal*" books had long been read in the churches, though they are constantly quoted in the writings of the Fathers, still these same

Fathers, in arguing against the Jews, did not place them in the canon. Nay, amongst Christians themselves there was a general controversy on this subject, but it was a *polemical* not a *practical* controversy; that is, the question raised was not whether these books were or were not parts of the canonical Scriptures,—this point was settled by the tradition, use, and practice of the Church,—but on what principle did the Church admit as canonical books which the Jews did not admit? She had the right of possession; could she also show the right of prescription or her title to the inheritance? The term "*canonical*" was also applied by the Father to the books received by the Jews; not in a *formal* sense, as if canonicity depended on that reception, but in a *historical* sense, as showing a longer claim. Hence too the word "*apocryphal*" was applied in senses far different from the meaning we attach to its use: it did not mean necessarily *spurious* or not *genuine*, as we commonly accept the term, but rather books (1) not in the Jewish canon; (2) whose authorship is doubtful; (3) not admitted by all, because no positive declaration was yet given on the point, or tradition was not clearly known to the compilers: they were not extrinsically certain, if intrinsically.

The canons drawn up by any Father were not meant to be, strictly speaking, *exclusive*, even though they were called *certissimi*, that is, they did not put all other books beyond the pale—they did deny the truth of any contrary or contradictory canon, not that of one which differed only in adding more not-apocryphal books. These canons often show only the opinion of some Father as a doctor, not as a witness of tradition; consequently they have only the weight of his particular opinion, which in a matter of faith would be none. And here let us, in conclusion, add that this stage of controversy followed on a period when the question had not been mooted; the dispute raged for a time, but within two centuries subsided—that is, as soon as the authoritative voice of the Church was heard on the subject. The reader who would wish for fuller information as to Origen's mind on this point must see his letter to Africanus on the prophet Daniel, and his first homily on Leviticus. It is needless to add what scientific certainty the authority of such a scholar, who had in his travels explored the traditions of so many countries, adds to the divinely infallible teaching of the Church.

Let us now see what editions of Origen's *Hexapla* have already been given to the world. The first to put his hand to this great work was Nobilius Flaminius, whom Sixtus V. appointed a member of the congregation for the correction of the Vulgate. In 1587 he printed at Rome a Greek edition of the Bible, in the notes to which he inserted many passages from the translations of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotio; in fact, all that he could gather from the Roman codices, or that Peter Morinus, the Parisian scholar, could collect from the writings of the ancients.

John Van Der Driesche, or Drusius, or Drieschius, was the next to undertake the task. He made many additions to the work of Nobilius, and wrote many learned notes on the text; but death did not allow

him to see the publication of his work. However, Sixtin Amama, the professor of Hebrew at the University of Franeker in Holland, published the work at Arnheim in 1622, under the title "*Veterum Interpretum Græcorum in totum Vetus Testamentum Fragmenta, collecta, versa et notis illustrata a Joanne Drusio, linguae sanctae in illustrantium Frisiae ordinum Academia, dum viveret, professore.*" Of this work Montfaucon, who has given us the best edition as yet of the Hexapla, confesses that he made great use.

This learned scholar, who belonged to the Benedictine order of the Congregation of St. Maur, worked twenty-three years at his edition, which appeared at Paris, in 2 vols. folio, 1713. He has enriched it with learned dissertations, and with dictionaries which are still much used. He collected many passages which had escaped the notice of Drusius; corrected many of the latter's mistakes; and in the end issued a collection of readings at least fifteen times as large as that of Drusius.

"In the century and a half which has elapsed since the publication of Dom Bernard de Montfaucon's edition," says Mr. Field, "although the materials for an improved and greatly enlarged edition have largely accumulated, nothing important has been done, or even attempted, towards supplying this great desideratum in sacred criticism."^o

Scharfenberg's *Animadversiones* (1776-81), and Schleusner's *Opuscula Critica ad Versiones Græcas V. T. pertinentia* (1812), are valuable additions to the criticism of the subject before us; but the principal publications in which actual accessions to our knowledge are to be found are two—the Oxford edition of the Septuagint, begun by Holmes in 1798 and finished by Parsons in 1827, and the Syro-Hexaplar version of the Septuagint, which has been partly published from the Ms. in the Ambrosian Library. These accessions are very large, and it is certainly time that some competent scholar should undertake the task of making them available. It is with great pleasure that we see such a work taken in hand by Mr. Field, a writer already very favourably known to students both of Patristic and Biblical literature; and we heartily wish him success.†

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* The edition of Bahrdt, in two 8vo vols., Leipzig, 1769-1770, can only be described as "a piratical abridgment of Montfaucon's great work, with a few slight additions and corrections;" but without the Hebrew original of the extracts, the Latin version, the greater part of the notes, and the Hebrew and Greek vocabularies. "Within the last five years" (1857?) "a correct reprint of Montfaucon's work has been included in M. L'Abbé Migne's *Patrologia Græca*. The editor, P. L. B. Drach, formerly a Jewish Rabbi, has made some considerable additions to Montfaucon's notes;" but has not availed himself of the sources of enlargement which Mr. Field intends to use.

† Tischendorf has severely censured Holmes and Parsons' edition of the Septuagint; but Mr. Field says, that having made a close scrutiny of it in preparing his recension of Grabe's Septuagint for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, he can answer that though the editors collated their work with the Vatican Ms. only as far as the Book of Job, and though for the Alexandrine Ms.

GUIZOT'S MEMOIRES.*

THE seventh volume of M. Guizot's *Mémoires* carries on the history of his administration from the year 1842 into 1847; though the events of the latter year are not exhausted. The chief events of that period were the death of the Duc d'Orleans—the first great blow given to the dynasty of Louis Philippe; the war with Morocco, in which Bugeaud won the battle of Isly, and the Prince de Joinville destroyed Mogador; and the revolution in Athens in 1843, followed by the ministerial reign of M. Coletti. M. Guizot also devotes a large space in his volume to the parliamentary history of the Regency question in France, and to the now long-forgotten Pritchard affair, which produced a paper war between the government of Sir Robert Peel and his own. Finally, we have a long chapter on the question of the *liberté d'enseignement*, which gives M. Guizot's version of the mission of M. Rossi to Rome in 1845 to urge the dissolution of the Society of Jesus in France.

Volumes such as this will no doubt be always highly valued by the historian, as furnishing, in many cases, the key to what might otherwise be obscure in the course of events; but they are not histories themselves—not even so much as those histories of England and other countries which have been from time to time written, containing little more than the debates and contests in Parliament, the course of legislation, and the naval or military incidents of the period of which they treat. The work before us is M. Guizot's autobiography as a minister, without the freshness that it might have had if it had been jotted down in the form of a journal. It is thus necessarily more or less of a defence or apology, and besides putting a diplomatic and state-paper-like face upon the events that are related, it ignores many of the correlative circumstances and considerations which are of importance in order that a fair judgment may be arrived at. The book is in the main one long "ministerial explanation;" and every one knows that such statements may be very true as far as they go, and yet tell nothing like the whole truth. To say this of the present work is not to make any reflection upon M. Guizot. The defect belongs, not to the writer, but to the character of the book. It may perhaps be the best that M. Guizot can give us as his contribution to the history of his own times. He may have the clearness and precision of view, and the impartial love of truth, which are essential qualifications in a great

they relied entirely on Grabe's text and margin, without ever referring to the original in the British Museum, yet the scholars to whom was intrusted the task of collation have collected a great mass of trustworthy readings from Mss. which otherwise would have been practically inaccessible. The Vatican Ms. (published by Mai), and the Alexandrine likewise, are now in many libraries: the Syriac translation too will be of material assistance in the task of collation and correction, since it is as literal and close to the original as it is possible to be made.

* *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de mon temps*. Par M. Guizot. Tome septième. 1865.

historian ; but he lacks the warmth and brilliancy, the enthusiasm, the wide and genial sympathies, which are no less requisite.

This incompleteness of statement, on which we have remarked, renders it necessary that M. Guizot's readers should be well informed from other sources on almost all of the subjects of his interesting chapters. We may quote as an instance of this, the last chapter in the present volume, in which, as we have said, he gives the ministerial history of the mission of M. Rossi to Rome. It will probably be the verdict of all impartial historians by and by, that the government of which M. Guizot was the head were guilty of a great and cowardly mistake in yielding to the clamours raised on that occasion,—a mistake all the more deplorable in a statesman like M. Guizot, who held firm and noble language enough in private, as is abundantly evident from the report made by Père de Ravignan of his conferences with the minister. But in the Chambers he was less courageous ; and the chapter on which we are now commenting is but a poor defence of the weakness evinced by the ministry in their yielding to the Voltairean outcry, skilfully raised by the monopolists of the University to defend their pretensions, hostile alike to liberty and to religion. Yet the chapter is written with an air of calm satisfaction, as if it were the chronicle of the most brilliant achievement of M. Guizot's government. He claims, indeed, to have practically succeeded in forcing the Holy See to make concessions which it certainly did not make, and which it took good care to say that it did not make. Whatever may be thought of the later career of M. Rossi, his mission to Gregory XVI. was not only a real failure, but it was a notorious failure also ; and some of his despatches, which are printed at length by M. Guizot, show a quite ludicrous ignorance of men and manners at Rome. He went first as an occasional envoy only, during the absence of the regular ambassador ; when it was afterwards proposed to give him the embassy, some objections were put forward on the ground of the Protestantism of his wife, which would probably have been attended to with courtesy if they had come from any other court in Europe ; but the appointment was insisted on by the government of Louis Philippe ; and M. Guizot, in this chapter of his *Mémoires*, parades the correspondence on the subject as if it had been the instrument of a great diplomatic victory. But, after all, he was in this instance only like others of his class. If the history of the dealings of the various European Courts with the Holy See were ever written in detail, it might contain many instances of noble loyalty and generous devotion ; but we fear that there would be plenty of materials for a very different picture also.

Perhaps the most generally interesting parts of M. Guizot's volumes are those in which he touches off the characters of the many eminent men with whom his position as minister threw him into contact. We have an occasional glimpse in the volume before us of Sir Robert Peel as timid and distrustful of France, Lord Aberdeen as a sincere and influential friend of peace and the *entente cordiale*, Lord Palmerston as the evil genius of both. The chapter on the affairs of Algeria gives

the author an occasion to let us see the somewhat unmanageable character of Marshal Bugeaud; and that on the Regency debates is embellished by an elaborate and generous tribute of admiration* to M. Berryer. Passages such as this last will redeem the book, in the eyes of the general public, from the charge of heaviness, which might be grounded on the long-winded extracts from M. Guizot's own despatches, of which it is in great part made up. The circumstances of our day too are rather against the popularity of these volumes. The march of events has removed us very far indeed from the questions with which the names of Pritchard, Colletti, and Rossi were connected.

RESEARCHES IN CRETE.*

CAPTAIN SPRATT was appointed in 1851 to continue a general survey of Crete, which had already been begun by Captain Graves, and seems to have remained in the island till 1853, when the prospect of what afterwards became the Crimean war led to his recall for the purpose of labouring in quarters the knowledge of which was all-important for the conflict then at hand. The survey of Crete was not completed till some time after the end of the war. The two volumes which Captain Spratt has now published contain a mass of information of various kinds,—historical, antiquarian, and scientific,—the collection of which does great credit to the intelligence and activity of the author. The arrangement is, of course, in the main, that of an ordinary book of travels; but each volume has an appendix, to which some of the more scientific subjects are relegated, such as the relation between Cretan and modern Greek; the method pursued by the author in deep-sea soundings; the question of the under-currents in the Mediterranean, and the saline density of its waters (as well as those of the Euxine) at different depths; the geology, the birds, and the land-shells of Crete; and the Greek inscriptions lately found there. Captain Spratt has confined himself mainly to the eastern portion of the island, the western having been described by Pashley; with this exception, he has given us a very satisfactory monograph, which would, however, be more valuable if it contained something like a summary of the history of Crete.

The most prosperous days of the island seem to have been when it was under the dominion of Venice. Many remains of considerable grandeur and magnificence attest the care taken by the Seignury to make their outlying possession not only as secure as possible against the aggressions of the Turks, to whom they had at last to yield it, but happy, well-governed, and provided with the religious, educational, and charitable institutions which its population needed. At present, about a third part of the inhabitants are Mussulman; and though they

* *Travels and Researches in Crete.* By Captain T. A. B. Spratt, R.N., C.B., F.R.S. 2 vols. 1865.

often live on very friendly terms with the Greeks, so that intermarriages are not uncommon, and there is more of free social intercourse than is common in Turkish countries, there is still an uneasy feeling of insecurity among them, the fruit of the war of insurrection waged forty years ago, and of the more recent rising in 1859. The Mussulmans feel that the power of their government is waning, and that they themselves are aliens in the midst of the Christian population. The Greeks appear to be quietly enough disposed in the lowlands; but the mountaineers, who have less to lose in a general disturbance, are thought to be ready for a fresh attempt for liberty whenever a favourable opportunity occurs; and who can tell when it may suit European diplomacy to provide them with such an occasion?

The defect of Captain Spratt's book, as far as it claims the attention of unscientific readers, is the absence of any one prominent thread of general interest running through the whole. Perhaps there is hardly enough in Crete to secure our attention throughout two volumes. The most popular bit in the work will be the description of the sponge-divers. Few people trouble themselves to think what has been the history of the sponge they use daily, any more than about the controversy whether it is an animal or a vegetable. A small race of hard-working, and often short-lived, men is occupied off the shores of Crete in bringing sponges up from the bottom of the sea, sometimes from the depth of twenty or thirty fathoms. The operation requires training and practice: some men are able to remain under water, at the depth just mentioned, for a couple of minutes, or even more, diving as much as fifteen or twenty times a-day. The diver prepares himself carefully for each plunge, sitting alone in the bow stern of the vessel, clearing his lungs by expectoration, and inflating them highly afterwards. He takes with him a slab of marble, about twenty-five-pounds weight, attached to a rope, the end of which remains in the boat, and is immediately taken possession of by his companions, as it is the means of hauling him up rapidly when he gives the signal. The slab is held at arm's length in front of his head as he goes down, and is even used as a rudder to guide his descent. When he is at the bottom, gathering his sponges, it is placed under his arm, and so prevents him from rising too soon. His life sometimes depends on the quickness with which he is pulled up. Captain Spratt tells us that the sand found in a newly-bought sponge is simply placed there by the merchants who have purchased it from the diver, in order to increase its weight. Fine sand is procured, and mixed with water and gum; the sponges are then filled with it, and packed up for the European trader, who is charged according to weight.

We have already mentioned that Captain Spratt's book contains the result of a number of scientific details and researches, which will make it an important work in this light alone. It is beautifully illustrated, and got up with the care that marks the publications of Mr. Van Voorst. Mr. Churchill Babington has undertaken the task of commenting upon a number of new Greek inscriptions contained in the

Appendix. There are not very many of great interest; but one of the most interesting has been made the occasion of a blunder, so amusing that we must take the liberty of pointing it out for Mr. Babington's benefit. It is an inscription near Sitia,—the pious address of the Superior of a certain monastery to our Blessed Lady. It begins with the following couplet:

*ὄθρεος αἰπυτάτοιο, κόρη, λᾶαν δίχα χειρῶν
τμηθέντ' ἀφρόδως δεξαμένη σὺ μόνῃ—*

in which there is obviously an allusion to the "stone cut out of the mountain without hands" of the vision in the Book of Daniel. This stone is often taken as a type of our Lord by the Fathers, and our Blessed Lady is here said to have received it in her virginal womb. Mr. Churchill Babington, however, is less well read in the Fathers than in the Classics. "It would seem," he says, "from the first couplet, which is rather obscure, *that he supposed her to have saved him from being crushed by a falling stone*"! (vol. ii. p. 430.)

THE MADURA MISSION.*

THE history of the Catholic Missions in the East, in India, China, and Japan, is in some respects a sad story, because it is the history of enterprise of the very highest order carried out by the exercise of the sublimest Christian virtue and devotion; promising and prosperous after the conquest of extraordinary difficulties, and then paralysed at the moment when ultimate success seemed most certain, not by the fault of the missionaries, or by the action of any powerful source of mischief on the spot, but by the miserable intrigues of disguised enemies of the faith at a distance, and by the heartless policy of ministers and courts which still called themselves Christian and Catholic. It will be evident to any one who reads the little volume now put forward by Fr. Strickland and Mr. Marshall, or the larger work in French published some years ago by Père Bertrand, that the mission in Southern India, originated by St. Francis Xavier, but whose chief founders were De Nobili and De Britto, was on the point of attaining permanent and almost universal success, when it was struck to the heart by the suppression of the Jesuits in the Portuguese dominions, and the subsequent fall of the Society. Pombal and men like him thought but little of the souls of the hundreds of thousands of Christians in India and elsewhere; but their conspiracy against the Church was perhaps felt even less in Europe than in the East and in America, where the progress of Christianity was put back at least a century, and at a time when it seemed to have opportunities open to it which in the history of the world may never occur again. The ruin of the missions in the territories of Portugal and Spain was followed at no great distance of time by another great blow to the Church in the French Revolution,

* *Catholic Missions in Southern India to 1865.* By the Rev. W. Strickland and T. W. M. Marshall, Esq. London, 1865.

and the years of trouble that followed it. In consequence of these repeated disasters at a distance, the work of evangelising the heathen has had to be almost begun afresh in many parts of the world ; and in others the convulsions that have taken place have rendered it almost hopeless. We all honour the swarms of missionaries that in our day have gone out from Europe in increasing numbers to resume and carry on the great work ; but it cannot be denied that it has been terribly thrown back. It is not only that time has been lost. The work has now to be carried on under far greater disadvantages in many respects than before ; while, if things had been quiet in Europe from the middle of the last century, it might by this time have been so far advanced as to make the further supply of foreign missionaries unnecessary, and might have left the new churches in the full vigour of youth, as perfectly organised as any in the Catholic world.

The most interesting part of the volume now before us will be found to be the account of the more recent labours of the missionaries who have gone out, chiefly from France, to take up once more the desolated mission of Madura. They have been but few in number in comparison with the exigencies of the mission ; and a large percentage of them has been early cut off by the almost murderous climate, against the effects of which they had not funds enough to provide in the manner usual with other Europeans in India. They often found the field of their labours occupied by the schismatic Goanese priests, who are described in the volume before us as active in nothing but in enriching themselves and creating difficulties for the new-comers. These last had also to contend with the uninterrupted efforts of Protestant missionaries. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the Madura mission is flourishing and successful, though sadly in want of more ample funds and fresh missionaries. The cost of educating priests is confessedly great every where ; but as on so many accounts the future prosperity of the Church in India would seem to depend upon its being furnished as soon as possible with a numerous and efficient native clergy, it is very gratifying to learn that the comparatively insignificant sum of four pounds a year will support a boy at the college of the mission at Negapatam. Another most hopeful charity in which small gifts would seem to be certain to produce a great and tangible result is that which has sprung up under the care of Father St. Cyr, and the management of the Nuns of "Marie Réparatrice," for the benefit of Indian widows. The miserable condition of these widows, who from the system of marriage in childhood are often mere girls, and yet must not marry again, is one of the most distressing features of the degradation of the female sex in India. Many of them have been collected into communities under the guidance of the European Sisters ; and it must be obvious to all what an amount of good may be expected from such institutions, not only in preserving those who might otherwise fall into the lowest depths of vice, but in raising, by means of example and influence, the position of woman to its right and Christian level.

RECENT LIVES OF THE SAINTS.*

1. THE most complete life of St. Teresa has hitherto been that of the French writer Boucher, published more than fifty years ago. The author, who followed up his work by a similar biography of the Blessed Mary of the Incarnation, who introduced the Teresian nuns into France, did almost every thing that could at that time be done to make the life perfect. He compared all the existing materials, previous lives by Ribera and others, with the Saint's own works and letters; and he extended his researches so as to give very copious details, in the form of notes, concerning the companions and friends of Teresa. When in our own time F. Bouix came to arrange her letters in chronological order, and to make a new and more accurate translation of these and her other works,—which had suffered considerably from liberties taken with them by editors, and were not faithfully represented by the ancient French version of Arnauld d'Andilly,—he made very extensive use of these notes of Boucher. In fact, the work of the latter had only one defect; namely, that it was written before the appearance of the magnificent volume in which the Bollandists have put together all that their patient industry and ample means of research could collect with regard to the great Saint of Avila; and, of course, also before the labours of F. Bouix himself, who by the arrangement of the letters has made the biography of St. Teresa far more easy to write than it was before. But a new edition of Boucher, embodying materials not accessible in his time, and with perhaps some passages rewritten, would be as good a history of the Saint as any one could desire.

It is perhaps fortunate that the writer of the volume before us was not aware of the existence of Boucher's work.† There would then have been the great and natural temptation to give the English reader a translation instead of an original work. We are far from saying that translations should be altogether proscribed. There are some foreign books, and among them some Lives of Saints, that are so perfect in their kind, as to make an independent work in another language not only superfluous, but inexpedient; but such books are comparatively few. Again, if lives of Saints were to be used simply for the purposes of meditation and spiritual reading, it might seem immaterial whether they are put in our hands with the freshness of an original work about

* 1. *The Life of St. Teresa*, of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Edited with a preface, by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. London, 1865.

2. *Histoire de la Bienheureuse Marguerite-Marie, Religieuse de la Visitation Sainte-Marie, et des Origines de la Dévotion au Cœur de Jésus*. Par le Père Ch. Daniel. London: J. Lecoffre.

3. *St. Clare, St. Colette, and the Poor Clares*. By a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares. Dublin, 1864.

4. *A Life of St. Francis of Assisi, with a Sketch of the Franciscan Order*. By the same. London, 1864.

† Neither Boucher nor the Bollandists are mentioned in the preface as the sources from which the life had been drawn.

them, or without it. But such is not the only use to which the biographies of the Saints may be applied; and we cannot help welcoming the appearance of this volume, as an indication that the time is coming when we are no longer to live entirely upon the charity of our neighbours, and when the words "translated from the French" will become less uniformly conspicuous on the title-pages of Catholic volumes—at all events of biographies. Let the standard works of foreign ascetic and spiritual literature find a home in England, by all means—though as to these we could wish that the current translations were somewhat less uniformly repulsive as to their English than they are. Translation is, in some respects, as difficult as original composition; to turn a French or Italian book into such English as Frenchmen and Italians speak after a moderate study of our language, is not to translate it, but to torture the author's thoughts as much as the language of the reader. But do not let us have translations of every thing, especially of works the chief value of which lies in their matter, which can be easily cast into a new and original form by an English writer.

The great work of the Bollandists, of which we have already made mention, makes it possible to follow, with singular minuteness, the most interesting life of St. Teresa. In consequence of her providential mission as the reformer of the Order of Mount Carmel, she was, during a great many years, a kind of public character, thrown into contact with most of the leading men of the time in Church or State. The abundant details brought together in the volume of which we speak could hardly be crowded into the pages of that which we are now noticing; some of them, however, might have been added with profit. The main outline of the history is accurately given; the characters of the very motley crowd that surround the central figure, the family and friends, the patrons and enemies—priests, seculars, and religious—of St. Teresa are clearly brought out; and the changing fortunes of the enterprise in which the Saint was embarked, so nearly ruined at one time, so triumphant at last, keep up the interest of the book to the very end. The writer of such a life is very fortunate in his subject; fortunate also in having so many materials at his disposal in the writings of St. Teresa herself, which enable him to make her so often tell her own story, and impress his readers with the wonderful beauty and greatness of her character without interference on his part. The present writer has produced a very delightful book, and it is a sincere pleasure to us to chronicle the appearance of so acceptable a contribution to English Catholic literature.

2. The late beatifications have, of course, given occasion to the production or republication of the lives of those who have received fresh honours at the hands of the Church. The name of B. Margaret Mary is perhaps more familiar to us than that of some others who have lately been beatified, on account of her connection with the introduction of the now widely-spread devotion to the Sacred Heart; and her beatification may be considered as a kind of final seal set by the Holy See to that devotion, so hotly resisted at first in the very country in which

Margaret Mary was born. Her life was written, while the heat of the Jansenist controversy was still raging, by Mgr. Languet ; and the work of that distinguished prelate has become familiar to English Catholics by having been translated for the series of *Lives of Saints* published by the late Father Faber. Languet was too much occupied in honourable labours in defence of the truth to write the life of the holy nun with all the calm and repose that became such a work ; and the defects of his book, which made it at times tiresome to the reader, have been considered sufficient to justify the attempt to supplant it by an entirely new Life. There were, however, other reasons why Père Daniel should have undertaken the work which now lies before us. A good deal had to be added to the history of the devotion with which the name of Margaret Mary is inseparably connected ; and something also as to the condition of the Order of the Visitation at the time at which she joined it. The chapter in which these new topics are handled are among the best in Père Daniel's work ; though perhaps we might have desired a little more fulness of detail as to the first of the two points just now mentioned. The whole book is well written and put together, and has thus a very marked literary advantage over that of M. Languet. Perhaps, however, a good deal that is included in the latter will be missed in the present volume by those who might wish to use it simply as a saint's life. It is not that any material incident in the life of Margaret Mary is omitted ; but Père Daniel has not been so profuse as his predecessor in the insertion of her letters and compositions, and these must always have the highest value in a work of this kind. Perhaps, in a new edition, room may be found for these documents, without making the volume too unwieldy.

3. The other two works on our list will be found very interesting, not only as lives of the great Saints whose names are placed on their title-pages, but as giving some account of the fortunes and trials of the Franciscan Order, and its recent revival in England and Ireland. With regard to this last head, they contain much information that is not to be found elsewhere.

Lamoriciere.

CHRISTOPHE-LOUIS-LEON JUCHAULT DE LAMORICIERE was born at Nantes early in 1806. His family was noble, loyal, true to its faith and its sovereign—a true Breton family—such as might be expected to produce good Christians and gallant soldiers. He studied with distinction at the Ecole Polytechnique, and obtained his commission as lieutenant of engineers in 1829. We have met with no anecdotes of his childhood or youth; but a man of about his own age, whose name became afterwards illustrious in the literature not only of France, but of Europe, and who was once his colleague as a minister of the Republic—Alexis de Tocqueville—gave a sketch of him in a letter written in 1828, which may furnish in a few words some idea of what he was at the age of twenty-two: “I was enchanted with him personally. I thought I saw in him all the traits of a really remarkable man. I live habitually with men who are easily satisfied with words. It quite surprised me to see the need of precision, which seems to be an incessant torment to him. The coolness with which he stopped me to make me give account of one idea before he would let me go on to another—which indeed often disconcerted me—and his manner of never speaking of any thing that he does not perfectly understand, gave me a higher opinion of him than I have almost ever formed of any man at first sight.”*

Lamoriciere's first acquaintance with war was on the soil where he was to win his great military fame. He was employed in the army which conquered Algeria in 1830, under De Bourmont. The first redoubt constructed after the opening victory of Staoueli, on a spot of ground now occupied by the Trappists, was built by him. But he was soon attached to the new corps of Zouaves; and during the many years of his service in Algeria, it was in connection with them that his chief glories were gained. The novel position of the French in Algeria, where every thing had to be created and organised,—where the country had to be conquered and reconquered, under circumstances very trying to European troops, and with active and

* The letter is quoted from the collection of M. Gustave de Beaumont, by M. de Montalembert, in his article on Lamoriciere in the *Correspondant* for October.

intrepid enemies ever on the watch for an opportunity,—called forth, in a peculiar manner, the energies, the patience, and the ingenuity of the military commanders. They had to fight under new conditions, to be ready for extraordinary perils, to dispense with the usual means and tactics of their profession, to organise and to administer no less than to fight and treat. The African army thus became a new school both for soldiers and officers; and it produced a set of generals who might probably have turned out in no way inferior to the marshals of the First Empire, if political changes and the accidents of life had not removed most of them from the scene without their having had any opportunity of measuring themselves against European armies. Bugeaud, though his name is connected with the greatest achievements of French arms in Africa, hardly belonged to this set of men. Some of them lost their lives in the bloody battles of June 1848 in the streets of Paris,—as Negrier, Duvivier, and Brea; and the success of the *coup-d'état* sent Cavaignac, Changarnier, Bedeau, and Lamoricière into prison and exile. Those only of the Africans who adhered to the present Emperor of the French had the opportunity of showing their skill and courage in the Crimean and Italian wars. But a higher honour than to command at the Alma or at Solferino was in store for one of these proscribed glories of France.

Although not the first commander of the Zouaves, Lamoricière did more than any one to create that splendid and famous corps; and it is with his name that the French soldier most naturally connects them. His African renown was perhaps more brilliant than that of any other of the great officers we have just named. He possessed immense courage and intrepidity, a chivalrous and venturesome daring worthy of a Breton noble; he had besides great coolness and sagacity, perfect self-command, the power of winning hearts and inspiring absolute confidence, a singular gift of administration and organisation, and an unsurpassed fertility of resource, often drawn upon in those wild African campaigns. He threw himself most completely into the work of conciliating the native inhabitants, as well as conquering them. He became the first head of the *Bureau Arabe*, instituted to deal with them directly on the part of the government. He made himself master of their language, and was the first to go among the Arabs without a guard and alone. His great personal bravery at the assault of the breach at Constantine rang through France, and made him at once a popular hero: Horace Vernet has painted the scene on the walls of Versailles. There are many other instances of personal valour, such as would have gained him the Victoria Cross in the English army, recorded

of him : but he had also the higher qualities of the general officer. When placed in command of the province of Oran, having in his front Abd-el-Kader with his most warlike tribes, he taught his soldiers the habit of moving as rapidly as the Arabs themselves, and at last fairly drove the Emir into Morocco. The war with Morocco followed, and Lamoricière bore his part in the victory of Isly. Finally, at the very end of 1847, when Abd-el-Kader was obliged to take refuge on French soil, it was to Lamoricière that he surrendered himself, and from whom he received the promise of protection and a passage to the East.

Lamoricière returned to France almost immediately after the surrender of Abd-el-Kader. He was now at the height of military fame, and had in prospect, it would seem, every honour that his country could bestow upon him. He had already been elected to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies ; and it was soon seen that he had received the gift of eloquence as well as that of valour. The Revolution of February broke out. In the fruitless and momentary attempt made to stem the tide of events by a Liberal Ministry under Thiers and Odilon Barrot, he was made Minister of War, in the hope that his popularity might have helped to save the crown : but the mob tore him from his horse ; he received two bayonet-wounds, and only escaped with difficulty. When the Provisional Government was established, he gave in his adhesion to the Republic, on condition that it should respect the army. The condition was accepted, and the army became, under Cavaignac and Lamoricière, the saviour of society in the bloody days of June. Lamoricière was the hero of that dreadful conflict. It has been truly called "the most terrible insurrection that has ever broken out in the most revolutionary city in the world." Lamoricière exposed himself as on the breach at Constantine ; his courage and coolness inspired the troops with enthusiasm, and he fought out the battle with indomitable perseverance till the very end,—till the insurrection was completely put down, and France saved from a reign of anarchy and barbarism which would have surpassed in atrocity the horrors of the first Revolution. The prayer of the Archbishop of Paris was heard ; and the bloodshed ceased when the shepherd had laid down his life for the sheep. Lamoricière found himself at the head of affairs in his country, under the government of his friend and comrade, Cavaignac ; and the intense gratitude of France and of Europe waited upon the pair of African generals, who had done even greater service in the streets of Paris than on the burning soil of Algeria. And when he came to resume his seat in the Assembly, amid the applause of the men he had saved from death, he entered at once on a brilliant

though short career of ministerial and parliamentary distinction, to be ended in 1851 by the memorable "second of December." And he was the minister who arranged and organised the French expedition to Rome, the object of which was laid down in his despatch as "the defence of the Pope, and the liberty and security of the head of the Church."*

We shall not follow the details of the political life of Lamoricière from the time of the suppression of the insurrection of June till the extinction of the new Republic by the *coup-d'état* of 1851. It is enough to say that he was throughout the same,—high-minded, honourable, generous, impetuous, and sincere; never failing to make himself respected and admired, even by those who did not share his opinions and opposed him in political actions. This second act of his life, if we take into account the great service rendered to society by the conquest of the Barricades, was hardly less glorious than the first; if it ended less successfully, it did not end less honourably, save in the estimation of those who reckon honour by success. But that which is chiefly interesting to us in the career of Lamoricière is the singular clearness with which its succeeding stages are marked off, and the gradual providential training which made him at last the object of the admiration of all the good and of the ridicule of all the bad, as the model of a Catholic soldier in the nineteenth century. To ordinary eyes this career seems a failure: it begins brightly, and is broken off abruptly; or rather it is clouded over for a time, to attract once again the attention of Europe, and then to attract it to a defeat. But, as has been beautifully said by the most eloquent Catholic writer of our time, if Lamoricière had become one of the fortunate generals of the new Empire, and had crowned his early African triumphs by fresh distinctions gained in the wars against Russia and Austria, he would but have been one of a crowd of successful soldiers, and his renown would never have shone with that peculiar light of glory which will now rest upon it for ever. It may be permitted us to doubt whether he might have been capable of the heroism which he showed in 1860 if he had been among the victors in 1851; and it was certainly in the days of his adversity that the deeply-religious elements of his Breton nature received their fullest and most sublime development. He had fought for his country on the soil of Africa, and had contributed perhaps more than any other single man to establish her dominion over her new subjects. He had had the more painful task of fighting for society itself, as well as for his country, in the streets of Paris; and if it was the head of Cavaignac that directed the movements of the army of order, it was the arm of

* Despatch to General Mollière.

Lamoricière that carried on those movements to success. Can a soldier fight for any thing nobler than his country? can he have a holier cause than that in which the very existence of civilisation is involved? Yes; there is one great country which should be dearer to the heart of Catholics than the land in which they are born—the Catholic Church; and when she is attacked, the cause of society, order, civilisation itself, is more fatally menaced than in any assaults that can be made upon them elsewhere, for she is the foundation and the source of all these blessings to mankind. In former centuries their existence in Europe, as well as that of the faith of Christians, was imperilled by the advancing power of the Mohammedan nations; and the chivalry of Christendom enlisted itself for their defence by an irresistible instinctive impulse, which bore them on to the liberation and defence of Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The Crusaders failed in that immediate object; but Christendom did not fail, by the mercy of God, in its long hand-to-hand conflict with the Turks, though the preponderance of actual victories was on the side of the infidel. In our times the enemies of all good select the Holy See as the point of their attack; and the best interests of humanity are really under the safeguard of its defenders, as they were in old times under that of the Crusaders and of the Knights of St. John. But to be called on to fight for the Holy See seems almost as strange to the men of the nineteenth century as if a second Peter the Hermit were to go through Europe to rouse Christian chivalry for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

As the campaigns of Africa supplied the training which fitted Lamoricière to fight successfully for the preservation of society in the streets of Paris, so the long years of exile and inaction which followed for him on the reëstablishment of the Empire prepared him for the noblest, though the most reviled, part of his whole career, when he offered his sword to the wronged and betrayed successor of St. Peter, and risked his military fame at Castel Fidardo and Ancona. It matters little what may be the judgment that we may form on the claims of the French Republic, or what view we may chance to take of the conduct of the chief actors in the *coup-d'état*. In our view of the matter, it was the blow that shattered the future earthly prospects of Lamoricière. In the prime of life, at the height of all his powers, the hitherto successful soldier found himself separated from the army of France, and left the prison, to which nothing but the formidable *prestige* of his name and his stainless integrity had consigned him, only to seek refuge in a foreign country. It was in exile that he turned himself more entirely than ever before to the practices of religion. He had married a granddaughter of

that Marquise de Montagu whose beautifully Christian character we have already tried to place before our readers, and in whose family it had become hereditary to support calamity and exile by the exercises of faith and devotion. In his own exile Lamoricière became fervently religious; he was never any thing by halves. He cared no more about exposing himself to ridicule by his assiduous attention at the Lent sermons in Belgium than he had cared about the danger to his life when he walked coolly up and down in front of the barricades. At the time of the Crimean war an old military comrade called on him, and found him poring over the map of the country in which the French army was engaged. To keep the map down, Lamoricière had used the books that had now become his familiar companions, the *Imitation of Christ*, the Catechism, his Mass-book, and so on; and when his friend remarked it, he acknowledged simply that he made no secret of his earnest profession of religion. In addition to exile and the ruin of his career,—a ruin brought home to him with fresh poignancy when France was again at war, and the troops which he had commanded, and preëminently his own Zouaves, were daily winning fresh honours in the field,—he had already suffered the loss of his only son. The child, with his mother, was in France; and Lamoricière was not allowed to cross the frontier to receive his last sigh except on conditions which he thought incompatible with his honour. When it was too late these restrictions were removed, and Lamoricière returned to France.

The eloquent writer to whom we have already more than once alluded, whose article on his illustrious friend contains passages not unworthy of the *Agricola* of Tacitus, has sketched in a few beautiful lines the effect of suffering and exile on the bearing of Lamoricière:

“The deep and salutary change which had come over his soul was not accompanied by any outward transformation. Such as men had seen him on some battle-field, or in public assemblies, in the most brilliant and most agitated moments of his career, such they found him again in the solitude and obscurity of his new life. He had not ceased to overflow with animation and to be as dazzling as before. He had all his fire and all his charm, all that over-abundance of life, freshness, originality, and ardour, which seemed to be always eager to burst forth over all who surrounded him. Only bitterness, anger, irritation, even the most legitimate, seemed from this time to be swallowed up in him in a loftier passion, the passion of doing good, in the search for and acceptance of the will of God, in love of souls. Nothing in him was worn out or deadened. But every thing was pacified, regulated, animated by a higher and purer spirit. His touching forgetfulness of his worldly glory—a glory which

to the world was now buried and gone—only made it more dear and more sacred to his true friends. These were still many. Friends, relatives, comrades in arms, colleagues in the senate,—we were all proud of him, all at once under the charm of his influence the moment that for some too short interval he reappeared among us.”*

Such was Lamoricière, when, early in 1860, Mgr. de Merode—himself once a soldier in the armies of France, who had received a decoration of honour from the hands of Bugeaud in Africa—came to seek him out in his retirement, and to urge on him to undertake the organisation of the little army which was to secure tranquillity in the Pontifical States, and defend what yet remained from Piedmont and the Revolution. It was a design against which the scorn of the infidel and Protestant press throughout Europe was directed from the first. It was an undertaking with but small promise of ultimate success, partly from the power, partly from the unscrupulous perfidy, of those whose ambition it would thwart if successful; it was an enterprise in which no one would have thought of embarking who had a reputation to lose, unless he had been prepared to find a higher reward in the gratitude of the Church and the approval of his own conscience than in the applause of men. The application was one which might have been declined for a hundred good and plausible reasons; but to Lamoricière it was a call of duty, hopeless as seemed the task to which he was invited. Strange indeed that critics should be found who speak of his consent as the one mistake of his life,—the consent which raised him from the rank of the generals of the nineteenth century to place him by the side of John of Austria and John Sobieski! This is no question of creed or of political sympathy; all who can enter into the spirit in which the Roman Senate thanked Flaminus after the battle of Cannæ because he had not despaired of the Republic, ought to be willing to admire the self-devotion with which Lamoricière took up the cause of Pius IX. when the great Catholic powers were leaving him friendless and unarmed to the mercies of Cavour and Garibaldi.

If our days have seen any thing noble and heroic, it is surely this. Is it noble, or not, to take up the unpopular cause of consecrated right against insolence and injustice, so sure of their success, so sure—to the shame of Europe be it spoken—even of the approval of their iniquity by public opinion, as to feel at liberty to dispense even with the common semblance of decency and truthfulness which the moral dignity of the civilised world usually forces even from the most unprincipled of aggressors? Is it noble, or not, to undertake the defence of weakness against strength, of innocence against perfidy allied with

* *Correspondant*, October 1865.

power, at a time when, according to all human calculations, the contest was so hopeless from the beginning that nothing could justify the venture save lofty faith in the best of causes, and a conviction that Providence could watch over and defend the Church even by the poorest instruments, and that her victories are often secured by the seeming defeat of her champions and the blood of her martyrs? Lamoricière was not a priest or a religious, exposing himself to humiliation and death for the cause of the Church; he was a layman, a soldier, one of those whom the world had honoured most highly, and yet he sacrificed for the Church the renown that was dearer to him than life, the glories of a hundred fields, the name hitherto never associated with any thing but triumph; ready to see his flag trampled under foot by men with whom it was almost a disgrace to fight,—men who set at naught alike treaties, engagements, promises, the rights of nations and the laws of war; who bombarded cities after they had surrendered, and slaughtered unarmed peasants because they were faithful to their king. What does it matter, save to make still brighter the purity and the brilliancy of his devotion, that he was assailed by slander before the sword was drawn against him; that he was called a mercenary athirst for plunder, by men who were at that moment enriching themselves even with the private property of princes to whom they had sworn fealty or friendship, and who in their charges against him only carried to the extreme the mendacity which was their ordinary weapon against their enemies? What does it matter that he was not allowed to see his little band cut to pieces by a force ten times its number, without being first betrayed by false promises of support? The circumstances of his failure only enhance the beauty and the glory of his sacrifice: he knew the men with whom he would have to deal; and yet he was willing to run the risk of exposing himself to their mercy, and of having not only to fight them, but to be betrayed to them, and vanquished by them.

The conflict, or rather slaughter, of Castel Fidardo and the defence of Ancona gave Lamoricière little opportunity of displaying his ability as a general to any great advantage. The utmost he could do was to preserve the honour of his flag. But his rapid organisation of the resources of the Pontifical States in the few months previous to the final catastrophe was worthy of his best days; and it was the highest honour that under the circumstances he could gain, to make himself so formidable to the Piedmontese aggressors as to hurry them into the unblushing acts of perfidy and barbarism by which his army was crushed. It is something to have forced from Cavour the infamous despatch to Cardinal Antonelli, in which he

announced the invasion of the Papal territories. With Lamoricière at Rome, the Piedmontese had no time to lose. There is a singular and touching beauty about the narrative of the last few hours of the little army which perished at Castel Fidardo: the hasty march from Tolentino, the arrival at Loreto in the evening,—just after an emissary of Cialdini had visited the town, distributing revolutionary flags and cockades,—and the encampment of the devoted host in the piazza and in the streets. The country towards Osimo and Jesi was lighted up by the fires of the Piedmontese army, already more than twenty thousand men, and rapidly increasing in numbers by the arrival of fresh divisions. A day passed in preparations, and in awaiting the arrival of Pimodan; the last day to so many of that little force, passed under the shadow of the holiest sanctuary in Italy, with the rich and lovely plain—most of which belongs to the Santa Casa, and seems blessed with a special fertility—before them. On the right, at a few miles distant, is the blue Adriatic; in front, closing the view, the hills which must be passed ere they can reach Ancona; and before them, in the midst of the plain, two town-crowned hills, one of which bears the name of Castel Fidardo. “In the evening,” says an eyewitness, “Generals Lamoricière and Pimodan, and almost all the officers and soldiers, prepared themselves to meet the dangers of the battle of the morrow, by approaching the holy tribunal of reconciliation. On the Sunday morning, at four o’clock, Lamoricière, Pimodan, all the staff, the guides, the Franco-Belges, the German regiments, and the rest, received the Divine Body of our Lord in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. I saw most of them prostrate on the pavement of the basilica, which had been touched by the foreheads of so many Christians. . . . The recollection of the two generals had something so grave and so solemn about it that I could not master my emotion. Around them too I had seen many a face bathed in tears. As I went out of the church, a Swiss said to me, ‘Here is a letter for my mother. Pray for us, Monsieur l’Abbé; we are going to shed our blood for the holy Church and for the Pope.’ I have since learnt that he was killed; and I sent his letter, with a few lines added to it, to his mother. Many of my fellow-countrymen gave me their letters. On the northern ramparts, towards the plain, where we could see a movement among the enemy’s troops, which looked like a number of swarms of ants, some of the Franco-Belges said to me, ‘Monsieur l’Abbé, embrace us and bless us, for we shall see one another no more, except in heaven.’ They said the truth.

“Half-an-hour before my departure, the general sent for us. ‘You are going back to Rome,’ he said; ‘tell Monseigneur de Merode

to send us provisions to Ancona. We hope to be there to-night. The enemy is very numerous, and we are few; but we hope in the Blessed Virgin.' *He took from the Santa Casa the flags of Lepanto.*"*

We cannot afford ourselves the time to linger over the well-known details of the battle that followed, and of the subsequent defence of Ancona by Lamoricière. No one will ever think of measuring the merit of such devotion as his by its immediate and tangible success; and it is even yet far from certain that Piedmont and her abettors have really gained by the exhibition of bad faith and brutality which the courage of Lamoricière forced from them. It is certain that after his surrender and his short captivity, he returned to France with a name far greater than before in the eyes of his countrymen and of his old companions-in-arms. It is certain that from that time, without seeking or exercising influence, he became a power, silent and inactive indeed, but still formidable to the enemies of the cause for which he had fought. It is certain that the great French generals resented deeply and keenly the manner in which he had been treated; and the French blood that was so pitilessly shed at Castel Fidardo may some day have to be reckoned for at the hands of Piedmont. Why are we to fear that the spirit of generous self-sacrifice, which animated so many of those who were then slain, should fail, when occasion calls, to send forth fresh armies of more fortunate soldiers for the defence of the Holy See, if she needs their services? The cause of the Church never dies with those who have fought for it; she has of old the gift of triumphing by means of the seeming victories of her enemies, and of seeing the places of those who perish in her service supplied by numbers greater than those she has lost.

If the Catholic enterprise of 1860 were ever to be renewed on a larger scale, the leader of the new crusaders would not be Lamoricière. Within the last few weeks the Catholics of France have been crowding to the churches for funeral services, and their most eloquent preachers and writers have been laying their tribute of homage and sorrow upon his bier. Death came upon him suddenly. He was alone at his château at Prouzel, preparing to go to meet his wife and daughters on their return from some waters in the Pyrenees. He had spent Sunday, Sept. 10th, in his usual Christian way; and the last time he left his home was to go to the parish-church for Benediction. It was the Sunday within the Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, one of the greatest days in the year at Loreto; and he may well have remembered the Santa Casa, as the anniversary of Castel Fidardo was close at hand. He went home, and seems

* *Les Martyrs de Castel Fidardo*, p. 41.

to have spent the evening in reading a volume of the history of the Church. The book was found half open by his bedside. A sudden stifling pain seized him, the symptom of a disease caught in his African campaigns. He called his servant and sent for the curé, who found him on his knees at the foot of his bed, his crucifix in his hand, and had just time to give him a last blessing as he expired.

It would be difficult to add any thing to what has been already said on the occasion of the death of Lamoricière by men like Montalembert and Dupanloup; hardly less difficult to select the choicest passages in which their eloquence has clothed the inexpressible feelings of the hearts of thousands besides themselves in words of gold. We shall end our short notice of the Catholic hero with the words of a soldier like himself. When the funeral *cortège* reached Nantes, General Trochu, after assisting at the solemn requiem in the cathedral, presented himself to speak by the side of the bier. He claimed this duty as one of the few survivors of the staff of General Lamoricière in Algeria. After a vivid description of the general such as he had known him in Africa, he spoke touchingly of his fall from political power and military rank, and the cruel family affliction which withered his hopes as a father. At this extremity of trial Providence was awaiting him; he had returned to his Father's arms, under the gentle influence of the piety and resignation of his wife, and sought in the faith of a Christian comfort and strength against the blows of fortune and the world.

"When, with love and disinterested devotion to the great religious cause, in the ruin of which he was convinced that the destruction of the whole of society was involved, he went, notwithstanding the evident impotence of the effort that he meditated, to offer to the Sovereign Pontiff the support of his name and of his sword, he was suspected of ambition. It was an injury and an injustice. And when he was overcome in a struggle the inequality of which was enough of itself to make it a noble one, he was laughed at."

Then, after a sentence in which he spoke of the lesson of the inconstancy of human prosperity to be learnt from his fortunes, General Trochu concluded thus:

"But your life and your death, general, offer to us other lessons. If, in the more agitated periods of your short and illustrious career, it has been your lot to meet with adversaries and opponents—among whom you have sometimes seen myself—still the history of your country will render you the justice of saying that you have loved it well, that you have served it well, and that you have lived well. The last battalions that you commanded marched with weakness against the strong,—great and rare honour that remains for ever

attached to your name in the eyes of all good men, of whatever belief and whatever country! Your troubled career will remain as a sad and touching drama, at the sight of which all the resentments that you may have awakened will quench themselves at once. God has taken you to Himself, because you have believed and have suffered. At the sight of your bier I feel myself overpowered by recollections which go back to the time of my first days in the army and of my youth, which has now passed away. But if at these thoughts my heart swells with sorrow, my soul is calmed at once when I think of the new lot on which you have now entered. So, in the double character which I bear, I now bid you farewell; and I promise to you the faithful remembrance of soldiers and of Bretons!"

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Patience.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ALL through this earth we live in
A silent angel goes,
Sent by the God of mercy
To soften earthly woes.
Sweet peace and gracious pity
In his meek eyes abide;
That angel's name is Patience,—
Oh, take him for your guide.

His gentle hand will lead thee
Through paths of grief and
gloom;
His cheering voice will whisper
Of brighter days to come;
For when thy heart is sinking,
His courage faileth not;
He helps thy cross to carry,
And soothes the saddest lot.

He turns to chastened sadness,
The anguished spirit's cry;
The restless heart he calmeth
To meek tranquillity;

The darkest hour will brighten
At his benign command,
And every wound he healeth
With slow but certain hand.

He dries, without reproving,
The tears upon thy cheek;
He doth not chide thy longings,
But makes them calm and
meek;

And if, when storms are raging,
Thou askest, murmuring,—
"Why?"

He answers not, but pointeth
With quiet smile on high.

He hath not ready answer
For every question here;
"Endure," so runs his motto,—
"The time for rest is near."
So, with few words, beside thee
Faith thine angel-friend:
Thinking not of the journey,
But of its glorious end.

The Calendars of State-Papers.

PART III.

FROM Henry VIII. we pass on to Edward VI.; and at this point we are compelled to interrupt our narrative for a few seconds, in order to comment upon the change of plan which here exhibits itself in the formation of the Calendar. The editors of the volumes which we have noticed hitherto—Messrs. Brown, Bergenroth, and Brewer—have aimed at giving a full and detailed conspectus of the contents of each document—so full and so detailed as (in most instances) to obviate the necessity of a reference to the original. In so doing they carry out the recommendations of the Master of the Rolls, of the practical wisdom of which it is impossible to speak too highly. But Mr. Lemon, the author of the volumes on which we are now compelled to pass an opinion, advocates a different theory, and has adopted a different practice. His abstracts are so short that they are vague and indistinct; they only serve to whet curiosity, they do not gratify it. They show that certain letters from certain persons, bearing certain dates, exist at the Record Office; but they do not give a fair and comprehensive idea of the contents of these letters. Much curious information is frequently suppressed, for the editor has taken upon himself to give a notice only of such portions of the document as, in his opinion, are worth notice; and since no one can decide what may be of importance to every inquirer, this selection of one passage and rejection of another must necessarily be incomplete and consequently unsatisfactory. A few illustrations will serve to explain our meaning, and show that we do not object without reason to the plan here, for the first time, adopted and defended. Fortunately we can do this without asking our readers to accept our own conceptions as to the manner in which abstracts of early documents ought to be made; for we can appeal to an independent authority.

Mr. Bruce, the accomplished writer to whom the Master of the Rolls has assigned the formation of the Calendar of state-papers of the reign of Charles I., has had occasion, when editing the correspondence of Archbishop Parker, to give a description of certain documents contained in the domestic papers of Queen Elizabeth's reign, which are necessarily included in Mr. Lemon's volume now before us. Consequently we possess two distinct descriptions of the same series of papers, and we have only to compare the one with the

other in order to test their relative value. This we shall now proceed to do in about half-a-dozen instances, which we believe will be enough to show how infinitely superior the one is to the other in completeness, accuracy, and precision—in one word, in all the requisites of a properly-executed Calendar.

1. PARKER TO CECIL, 3d June 1564.

Mr. Lemon's Abstract.

Particulars of a conversation which he has had with M. de Genour, the French ambassador, on the subject of religion and state of the Church of England.

Mr. Bruce's Abstract.

The archbishop reports his reception of the French ambassador. M. de Genour of a good gentle nature. His attendants very inquisitive. He arrived on Friday at two o'clock. Conferred with the archbishop, the Bishop of Coutances acting as interpreter. The subjects of their discourse. Services of the Reformed Church of England. Application of the revenues of the suppressed abbeyes. Drs. Thirleby and Boxall. Behaviour of the ambassador's attendants. Parker appointed some persons to inquire as to the state of France, and left his armoury open to observation. He gave them a fish-supper on Friday night, and explained to them the state of our clergy. Bishop of Coutances intends to present to the Queen a French translation of the Epistle to Osorius. What is the archbishop to do with Thirleby and Boxall on his approaching removal to Lambeth?

2. PARKER TO CECIL, 5th June 1566.

The Earl of Sussex has recommended his chaplain, Mr. Rushe, for a prebend in Canterbury; thinks he will honestly deserve that appointment.

The Earl of Sussex, on the request of Cecil, wishes Parker's recommendation of Mr. Rush to a prebend in Canterbury. He is studious and ready of utterance. Sends a letter from Haddon, from which Cecil may see the activity of the Nonconformists. It justifies the answer given to them. Fears what will ensue, if greater

Mr. Lemon's Abstract.

Requests the loan of the Book of Articles. The Queen is displeased with the bishops, and laments much the neglect of prayer and fasting in her court.

Mr. Bruce's Abstract.

severity be not used, and persons of reputation do not express greater discontent. The Bishop of London feels by experience the marks and bounds of these good sprites, which but for him might have been suppressed five or six years ago. The Queen had thought that the answering would only breed contention.

3. PARKER TO CECIL, 21st Dec. 1566.

Asks the loan of the Book of Articles presented to Elizabeth by the Marian exiles on their return to England. The Queen has been informed that some of the bishops put the bill of religion into the parliament without her knowledge. She does not dislike the doctrine of the book, but the manner of putting forth.

4. PARKER TO CECIL, 12th Aug. 1567.

The produce of the broken plate and bullion found in the cathedral at Canterbury has been applied to Church uses only. Not a tenth of the plate and ornaments was left which was there at the time of Dr. Wotton's coming.

The Dean of Canterbury accused of having sold and divided 1000*l.* of plate and vestry ornaments. He sold the broken plate with consent of the Chapter for 243*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, and applied the amount for the use of the Church. Dean Wotton had his dividend of plate and copes as large as any. Ask Mr. Thomas Wotton. All Souls' College plate and books, what has become of them. They love not the Queen who beat into her head untrue tales.

5. PARKER TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, 27th Dec. 1570.

Urgently denies having shown wilfulness or ingratitude. States particulars of his obtaining the farm and house at Charing. The county of Kent is quiet and in a state of obedience to the laws.

Solicits pardon for his boldness. Insufficiency of speech and weakness of mind have stayed him from saying much in person. Has been informed that it has been taken unkindly that his counsel alleged his titles to the wood of

Longbeach. Meant to restore it to the disposition of the crown. When he first came into Kent, he prayed Sir Richd. Sackville to be a means to procure him a lease of Charing, the house of his predecessors. He procured a lease for himself, and intended to set up iron-mills. To prevent him, Parker was advised to show his interest, not to gainsay the pleasure of the crown. Parker is ready to tarry or forego his vocation at the Queen's pleasure. His office much objected to, and desired to be brought low or abolished. Wonderful impoverishment of the clergy. Its effect on religion, as evidenced in the University of Cambridge.

We have no room to enlarge upon the errors and defects of Mr. Lemon's abstracts; nor indeed is it necessary that we should do so, as they are self-evident. We cannot but remark, however, that a Calendar constructed upon such principles as those here adopted is of necessity so unsatisfactory and untrustworthy as to be nearly worthless. Nor in other respects is the publication such as we could have wished. The preface to the first volume fills eight pages, and to the second there is none whatever. No pains have been taken to ascertain in what works the papers have been printed, although many of them appear at full length in the volumes of Strype, Burnet, Tytler, Tierney, and others. We are not informed as to the length of the papers—an important question, when we have not the opportunity of examining the original; nor have we the means of ascertaining from this Calendar whether the document which is being described is a draft, a transcript, or the fair copy actually despatched by the writer to the person addressed. But we refrain from enlarging upon defects, and pass onwards to discuss the subject-matter contained in these two important volumes.

The documents themselves are of the highest value. They trace the steps by which Elizabeth advanced to the high position which she had confessedly attained in the politics of Europe at the time of her death. They exhibit the internal administration of the kingdom as regards its army and navy, its trade and commerce, its jurisprudence and its religion. In reference to the latter subject the materials are wonderfully curious and abundant, evincing the abject position

which the bishops and clergy were contented to occupy, and how complete was the Erastianism which was then dominant at the English court. Another interesting fact also exhibits itself throughout the whole of this period. "Intercommunion with foreign Protestant Churches was desired and cultivated by the highest and best of the divines of the Church of England." The Elizabethan clergy, as a body, held that no particular form of Church government had been prescribed by Scripture, and therefore that the Presbyterian was as allowable as the Episcopal. In perfect accordance with this liberality towards Geneva was the hatred towards Rome; and these volumes abound with the most valuable materials for a history of the persecutions which Catholicism underwent during the half century that Elizabeth sat upon the throne of England.

Mr. Lemon confines himself to the domestic series of papers, extending, as we have seen, from the accession of Edward VI. to the death of Queen Elizabeth. The foreign series of the reigns of Edward and Mary have been published by the late Mr. Turnbull, who (as Mr. Froude remarks), "before the unwisdom of the Evangelical Alliance deprived the country of his services, was also employed in the Record Office on the Calendar of the Elizabethan state-papers."

A careful study of Mr. Turnbull's volumes shows us how great is the loss which historical literature has sustained by the premature death of their accomplished author. Had he been permitted to continue his useful labours, in the course of a few years he would have given to the public a series of Calendars which, while they would have advanced his own reputation, would have greatly forwarded the interests of historical truth. What Mr. Turnbull did, he has done well. He possessed in an eminent degree the rare art of catching the drift and bearing of a long state-paper amid the pompous verbosity in which it is frequently involved, and he could place its import clearly and concisely before the reader. His translations and abstracts possess all the ease, the terseness, and the spirit of an original composition. We acknowledge his merit, and we regret his loss. The Master of the Rolls, however, has not permitted this great undertaking to be interrupted even though the Evangelical Alliance has frowned upon it; nor can that body deprive Mr. Turnbull's memory of the reputation which he has gained by his Calendars of the foreign papers of King Edward and Queen Mary.

The documents illustrative of the former reign are neither so numerous nor so important as we might have anticipated. Mr. Turnbull reminds us, however, that the chief interest of Edward's government is domestic, not foreign. Its energies were directed towards objects exclusively national, and the transactions which oc-

curred abroad had now only a secondary importance. It was different from what it had been under Henry VIII. That monarch was speedily followed to the grave by Francis I., and there was no longer the dread of a coalition between France and Spain. The rupture with Rome was now complete. Yet though the English government held aloof from France, Flanders, Germany, and Spain, they found it expedient to obtain accurate information from these quarters. Ambassadors were accordingly despatched to these several kingdoms, and the correspondence which passed between the English envoys and the court at London forms the basis of Mr. Turnbull's volume.

In his Preface the editor gives a rapid summary of the nine hundred documents which are therein analysed. The most prominent position must be assigned to France, the letters from which country are numerous and interesting. Henry the Second, Diana of Poitiers, Catherine de' Medici, the Constable Montmorenci, Mary of Guise, and her daughter Mary of Scotland, appear frequently upon the scene. From France we naturally pass to Scotland, where we cannot find time to linger; nor may we venture to say much about Ireland.

The correspondence of Queen Mary,* edited also by Mr. Turnbull, has its own special interest. We must admit, however, that in one sense it has disappointed our expectations. It would appear that the documents which have reference to Cardinal Pole's mission into England, and the transactions therewith connected, were never deposited in the State-Paper Office; or if there deposited, that they were subsequently removed. At all events, they are no longer to be found in that repository; and consequently they do not appear either in Mr. Turnbull's Calendar or in that edited by Mr. Lemon. The absence of such an important series of papers of course occasions a blank in the materials for the history of this reign; but this is not the fault of Mr. Turnbull, who of course could deal only with such documents as were forthcoming. But the fact supplies an additional argument, if such were necessary, for the prosecution of searches at Rome, where, in all probability, the missing despatches are deposited.

With this one noteworthy exception, we have to repeat our gratification with regard to the interest of the state-papers of Mary's reign. They are about eight hundred and sixty in number, and are full, explicit, and important in all that relates to the civil and political events of the period. They terminate with a series of papers of the

* *Calendar of State-Papers, Foreign Series, of the reign of Mary, 1553-1558.* Edited by William B. Turnbull. 1861.

highest value, written by Lord Wentworth from Calais, in which the siege and surrender of that important fortress and its dependencies is described from day to day.

We next pass with a melancholy interest to the Irish Calendar, edited by Mr. Hamilton.* The volume extends from 1509 to 1573, and consists of abstracts of original despatches from the Lord-Lieutenant, the Council, the Vice-Treasurer and Treasurer of War, the clergy, and the military commanders of Ireland, to the English authorities. They tell the same old sad story: on the one side, oppression, violence, and treachery; on the other, insubordination, rebellion, and suffering. The English government was a failure from the beginning. There appears to have been no progress whatever made during the seventy years of military despotism chronicled in this volume: yet even from this point of view the present Calendar is of the highest interest; for not only does it preserve the memory of past errors, but it conveys lessons which, if interpreted aright, may be of no mean value for the future. The condition of the country was pitiable in the extreme. Thus, in 1558, the English primate of Armagh reports that "a man may ride south, west, or north, twenty or forty miles, and see neither house, corn, nor cattle; and many hundred of men, women, and children are dead of famine." We will close our notice of the volume with a few extracts, which will fully describe the nature of the information it contains.

"*Lancaster to Cecil, 16th Aug. 1566.*—O'Neil would not come to the Lord-Deputy at Dundalk. O'Neil has entered the English pale with fire and sword. He besieged Dundalk July 29. Repulsed by John Fitzwilliams. Proclaimed a traitor August 3. He has broken down the metropolitan church of Armagh, and razed many castles in Ulster and Lecall. He has entered Fermanagh and expelled Maguire. Earl of Clanrycard and Sir W. Burke made friends. Mineral affairs."

"*Lord-Justice Fitzwilliam to Cecil, 25th Nov. 1571.*—Rory Oge more peaceable. The Lord President of Connaught has been five days in the country of the lower Burkes, burning and spoiling 500*l.* worth of corn alone. The Earl of Clanrycard has the guarding of the castle of Shrewgher. M'Dermodd's country ravaged. Turlogh Lynagh's weakness. 50,000 cattle under the Baron of Dungannon, Sir Brian M'Phelim," &c.

"*May 1572. Note of such journeys as hath been made by the garrisons under the Serjeant-major.*—Burning of sixteen towns in

* *Caleendars of State-Papers relating to Ireland, 1509-1573.* Edited by Hans Claude Hamilton, Esq., F.S.A. 1860.

Cophee and Shilelagh. Divers killed in Jurall. Two of Feagh M'Hugh's foster-brothers and two sisters slain in Glanlackin, on the further side of the river Avanagh. Has taken Simon M'David's sister,—whom, if she do not stand me in stead, I mean to execute. Killing of the Bullies in the Glinn."

"*The Bishop of Meath to the Chief Baron, 2d Aug. 1572.*—T. Lynagh is ready to invade us this night. Begs Mr. Chief Baron to send him as many [soldiers] as he can out of Trim and elsewhere, to Moynalty, at least before day."

The Colonial series* of State-Papers, from 1513 to 1616, deposited in the Record Office, the British Museum, and the India House, has been carefully and skilfully edited by Mr. Sainsbury. This important volume relates chiefly to the history of the early voyages for the discovery of a north-east or north-west passage; the establishment of the East-India Company; the various successes of the early voyages to the East Indies; the commercial intercourse between this country and Persia; the first faint attempts at establishing a direct trade with China; and the opening of a communication with Japan, through a series of adventures as romantic as the history of *Robinson Crusoe*. Another volume,† edited by the same gentleman, commences the series of Colonial Papers at 1574, and carries it onwards to 1660. The period of time embraced in this volume—from Elizabeth to Charles the Second—will at once suggest that it must contain many papers of deep and general interest; and indeed it may be said that upon nearly every subject of importance in our colonial history, during that period, the student will find something to gratify his curiosity or reward his research in this great mine of historical treasure. We must not attempt to specify in detail the particulars with which Mr. Sainsbury has made us acquainted; but we must, in justice to him, conclude with the remark, that he has done his work with care and judgment.

The Scottish State-Papers,‡ the Calendar of which is edited by Mr. Thorpe, extend over a period of ninety-five years,—from the beginning of the reign of Henry the Eighth to the death of Queen

* *Calendar of State-Papers, Colonial Series—East Indies, China, and Japan, 1513-1616: preserved in H.M. Public Record Office and elsewhere.* Edited by W. Noel Sainsbury, Esq.

† *Calendar of State-Papers, Colonial Series, 1574-1660.* Edited by W. Noel Sainsbury, Esq. 1860.

‡ *Calendar of State-Papers relating to Scotland preserved in the State-Paper Department of H.M. Public Record Office.* Vol. I. 1509-1589; Vol. II. 1589-1603. *With the State-Papers of Mary Queen of Scots during her detention in England, 1568-1587.* Edited by Markham John Thorpe, Esq. 1858.

Elizabeth. The close and continued intercourse which prevailed between England and Scotland during the whole of this epoch renders the study of these volumes imperatively necessary in any historical inquiry. It is remarkable for its extent as well as its integrity. For picturesqueness of detail and general interest it is scarcely too much to say that it is without a parallel. It describes all those great scenes in the fearful drama which commenced with the battle of Flodden, and ended with the so-called conspiracy of Gowry. Conspicuous among these papers are the materials for the history of Mary of Scotland, which may be illustrated most profusely from these records,—her marriage with Darnley, the murder of Riccio and Darnley, the hasty union with Bothwell, the flight of the murderer, the queen's imprisonment at Lochleven, and her subsequent escape. Then, after the battle of Langside, comes the long narrative of her imprisonment in England, and her death at Fotheringhay.

We do not presume to say one word upon the inferences which arise from the consideration of the conduct of the rival queens of England and Scotland, as exhibited in these papers. We have only to observe that the abstracts are too brief to do justice to the exceeding interest and value of the documents which they profess to describe. Constituted as it is, this Calendar still entails upon the inquirer the necessity of inspecting the originals; consequently it fails in one of the most important points which a Calendar ought to have. It shows, however, the great importance of the collection, and enables us to test how far modern writers avail themselves of the treasures deposited in the General Record Office in Chancery Lane.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the Foreign Papers of Queen Elizabeth,* of which two volumes have already appeared under the care of Mr. Stevenson. We may form some idea of the bulk of the entire collection, when we remark that the first volume, containing 1416 documents, does not embrace the letters of one entire year; and that the second extends only from 1st October 1559 to the end of the subsequent April. The papers here analysed are especially interesting, as showing the principles upon which Elizabeth conducted her intercourse with the continental powers—especially France and Spain—through the unsettled period which elapsed between the commencement of her reign and the

* *Calendar of State-Papers, Foreign Series, of the reign of Elizabeth, 1558, 1559, preserved in the State-Paper Department of H.M. Public Record Office.* Edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, M.A. 1863. Vol. II. 1559-1560. 1865.

death of her formidable rival, Henry II. of France. The accession of the weakly Francis II. for a time threw the power into the hands of the family of Guise, and Elizabeth has still cause to tremble for her safety: but again her good fortune prevailed; and the death of Francis and the infancy of Charles IX. enabled her to fix herself securely on her throne. We see in these volumes how, in the first place, she contrived to conceal the weakness of her own position, and then fomented all the elements of discord within the limits of the kingdoms the active intervention of which she dreaded. She supported the Scottish reformers with her advice, her soldiers, and her money; she encouraged the Huguenots in France, and she fanned the flame of religious dissension in the Low Countries, for the purpose of crippling the power of Spain. Her doings in all these several particulars are fully and distinctly brought out in these volumes, and they exhibit the unscrupulous diplomacy with which she alternately beguiled and bullied her neighbours. Of the sovereign herself, as a woman, we see but little; and whenever we catch a glimpse of her, she is generally flirting with my Lord Robert, or in a flutter of feminine anxiety about the arrival of the King of Sweden, or the neglect of the Archduke of Austria.

To these volumes Mr. Stevenson has prefixed introductions of some considerable length. In the former he traces the history of Elizabeth prior to her accession to the throne; and in the second he gives a narrative of the events which occurred during the period which we have specified.

When we state that the Calendar of the Domestic Correspondence of James I.* fills four volumes, our readers will easily perceive that we cannot undertake to furnish any detailed abstract of such a bulky collection of materials. The interest of the state-papers does not fail. We are for the most part familiar with the importance of the documents connected with the Gunpowder Plot, which have been brought to light through the industry of Mr. Jardine, the Rev. Mr. Tierney, and Dr. Lingard; nor are we ignorant of the amount of valuable material connected with Bacon, Raleigh, and Buckingham which is here deposited. But Mrs. Green has shown us how ample is the information on many other points which are of the highest interest. The papers illustrative of the life and death of Prince Henry, of Anne of Denmark, and of "baby Charles," would alone fill a volume. Looking deeper, we perceive the origin of the discontent which broke out into rebellion in the reign of Charles;

* *Calendar of State-Papers, Domestic Series, of the reign of James I., 1603-1625, preserved in the State-Paper Department of H.M. Public Record Office.* Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. 4 vols. 1857-1859.

we can trace the gradual expansion of Puritanism, and the growth of those various forms of Dissent which, as a necessary consequence, branched off from the Anglican Establishment. We have here also a fund of unwrought material explanatory of the position occupied by the unfortunate English Catholics (recusants, as they were termed) during the same period. The value of the entire series, however, is considerably diminished by two circumstances. We have to lament the absence of the corresponding foreign series of state-papers, still lying comparatively unknown in the Record Office; and in the second place, we are unable to test these papers by the information which would doubtless be procured from the letters despatched from England by the agents of foreign powers. Of this the published letters of De la Boderie,* the French ambassador in London from 1606 to 1611, are a convincing illustration. During these five years the French and the English documents mutually illustrate each other; the one supplies the defects of the other, clears up its obscurities, and corrects its errors. When Boderie's letters end, we feel that we have lost a most important element of judging aright of men and measures; and we trust the Master of the Rolls will supply for us this deficiency by giving us an abstract of the papers of Boderie's successor, which in all probability exist in the French archives.

Mrs. Green eschews the labour and the responsibility of writing prefaces, contenting herself with giving a short "advertisement" of a few lines. Her abstracts are too brief and vague to satisfy the conscientious inquirer; they seldom do more than guide him to the document, entailing upon him at the same time the necessity of referring to it for further information. But, on the other hand, we have to compliment the fair historian on her industry; for her work advances with a rapidity which puts to shame the tardy progress of more than one of her co-editors at the Rolls House in Chancery Lane.

The papers of Charles I. have been assigned to Mr. Bruce, and have found in him a zealous and careful editor. The first volume of this series appeared in 1858, and the eighth appeared a few weeks ago. The last volume carries us down to the year 1635. These papers are of very varying interest; but upon the whole they constitute by far the most trustworthy source for the true history of this eventful reign. They show how early and how completely Charles had submitted to the ascendancy of Buckingham, and how blindly he threw himself into the attempt to make loans to supply the place

* *Ambassades de M. de la Boderie en Angleterre, sous le règne d'Henri IV et la minorité de Louis XIII, depuis les années 1606 jusqu'en 1611.* 8vo. 1750.

of subsidies. The fatal quarrel between the king and the parliament here comes out in a clear light. The papers respecting the condition of the English Church are exceedingly numerous and of varied interest, showing on the one side how thoroughly puritanical it was then, as it had been from the beginning; and on the other, the efforts made to reconstruct it upon a somewhat more creditable basis, by Andrewes and Overall at Cambridge, and by Laud at Oxford. The same ideas run, side by side, throughout the whole series. In the last volume we have within a few pages of each other, first, a report of the progress of the attempt, undertaken with the sanction and support of a large and influential party of the English episcopate, to unite the Established Church of this kingdom with the Presbyterians of Holland and Germany; and then come divers lists of presentments at ecclesiastical visitations held for the purpose of enforcing Laud's ideas of episcopal authority. From one of the latter we extract the following passages:

"Presentations were made at *Elsborough*; of Thomas Stanbridge, for refusing to pay his levy to the Church, which is 2s. 6d. *Lower Winchendon*; of Henry Wells, for suffering his hogs to come into the churchyard, and, being admonished by the churchwarden to look and keep them out, he called him troublesome fellow, and troubled him in mocking and mowing at him as he went in the streets. *Marsworth*; that they have no prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and that the commination against impenitent sinners hath not of late time been read in our church. *East Claydon*; upon a fame and report that Michael Lee, gentleman, lendeth forth much money upon usury. *Boarstall*; that Agnes Alden, the wife of Thomas Alden, came to be churched without a veil. *Cuddington*; that Thomas Curtie doth usually sleep at prayers. *Chesham*; Mr. Langley, the vicar, having given notice of the Communion, and all being thereto prepared, he refused to administer the same, so that the parishioners went away without prayers or receiving the Holy Communion; and for refusing to baptise a child. *Dinton*; John Verey, for not coming to church these eight weeks, and suspected to be a Romanist." These details are equally interesting to Catholic, Anglican, and Dissenter, and they place before us in a clear and striking light the state of parties as they were upon the eve of the great struggle between the king and his parliament.

Our last criticism applies to the Domestic Papers of Charles II.,* edited by Mrs. Green. We regret that we cannot speak in terms of

* *Calendars of State-Papers, Domestic Series, of the reign of Charles II.*, 1660-1667. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. 6 vols. 1860-1864.

admiration respecting the documents which are here analysed. A very large proportion of them consists of worthless petitions addressed to the king; the news-letters next occupy a considerable space without possessing a corresponding value; while a third division, the navy-papers, are so numerous and so uninteresting as to detract very seriously from the value of the entire series. These last, in our opinion, should not have been incorporated among the general collections of state-papers, with which they had originally no connection; most certainly, whether so incorporated or not, they should have had no place in a Calendar like the present. They demand labour and space which might well have been saved, and we should be glad to see them discontinued. At all events, if their existence must be noticed, some system might possibly be adopted by which the large space they now occupy would be economised. They might possibly be reduced to a tabular form, or their contents might be given in a smaller type. But our opinion is that their publication is unnecessary, and might be discontinued.

Here, then, we close our notice of the Calendars of State-Papers. They form a noble series of volumes, creditable alike to the Master of the Rolls, by whom they were originated, and the Government, which has so liberally provided funds for their publication. No other European State can exhibit a collection so extensive, so varied, and so important. The original papers which are here analysed are of the highest interest and value; and the editors, upon the whole, have done their work to the satisfaction of the public. We cordially thank Sir John Romilly for having contributed so largely to the historical literature of our country, and we wish him all success in the prosecution of his most important undertaking. Much yet remains to be done; but we are well satisfied in leaving it with one who has already shown himself so competent to deal with the subject in its varied bearings. We shall watch the gradual advancement of this grand design towards its completion; and we doubt not we shall have frequent occasion to thank the Master of the Rolls for giving us the means of gradually understanding what hitherto has been so entirely misunderstood—the history of England.

The Faculty of Paris in the time of Molière.

IN a former number we gave a slight sketch of the laws and etiquettes of the old French Medical Faculty. The state of things there described was already on the wane when Molière dealt it a blow, from the effects of which it never recovered. But there is one characteristic of the position of the medical body which is inherent in its very nature, and is likely to be as enduring as the world itself, allowing for the modifications of varying times and changing manners. So long as our poor humanity shall be subject to disease and death, so long will medicine and its scientific administration be esteemed a necessity. Some, indeed, judge both to be well-nigh unmitigated evils; but at any rate, if evils, they are necessary evils; and even the greatest railers at the doctor and his drugs are pretty sure to send for him in the hour of danger, lean on him for hope, and swallow his potions. The medical man thus obtains an exceptional position. He is introduced into the sanctuary of the family, sees us in our unguarded moments, receives our confidence, and often wins our friendship. He never comes as a judge or a censor. We feel at our ease with him. Our esteem for him is personal, and independent of all considerations of rank or fortune. He is a stranger to all the conflicting interests which divide parties from each other, and can visit persons of all shades of opinion and of views the most opposite, whether of religion or politics, without causing the shadow of an offence. From all this it results that the doctor is often admitted to the closest intimacy by men occupying the highest positions. Hence the footing of quasi-equality accorded often to the obscure son of Æsculapius, raised by his profession to a post of dignity and benevolent authority, which, while it obtains for him consideration and respect, clashes in nothing with the social importance of the patient. It was so, in a certain degree, in the seventeenth century, when classes were divided much more widely than at present, and reverence for birth and rank much stronger; and we have numerous instances of the friendship subsisting between doctors and the highest in the land.

It is true that the medical faculty did actually number amongst its members men who had undoubted claims to nobility; and we find from Larroque's *Traité de la Noblesse* that doctors, as distin-

guished from apothecaries and surgeons, were held not to derogate from their rank by the practice of medicine. But further, the medical profession was held to confer a species of nobility; for of nobility there were reckoned to be three sorts—nobility of race, nobility of royal concession, and personal nobility, such as in peculiar cases we find conferred on the whole *bourgeoisie* of certain towns. This distinction offended no one, as it expired with its recipient, on whom while living it conferred many practical advantages, such as exemption from taxation. In Paris this circumstance was of small moment, because, as members of the University, the doctors enjoyed all manner of immunities. But in the provinces it was different. In the south of France, in particular, these privileges were energetically claimed on the ground of the honour of the profession, and they were traditionally referred to Roman times. Montpellier was full of these reminiscences of the past, and in Dauphiné the nobility of the doctors was even transmitted from father to son. At Lyons it was remembered that Antonius Musa had cured the Emperor Augustus, and had received a gold ring for himself and his successors in the art. “*Accipe annulum aureum, in signum nobilitatis ab Augusto et Senatu Romano medicis concessæ*,” were the words used in the aggregation of a doctor by the College of that city.

The misfortune was that there must of necessity be some contrast between this theoretical nobility and the practical life of the physician. He must, if he would gain his living, go from house to house indiscriminately, and receive his pay from all classes, like the butcher or the baker. The doctors endeavoured to smooth over this anomaly by affecting considerable state. They might be seen threading the streets of Paris mounted on mules, in large wigs and with ample beards. The mule gave an almost episcopal air. “The beard is more than half the doctor,” says Toinette, in the *Malade Imaginaire*. When the fashionable Guénaut took to a horse, it raised quite a scandal, which Boileau has commemorated :

“Guénaut, sur son cheval, en passant m’écabousse.”

Many, not satisfied with this degree of state, paid their visits in the long magisterial robe, with scarlet hose and band, the famous *rabat*, to which Pascal wittily alludes when he says, “Who could place any confidence in a doctor without a *rabat*?” Not only were the doctors careful to uphold their dignity by these forms, but the Paris Faculty was extremely jealous in maintaining its exclusive position. Its members not merely refused, as was natural, to meet in consultation any of the host of quacks with which the capital swarmed, and who found frequent access to the houses of the great

lords and ladies, often as sceptical in regard to orthodox practitioners as they were credulous in the extreme of the pretensions of these heretical interlopers, but they likewise stood aloof from men as respectable as themselves,—the honourable doctors of Montpellier, of whom perhaps a few words anon. In the mean time we will take a hasty glance at the members of the Paris Faculty apart from their official life; for they were men after all, and did not always figure in wig and gown. They must have had their private as well as public existence; but it is a more difficult task to obtain a sight of them *en déshabille*.

In history, of course, it were vain to seek any thing beyond the record of public events; and even the contemporary memoirs of the age of the Grand Monarque tell us more about the court and its festivities, the *réunions* of the wits of the day, and the current gossip and scandal of the hour, than about the ordinary domestic life of any class, particularly of such as ranged below the aristocratic level. We are too apt to believe, from the revelations that are made in the light literature of the time, that the brilliant surface of the Augustan age of France concealed a general mass of corruption in the higher classes, and of misery in the lower. But this would be a false conclusion. The *bourgeoisie*, as a body, were complete strangers to the ferment of ambition and intrigue so rife in the upper strata of society. They had their own interests, their own pursuits, and were in the main an industrious and worthy class, sufficiently independent to be able often to regard those above them with a secret, and not always undeserved, contempt. To confine ourselves, however, to the doctors. Two courses were open to them. They might shut themselves up within the round, of their own immediate occupations and studies, and limit themselves to the social circle of their colleagues and compeers. The Faculty, as we have seen, was a little community in itself, with its own traditions, laws, distinctions, glories. Here, satisfied with their moderate gains, the doctors might preserve their independence and live in all security and honour; or, on the other hand, they might try their fortune in the world and seek the favour of the great. The enterprise involved a certain loss of liberty and a corresponding detriment to that nice delicacy of feeling which is the guardian of severe probity. There were doctors of both kinds; those of the first class were by far the most numerous. The others were the richest; but the esteem in which they were held by their brethren was in the inverse ratio to the wealth acquired by this compromise of dignified independence.

The illustrious dean, Guy Patin, who enjoyed an immense reputation in his day, furnishes an example of the life of voluntary isola-

tion and of practical activity systematically confined to professional or scientific subjects. He is now remembered chiefly for that on which he probably least valued himself,—his epistolary correspondence, never designed for publication, but which is extremely interesting, not only as a record of events great and small, the memory of which has long passed away, but for the freshness both of ideas and style for which it is remarkable. These letters exhibit Guy Patin as an apparent compendium of contradictions,—a believer in medicine, a sceptic in almost all else; obstinately tenacious of the privileges of the Faculty, but full of liberal, and even republican aspirations; confident in the steady advance of science, but always railing at modern times and extolling the past. Yet there is a clue to many of these seeming contradictions: Guy Patin was a Dean. Before he was Dean, you felt that he would be Dean; later, he has been Dean. He has studied minutely all the details of the organised institution to which he is indebted for all that he is,—he has made its spirit and doctrine his own; for the Faculty *has* a doctrine. The experimental method is newer in medicine than in the other sciences. In the seventeenth century we find in its place simple observation guided by theory; which theory was no other than that of the father of medicine, Hippocrates—viz. that Nature tends to a cure, and that disease is but an outward manifestation of a salutary effort of the vital organisation to counteract the destructive causes at work. The physician's part was to aid this process rather than to interfere with it. This view, we may observe, is finding favour anew in certain quarters in our own day; and we may perhaps be allowed humbly to express an instinctive leaning towards any theory of which the practical result might be a system of comparative non-intervention. But this by the way. Certainly Hippocrates's fundamental principle did not deter medical practitioners of the olden time from much painful interference with the workings of nature under the plea of assistance; a course to which their elaborate doctrine concerning the humours of the body—which, however, they did *not* derive from Hippocrates, but of which the germ exists in the other great authority, Galen—much contributed.

The period we are considering was one of transition. Men felt the need of progress; and this feeling evoked a number of medical adventurers—the revolutionists, as we may call them, of medicine. Placed between two opposite systems,—the one resting on tradition and on principles, at any rate, in great measure sound; the other calling itself progress, but having nothing to allege save a number of vague aspirations and anticipations, some genuine discoveries mingled with much baser metal, and half-truths obscured by palpable error,—can we

wonder that the Faculty should be tempted to confound all novelties in one sweeping act of reprobation, and entrench itself in a state of obstinate opposition? Guy Patin shared this feeling, though not to excess. He was no enemy, as we have said, to a wise and safe progress; but he had the shallowness and narrowness which belongs to a certain range of cleverness. He was not the man to accept any thing new which it required breadth, elevation, and comprehensiveness of mind to discern. He had also his favourite theory of simplicity; and this made him suspicious of aught which seemed at variance therewith. He looked askance, for instance, at Harvey and the circulation of the blood. We have said that Guy Patin was a sceptic, yet he was not an unbeliever. His language certainly is often extremely irreverent; but just as he sometimes speaks in terms bordering on modern liberalism, while all the time, by his attachment to medical traditions, to the Faculty, and to monarchy, he is securely anchored in respect for antiquity and authority, so is it as regards religion, and we must not conclude from his free expressions that he is a decided free-thinker. Nevertheless it must be confessed that he betrays a very uncatholic mind and temper; and as we cannot believe that he stood alone in this respect, it may serve as an indication of the spirit of many of his order, and of the prevalence of opinions which were later to bear such bitter fruit.

Guy Patin was content with his sphere; he had no desire to overstep it. His friends and intimates were from amongst his own medical brethren, or they were members of the legal and magisterial body. By marriage he was connected with the latter class; and moreover there was always a close analogy of manners and sentiments betwixt the medical body and the *noblesse de robe*. To his friendship with the President de Thou, brother to Cinq Mars's unfortunate accomplice, we may attribute much of his animosity to the minister Richelieu. Guy Patin is, in short, a systematic grumbler, a regular *frondeur*; but it is chiefly in talk and speculation. He is in reality no revolutionist. Speaking of his frequent social meetings with two lawyer-friends, he observes: "Our conversation is always gay. If we talk of religion or of state affairs, it is always historically, without dreaming of either reformation or sedition. We converse chiefly on literary subjects. With a mind thus recreated I return home, where, after some little converse with my books, or with the record of some past consultation, I retire to rest."

Such was the honourable position of an independent member of the Faculty. But what was the condition and social estimate of those who sought the favour of the nobility? Undoubtedly their standing was much inferior to that which they came to occupy a hundred years

later—thanks to the spread of the utilitarian spirit, which raised all the positive sciences into high esteem. In the eighteenth century fine ladies had their pet physician, as they had their philosophic or poetic *protégé*; but in the seventeenth a great personage thought he conferred much honour on a doctor by seeking a cure at his hands. The nobles were glad, it is true, to have their familiar physician; though the physician, if he had any self-respect, must have felt that he paid rather dear for admission to this familiarity, not to speak of the actual large sums by which, in the case at least of princes of the blood-royal, they had to buy their offices. But we are here chiefly speaking of a less-aspiring class, who angled for the casual good graces of the aristocratic order. See how Madame de Sevigné speaks of the doctors, whom she is always consulting and always unmercifully quizzing. See her malicious pleasure when she can get four or five together to discuss her bile, her spleen, her humours, when she would ply them with questions and contrive to make them contradict each other. She talks of the profession as a humbug, yet she never passes through a town without consulting what she calls “the chief ignoramuses of the place.” She consults them, and then turns them into ridicule. They know this, and take their legitimate revenge in high charges. But strange to say, although so contemptuous towards the privileged doctors, Madame de Sevigné has quite a weakness for all quacks or unlicensed dabblers in the art, and is even credulous in their regard. However, it would seem that science with this lively lady is not the sole requirement. “My dear,” she says, speaking of a certain elegant Signor Antonio, an Italian son of Æsculapius, “he is twenty-eight years old, with the most beautiful and charming face I ever saw. He has Madame de Mazarin’s eyes, and his teeth are perfection. The rest of his face is what you might conceive Rinaldo’s to have been, with large black curls, altogether making the prettiest head in the world. He is dressed like a prince, and is a thorough *bon garçon*.” We are a long way off the wigs and *rabats*, it will be seen; but we have got a clue to the secret. It is the *médecin bon garçon* Madame de Sevigné is in search of. She finds him at the baths—*les eaux*. He has none of the pedantry, possibly little of the science, of his Paris brethren of the Faculty. He is a man of the world, and can sacrifice to the graces. Medically, his part seems restricted to drenching and dosing his patients with hot water. Tired of court amusements, they fly to the *douche* and the vapour-bath to expel those inward vapours of which Frenchwomen, and indeed our own great-grandmothers, complained so much. Madame de Sevigné goes through this ordeal perseveringly; but she has her alleviations. “My doctor”—this is another pet *bon*

garçon—"is very good. Instead of resigning myself to two hours' *ennui*, inseparable from *la sueur* (the sweating process), I make him read to me. He knows what life is; he has no trickery about him; he deals with medicine like a gentleman (*en galant homme*); in short, he amuses me."

At court the doctors had more serious trials. Besides the task of pleasing this or that capricious and exacting patron, they had to beware of displeasing twenty others. The princes of the blood shared with the sovereign the right to choose their own physician from any quarter they pleased, who became forthwith invested *ipso facto* with all the privileges of the Paris Faculty. Possibly, to make a little display of authority, they would often decline selecting him from the honoured precincts of the Rue de la Bûcherie, and perhaps take a doctor of Montpellier. Hence interminable jealousies. Then the doctors would sometimes be drawn into mixing themselves with party politics, and get into the Bastille; but this was their own fault. To escape the shaft of ridicule was more difficult. It appears certain that in *L'Amour Médecin* Molière ventured upon satirising four of the court physicians under assumed names; and this in the presence of the king himself, before whom the piece was played. Possibly Louis, whose docility to his physicians stands in remarkable contrast with his lofty distance towards others, might not be sorry to indulge occasionally in a laugh at his masters, or have a brief fling of independence, like a truant schoolboy. Of his habitual bondage to their authority we have the record in a journal of the royal health, magnificently bound in folio and besprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, which has been preserved. It was begun in 1652 at the desire of the boy-sovereign himself—who thus gave early tokens of his methodical tastes—and it was kept up till four years previous to his death, when it suddenly ceases, possibly because even the pen of flattery became unable to disguise the approaches of inevitable death. The whole is in the handwriting of Louis's three successive physicians, Valot, Daquin, and Fagon. No man, it is said, is a hero to his *valet de chambre*; still less, we may imagine, to his apothecary. That the king should have to submit to all those medical appliances which in Molière's pages are recorded in such plain terms, was perhaps a necessity—judged at least to be so; but that etiquette should require that the whole court should be regularly apprised of all these details, is a little surprising. The diary is, however, interlarded with no small amount of flattery. Valot inaugurates his office, for instance, by a memoir on the king's temperament, which was that of which "heroes are made;" and all is in the same adulatory and stilted style. But the writer is by no means unsparing of self-

laudation. It is with much evident self-complacency that he registers for the benefit of posterity the different remedies with which "Heaven inspired him" to prescribe for the preservation of a health so precious. "Plaster for the king," "potion for the king," and so on, figure in large characters. He can also play the prophet, and announce coming measles, dysenteries, &c., *from which the king is to be exempt*. There are temporary interruptions to Valot's absolute rule; these were the seasons when Louis was campaigning; the monarch on these occasions despised the care of his health, and threw physic to the dogs. The doctor groaned and remonstrated, but was fain to await the close of the campaign to resume his authority and make up for lost time. He died in his office. His nephew and successor, Daquin, was a Montpellier doctor and a converted Jew. He was a clever man of moderate science. But he entered on his charge in difficult days. A gouty prince, subject to melancholy, and desirous to abate nothing of his customary attention either to business or amusement, is not an easy patient to manage. Besides, the royal valetudinarian met with sundry accidents while under this physician's care. Daquin was an accomplished courtier, and even improved upon Valot in the art of flattery. From him we learn the remarkable fact that "the king is subject, like other men, to catch cold." With all his tact, Daquin did not escape disgrace. Perhaps he made too undisguised a display of his acquisitive disposition; indeed, he was a notorious beggar. It is related that one day Louis, being informed of the death of an old officer, expressed regret, saying that the man had been to him a faithful servant, with the merit, rare in a courtier, of never having asked for any thing. While making this observation, he fixed his eyes pointedly on Daquin. The physician, no way disconcerted, naïvely said, "May one venture to inquire, sire, what your majesty gave him?" The king was silenced, for the bashful courtier in question had never received any royal favour whatsoever. Daquin was dismissed in 1693. He had asked for the Archbishopric of Tours for his son. He had so often offended, if offence it were considered, in making bold requests, that it is hardly likely that this application was the real cause of his disgrace. It was probably rather the consequence of the king's rupture with Mme. de Montespan, to whom Daquin owed his elevation. It appears that ever since the king's marriage he had found some difficulty in maintaining his position, from which it is natural to infer that adverse influences were at work; indeed, it was a *protégé*, or rather, a friend, of Mme. de Maintenon who was promoted to fill his place—a circumstance corroborative of this supposition. Fagon appears to have been a very estimable man, and

the attachment and mutual esteem subsisting between him and his patroness, with whom he had first become acquainted in his capacity of physician to the Duc de Maine, never abated.* He won the confidence also of Louis, and the favour he enjoyed while still in his position of secondary physician was much increased at the period of the king's great illness by a trifling circumstance which made a strong impression on the monarch's mind. One night all the surgeons and doctors, Daquin included, had ventured to go to bed. The king had taken a *bouillon*, and the fever seemed to be subdued. But Fagon, unobserved by the rest, slipped back and took his post in an arm-chair in the ante-room. He was thus at hand to comfort and administer a *tisane* to the sick monarch, whose fever shortly returned, and who, albeit with the fear of Daquin greatly before his eyes, ventured to accept the services of the attentive subaltern. The *tisane* sent Louis to sleep, and made Fagon's fortune. Three months afterwards he was first in command. He deserved his elevation to an office which was a post of no slight honour and profit.† He bore his honours meekly, and was remarkable for a spirit of disinterestedness as rare as it was creditable to him. Fagon closes the list of the court physicians of the seventeenth century, and indeed carries us on into the eighteenth. All reserve being made in his favour, it must be confessed that the great dramatist's satire was richly deserved by those doctors of royalty, whose ambitious manœuvres, intrigues, and paltry rivalries were enough to excite the indignation of any honest man.

We have seen that the independent physician, who stood aloof from courting the great, could lead an honourable and tranquil life; but it would be a mistake to conclude that profound peace reigned within the medical corporation itself. On the contrary, it was the scene of a bitter internecine war between the men of the new ideas, the men of progress, and the adherents to tradition and the received

* Fagon was the nephew of Guy de la Brosse, the founder of the *Jardin du Roi*, now developed into the magnificent Museum of Natural Science, and himself also an eminent botanist. He was named professor of botany at this establishment by Valot, who, as first physician to the king, was its superintendent.

† The king's physician ranked with the great officers of the crown, and received orders from the sovereign alone, to whom he took an oath of fidelity; and he became a count in virtue of his office, and transmitted his nobility to his children. He was entitled to the same honours and privileges as the high chamberlain. He was a councillor of state, and received the usual emoluments. When he visited the Faculty, he was met at the door by the dean, bachelors, and beadles, although he himself might not be a Paris doctor. He had, besides, very extensive authority, enjoying a species of medical jurisdiction throughout the kingdom.

system. But to excite men's passions ideas must assume a concrete form, which then becomes at once a rallying-point and a watchword. Such in the seventeenth century were the circulation of the blood and antimony. Ever since the days of Galen the liver had been held to be the origin of the veins, and of those organs by which blood is transmitted to the whole body. Harvey's announcement accordingly raised a universal commotion in the medical world: perhaps his doctrine would have met with less opposition but for the discovery of the lacteal veins by an Italian anatomist, Gasparo Aselli, in the year 1622. These veins, as most of our readers probably know, originating in the intestines, receive and convey thence the products of digestion—the chyle. Imbued with the doctrine of Galen, and deceived by appearances, Aselli, it is true, believed the liver to be their ultimate destination. Immediately there was one general outcry against these intrusive vessels: their non-necessity was put forward as a conclusive objection,—a very common argument, it may be noted, with the old doctors. Really it was not worth upsetting received notions on their account,—the lacteal vessels were superfluous. Even Harvey, who was among Aselli's opponents, joined in insisting on this unsatisfactory reason. "It is not necessary," he says, "to seek a fresh channel for the transport of the chyle in the lacteal veins." It was evident, he said, that the chyle was carried from the intestines by the mesenteric veins.

But in 1649 Pecquet, a Frenchman, completed the demonstration, by showing that the lacteal veins do not terminate in the liver, but in a reservoir, to which his name was given. Now indeed the liver, and Galen, and the whole edifice of medicine, were threatened; nothing could be deemed sacred any longer. The liver was not the origin of the veins, if the blood careered in a circle, having neither beginning nor end; and the chyle did not go to the liver. "*Quid de nostra fiet medicina?*" was the sorrowful exclamation of one of the doctors of the Montpellier faculty when Pecquet had triumphantly expounded his discovery before them. Ah, there was the difficulty! *Quid de nostra fiet medicina?* We are condemning our past—an argument which weighs powerfully against all conversions. Nothing can afford stronger evidence of the deep conviction entertained that the whole existing system was at stake, than the opposition of a physician of so much eminence, intellectual and scientific, as Riolan, whom alone of all his adversaries Harvey judged worthy of a rejoinder. It is astonishing, indeed, to see a man of his stamp reduced to throwing himself on such arguments as the uselessness and degradation of the liver if the new hypothesis be admitted; to find him urging the impropriety of allowing impure unelaborated chyle

to go straight to the heart, which under these circumstances it must do,—thus converting that noble seat of vital heat into an ignoble kitchen. And then, once there, how was the chyle to be got rid of? An absurd list of suppositions follows, intended to prove, by an exhaustive process, the sheer impossibility of disposing of the chyle after having arrived at such an *impasse*. *Ergo*, the chyle *must* go to the liver. In fact, it cannot go any where else with either reason or propriety. Such are the contemptible arguments to which even superior minds will stoop when they battle against evidence. Harvey, however, found many partisans amongst the Paris Faculty. Guy Patin, as we have said, was not of the number: he was not a deep thinker, and trusted his friend Riolan. Harvey's followers were called "circulators." Now "circulator" in Latin means a charlatan—that is enough for Guy Patin. The debate ceased with Riolan's death: the doctrine had been gradually gaining ground. In 1673 its victory had been achieved, when Louis instituted at the Jardin des Plantes a special chair of anatomy for propagating the new discoveries.

The battle about antimony raged still more fiercely, inasmuch as the question admitted of less tangible proof. There is a legend that this mineral was first exhibited in a pure state and applied to medical purposes by Basil Valentine, a Benedictine monk of Erfurt, in the beginning of the sixteenth century: he gave it to his hogs, who thrived marvellously. This is to be attributed to the arsenic contained in the drug, which fattens when taken in small quantities,—a fact well known to the peasants of Styria and Lower Austria. Basil next gave it to his monks, who fell sick; from which he drew the following conclusion: "This metal suits hogs; it does not suit monks." Hence its name of antimony. Thirty years later Paracelsus took up the study of antimony, and endeavoured to introduce its use, with that of other minerals, in medicine. This would have been to break completely with tradition; but Paracelsus was half-cracked, and not very intelligible. The sixteenth century was the age of alchemy, especially in Germany, where it was ardently pursued, in connection with the occult sciences, by men who rivalled Paracelsus in obscurity. In France transcendental chemistry found less favour, and there was early a split between the pseudo-mystics and the chemists. The former cultivated astrology; but astrology, as an aid to medicine, had quite fallen into disrepute in the seventeenth century, being abandoned to low vagabond quacks. Chemistry, however, was making gradual progress, and striving to establish its place in medicine. The sympathy manifested for this science at Montpellier was quite enough to indispose towards it the Faculty of Paris. The absurd blunders into which its association

with alchemy had betrayed it in times past weighed also on its reputation ; but, above all, the contempt for antiquity manifested by its adepts was calculated to condemn it in the eyes of the majority of the physicians, brought up as they were in reverence for all that chemistry pretended to reform or destroy.

There were not wanting, however, conciliatory spirits, who strove to effect a compromise between the past and the present, and make room for the new chemical theories in the received system. It has already been observed how Galen's theory of the humours of the body had been elaborated : all medical language was grounded upon it.* Disease was the result of the vitiation of these humours, each humour having its special morbid product. To expel this vitiated humour was the task of the doctor ; but why might not minerals be added to his pharmacopœia, without interfering with his principles ? This seemed reasonable ; and as a matter of theory the Faculty were not unwilling to let it pass. The difference arose on the practical question. All were agreed that the peccant humour was to be expelled ; but the faithful followers of Hippocrates attached great importance to awaiting what was called the *cocction* of the humours. This was the work of nature, which was employed in making an effort which the physician was called only to second,—an effort of which fever was but the symptom. It was esteemed a very nice point to hit off the proper moment, and not prevent or disturb the crisis which was thus preparing : hence the need of mild measures. Whoever will refer to the apothecary's bill in the first scene of Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* will see that lenifying, softening, tempering, and refreshing, were the avowed objects of the drugs administered. Such was Hippocratic medicine ; mild, at least, in theory. We must make one exception as respects bleeding : these enemies of violent measures bled with a vengeance ; they shed torrents of blood. They bled old men of eighty, and babies two months, nay, even two days old ; and this "without inconvenience,"—so they said. We presume some of the sufferers survived,—thanks to a strong constitution. Riolan says that there are twenty-four pounds of blood in the human body, and that twenty can be lost without causing death ; *ergo*, it is keeping within very reasonable bounds to deprive a man of only the half of his blood.†

* M. Raynaud, to whose amusing work we are again largely indebted, notices that much of this language still survives in the diction of the common people. Many of their ideas and forms of expression still reflect the old doctrine of humourism ; just as they have retained many words and idioms now become obsolete in the upper and more shifting strata of society.

† The famous Guy de la Brosse refused to be bled. He called bleeding the

The object of bleeding, of course, was the expulsion of the vitiated humours supposed to be contained in it; but it is hardly reconcilable with the doctrine of waiting for their *cocction* to commence operations by attacking a disease at once with the lancet. But this is one of Guy Patin's primary convictions, as well as of numbers of his brethren, and they conscientiously acted on the same. It was otherwise as respected emetics. Antimony administered in the potent quantities then used was a most frightful emetic. No one in those days thought of giving infinitesimal doses, or suspected that what was poisonous in large, might be salutary in fractional, proportions. It was reserved for Rasoni to discover that antimony could be thus beneficially administered. And so the whole question lay between those who held as a principle that the peccant humour was not to be expelled till after *cocction*, and those who maintained that the sooner the morbid matter was ejected from the system the better.

It is true that the horrible prostration of strength consequent on this summary process was sufficient to alarm men's minds, and furnish a reasonable topic to the opponents of antimony. The quarrel occupied a whole century; of course we cannot attempt to go into even its most elementary details. In 1566, the Parliament prohibited the use of this drug. The year 1666 saw it rehabilitated by the same body. The motive of the first decree was the report of the Faculty that antimony was an incorrigible poison. The idea, as we just now observed, that diminution of quantity might effect what was unattainable by correctives, did not occur to the medical mind of that day. In 1615 there was a fresh unanimous decree against antimony, also endorsed by Parliament; but the scientific world was still on the search for a *corrective*, and converts, or perverts, were being secretly made within the very sanctuary of the Faculty. In 1638, the Dean, Hardoun de Saint-Jacques, suddenly published an incomplete pharmaceutical codex, which had been in course of preparation for twelve years. In this dictionary antimonial wine actually figured in its alphabetical place. How had the enemy contrived to creep into the citadel? No one could say. This incident was the occasion of a deluge of pamphlets, of which the very form and language are, for the most part, like a dead letter to us. Hippocrates, Holy Scripture, History, and the Fathers, are all called into court. Even

remedy of sanguinary pedants, and said he would rather die than submit to the operation. "And he did die," says M. Basalis, a brother doctor; adding, "the devil will bleed him in the next world, as such a rascal and unbeliever deserves." Such are the imprecations hurled at the man who ventured on refusing to die *in proper form*. Could Molière have written any thing more sublimely comic?

the definition of antimony gives rise to much discussion; and it is gravely argued whether Adam, when conferring names in Paradise, named this drug, and if so, what he called it. Even the troubles of the Fronde did not check this medical civil war. Antimony had quite a literature of its own. Guy Patin, of course, was inimical, but a little cautious while the question of his deanship was impending. Afterwards he launches out: he hates chemistry, he hates antimony, he hates Guénaut, who is its warm advocate, and is besides Cardinal Mazarin's physician (Guy Patin is always in political opposition). Guénaut, he says, has poisoned his wife, daughter, and two sons-in-law with this drug; at last he poisons himself, and dies a martyr to his infatuation. And then the Faculty have twice condemned antimony. That is more than enough for Guy Patin. However, a great event turned the balance in its favour. During the campaign of 1658, the king, then twenty years of age, was attacked by typhus. Valot had been absent a few days, sent by Louis, as the journal tells us, to settle a quarrel between the physicians and surgeons who were treating the Maréchal de Castelnau for a mortal wound—poor marshal! He hastened back to his master, and fell to work vigorously, sparing neither bleeding nor dosing; but the king got worse, and Guénaut was sent for. The court-physicians—Valot, Esprit, Daquin, Yvelin, besides a local doctor—were all there disputing over the monarch's sinking body. A great consultation is now held, presided over by the Cardinal; and he votes for antimony. It was given. The king took an ounce, and marvellous are the recorded effects. However, whether in consequence or in spite of the dose, he recovered. Louis was at that time his people's darling and idol; they adored their young monarch, and he had been saved by Guénaut and antimony! Guy Patin's embarrassment at this crisis is a little ludicrous. The dose, he urges in extenuation, was small; but he concludes that, after all, what saved the king "was his innocence, his youth, and strength, nine good bleedings, and the prayers of good people like himself and others." Defections now became numerous, and the Faculty was in a false position. In fact, most of the doctors gave antimony in spite of the two decrees, the last of which interdicted the mention of it. In 1666 the embargo was finally removed, after a tedious and ponderous process, as were all processes in those days, before the Parliament; and the doctors were henceforth permitted "to give the said emetic wine for the cure of maladies, to write and dispute about it," &c.; but it was not lawful for persons to take it without their advice. The question had been decided in the Faculty by ninety-two doctors against ten. The decree came to sadden the last days of Guy Patin, and of a few

more respectable old stagers, who were unable to advance with their age.

But this internal conflict was not the only one which the Faculty had to sustain. There was the perennial dispute with the surgeons. Surgery and medicine are twin sciences, if they be not rather branches of one and the same. Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, made no practical distinction between them; nevertheless, they came to be entirely separated in medieval practice. Two causes may be assigned for this: the first was the quasi-ecclesiastical character of the medical profession in early days, which rendered the shedding of blood and other operations incompatible with the position of men who were either clerics or bound by clerical rules. Still, though they could not themselves draw blood, they could prescribe blood-letting and other sanguinary operations; and this led, of course, to the existence of another class, paid to carry out their orders. But a second and far more enduring cause was the strong prejudice existing in feudal times against manual labour as degrading. In vain might the surgeons urge that it was absurd to regard as merely mechanical an occupation which necessitated much scientific knowledge. The University shared the feelings of the Faculty on this point; and while admitting the doctors into its fellowship, rejected the surgeons. Excluded from this fraternity of liberal science, the surgeons gave themselves diligently to professional study. As early as the fourteenth century we meet with their celebrated confraternity, placed under the patronage of SS. Cosmas and Damian, which boasted of its foundation by St. Louis, and which maintained its existence for five centuries. The quarrel with the doctors began in the middle of the fifteenth century, and terminated only on the eve of the Revolution, when St. Cosmas's College and the Faculty were both alike to share the universal shipwreck of all the ancient institutions.

The surgeons had long been in the habit of availing themselves of the aid of the barbers in certain ordinary operations, and bleeding was at last entirely abandoned to their hands. Just, however, as the Faculty wished to depress the surgeons, and the latter were desirous to raise themselves to an equality with the Faculty, so also the surgeons were resolved to keep down their servants the barbers, who, on their part, aspired to rise in the professional scale. The policy of the Faculty was to foster their rivalry, and thus keep a check upon both; but as the nearest enemy is always the most dreaded, the time came when it was judged prudent to elevate the barbers, whose very inferiority rendered them less obnoxious, in order the better to make head against the surgeons; and so the Faculty adopted the barbers, in whom it hoped to find docile clients, in order to mortify its unsub-

missive children. It magnificently compared this measure to the call of the Gentiles and rejection of ungrateful Israel. But the barbers held their heads up now, and requested to study anatomy. Here was a difficulty. University regulations strictly enjoined that all public lessons should be in Latin; but what was the use of talking Latin to barbers? So the lecture was to be in Latin, and the explanation in French. Apparently to facilitate the comprehension of the classic tongue by the unlearned, the use of that whimsical Latin which Molière has so happily caricatured then first began. A clever compromise was now supposed to have been effected. A doctor was to teach in the amphitheatre of the Faculty without touching the body; a surgeon was to dissect; the barbers were to be present, and try to understand. This was in 1498.

Further concessions followed; and in 1505 the Faculty allowed the barbers to be inscribed on the Dean's Register, and, after passing through an examination, to be formally received as scholars. They paid, however, for their lessons, and took an oath never to prescribe an internal remedy, but to have recourse to the doctors for the medical treatment of their patients. On these conditions the proudest of scientific corporations extended its protection to, and even took into a certain fellowship, a profession not only humble, but so much despised, that in Germany at that period barbers were not admitted into any trade corporation. The credit of the king's barber—an important personage, who enjoyed familiar opportunities for asking favours—had something perhaps to say to the prosperity of this trade in France. And the barbers continued to prosper; it was their interest, indeed, to keep well with the Faculty, whose protecting hand once withdrawn, they would helplessly fall back under the cruel bondage of their old masters. But as time went on, they grew confident. The troubles of the League unhinged society, and for some years we find them neglecting to take the oath of fidelity. Meanwhile surgery had attained a proud position, and at the end of the sixteenth century was much in advance of the other sciences, both in its spirit of independent inquiry and in experimental practice.

Many eminent names illustrate its annals at this period. At the head of the corporation was Ambroise Paré, the restorer—we might almost say the creator—of modern surgery. He had been a barber's boy in his youth, and still treated his old associates with much consideration. Perhaps this honourable notice helped to turn their heads a little, for they actually began to set up school for themselves, and to maintain theses. This got them a snub from the Faculty, and a prohibition from Parliament, which recalled to

their recollection the ancient statute which permitted their intervention only "*pro furunculis, bocchiis, et apostumatibus*." But the time was past for enforcing such laws; every day the barbers more and more emancipated themselves from thralldom; and in 1629 they obtained the right of having their receptions presided over by the king's barber or by his lieutenant.

The surgeons meanwhile had left no stone unturned to get admission into the University, to have a recognised right to lecture publicly, and to receive the Chancellor's benediction. They were several times granted the king's license to this effect; but the University disregarded the royal injunction, and even set at naught a Papal Bull which, in 1579, recognised the surgeons' title to the Chancellor's benediction. There was a consequent *appel comme d'abus* from that Gallican body to the Parliament. Nevertheless, more than one chancellor was found to comply with the Pope's rescript.

Such, then, was the situation of parties in the beginning of Louis XIV.'s reign. Three rival corporations existed; in principle united, but mutually independent. There was the Faculty, petrified, as it were, in its immobility, demanding from the others a submission it could not obtain; there was the corporation of surgeons, intermediary between the learned bodies and the trading *bourgeoisie*, wearing the gown on days of ceremony, holding examinations, conferring degrees, but keeping shop;* and there were the barbers, with neither gown nor school, but living at the expense of the two former classes, and, by long prescription, freely practising surgery, and even medicine to a certain extent. The reasons for old distinctions had passed away,—nothing remained but inveterate rivalries. Anatomy was the perpetual theatre for dissension. The surgeons never had resigned themselves to the secondary part allotted to them. They claimed to teach what they understood at least as well as their superiors. But how to get bodies? The Dean of the Faculty had an exclusive claim to those of all executed criminals, and none other were procurable. Accordingly whenever an execution occurred, there was a regular scramble for the poor wretch's body. The students of surgery and the barber-apprentices assembled on the Place de Grève, where they had no difficulty in finding recruits amongst the rabble. Scarcely had the executioner done his work, when these bands, armed with swords and sticks, rushed on the yet warm corpse, which was carried off by the victors

* They hung up at their windows as a sign three emblematic boxes, surmounted with a banner bearing the figures of SS. Cosmas and Damian.

to some shop, in which they barricaded themselves against the *maréchaussée*. Many of these disgraceful acts went unpunished. Sometimes the Faculty would despatch an official to claim the body; he was always sent about his business; and then recourse was had to law. The report of an unfortunate *huissier*, who was actor and victim in one of these scenes, may be seen in a *procès-verbal* of the time. He was sent to seize a body which had been taken to St. Cosmas's. There he found three professors (in cap and gown!) giving an anatomical demonstration to a large audience. He was received with yells, and cruelly beaten. A force coming to his rescue, the students cut up the corpse into bits rather than let the Faculty get it.

A common interest and a common hatred of their domineering antagonist ended by drawing together the two inferior orders, and finally led to their reunion. The increasing number of the barbers, unrestrained by any rule, and unrestrainable by any law, threatened to swamp surgery altogether; and so the men of letters made up their minds to extend the hand of fellowship to the artisans, and receive them back, not as slaves any longer, but as brethren. In 1655 the surgeons swallowed this bitter pill; they took upon themselves the shame of uniting with the barbers, and the barbers entered on the privileges of the surgeons. Parliament ratified the contract, and the Faculty was scarcely named in the affair. It was left stranded. Its servants, whom it had raised from the dust to do its work and fight its battles, had betrayed it and gone off with arms and baggage to the enemy's camp. But it was not long without perceiving that it might draw profit from what seemed a discomfiture. The surgeons had conferred their privileges on the barbers; in return they had, of course, accepted the liabilities of their new associates. Now the barbers were bound by contract to an oath of fidelity, and other obligations of a pecuniary nature, to the Faculty. This body accordingly claimed either that the union effected should be dissolved, or that both companies should be subject to the engagements by which the barbers had bound themselves. It renewed at the same time all its former claims of supremacy, and its old prohibitions against teaching and conferring degrees, but, above all, against the assumption of the *cap and gown*.

Three years did this process last, which occupies a voluminous place in the Parliamentary registers. The surgeons eventually lost their cause; and that which did not a little contribute thereto was the manifestation of their own miserable internal dissensions. "St. Luke has been stronger than St. Cosmas!" exclaimed the triumphant Guy Patin at the news of this great victory. Seventy-

two doctors went in procession, in grand costume, to thank the President, Lamoignon, and the Avocat-général, Talon; and, in order to testify their special gratitude to the latter, it was decreed that, having well merited of the Faculty, he and his family should be attended *gratis* in perpetuity. A magnificent edition of Hippocrates in five folio volumes was presented along with this decree, enclosed in a silver box. For several days not one of the crest-fallen surgeons was to be seen in the streets, and six of their number, it is said, fell sick. Gladly would they now have dissolved the unhappy *mésalliance* they had contracted, but it was too late. Both barbers and surgeons, indeed, alike felt that the defeat was final; but on the latter it must have fallen with the most crushing severity. Before the close of the year the chair in which Ambroise Paré had sat—the symbol of departed greatness—was removed. They had to pay the impost, take the oath of fidelity—no humiliation was spared them. Thus forced into a preposterous alliance, which was made the pretext for its degradation, the surgical profession languished for many years. The Faculty on this occasion certainly committed its worst fault. For paltry questions of precedence it retarded for a century the progress of surgery, which did not emerge from the inferior position to which the decree of 1660 had reduced it, until time and necessity led to a reconstitution of surgery and shaving as two distinct professions. It was then that Louis XV., at the instance of La Peyronie, created the Royal Academy of Surgery, which furnished so many illustrious names to science in the eighteenth century, and which would doubtless have extinguished the old Faculty, if the Revolution had not saved it the trouble by destroying them both.

Our space forbids us to notice the other great battle of the Faculty during the period which has immediately fallen under our consideration—that which it waged and won against the Montpellier doctors. But the Montpellier school would deserve a notice by itself; and the interest which gathers round it has been heightened by the important questions, physiological and philosophical, connected with its name in the present day.

A word or two more, and we have done. When Molière was about to deal the Faculty its most grievous wound, it was triumphant on all sides. Yet, as a system, it was already doomed to that destruction which had fallen on the whole scholastic method in science prevailing in the Middle Ages. Hippocrates, it is true, furnished the text-book of medicine; but it was Hippocrates virtually commented by Aristotle, as all the old medical phraseology and medical argumentations abundantly prove. Much of the ridicule attached to

that venerable body against which Molière has raised an inextinguishable laugh had its origin in the retention of this language with all the quiddities of the schools, and of those curious dialectic exercises which formed the approved method of mental gymnastics in the Middle Ages long after they had been discarded every where else. The rest of the ridicule which falls to the due share of the Faculty must be laid to the account of the selfishness, pride, and egotism inherent in human nature, but which always strike us more forcibly when exhibited in a state of things foreign to current ideas and manners.

In conclusion, we would point out what we conceive may be esteemed as a sound point in the system of that day,—its treatment of man as a whole. There is no divorce with these old doctors between body and soul. Modern medical science has affected to treat the body apart from any regard to the spiritual portion of man's nature. While allowing the immense progress made in medicine and surgery in modern times, we cannot but feel that a serious error was committed in dividing what our fathers deemed inseparable. The materialistic errors of the eighteenth century, and, in particular, the materialism so prevalent in the learned medical body, are a standing comment on the systems which made clear decks of those fundamental principles which had come down to us from the earliest antiquity, and which had received the sanction of the Christian schools, in whose teaching physiology and psychology were always closely united; the study of the soul crowning that of physiology. We witness with satisfaction a strong reaction amongst many members of the French medical body towards views which harmonise thoroughly with the old doctrine of the Angel of the School, laid down long before those modern discoveries which are beginning slowly to lead men back, not to the pedantry of the olden time, but to those ancient paths from which our fathers would have deemed it heresy to wander.

Essays on the Poets.

I. HENRY TAYLOR.

THE present century has been a great age of English poetry—greater unquestionably than any which preceded it, except the Elizabethan. But there is one great difference between the Elizabethan poetry and that of the nineteenth century. Our poets of the sixteenth century in the main bore to each other a considerable resemblance,—not in detail, but in spirit. The English poetry of the nineteenth century, on the other hand, has unconsciously divided itself into different schools, as remote from each other as were those of Italian painting. In Wordsworth and Coleridge we have the school of philosophic thought, united with a mystical reverence for nature. In Shelley, Keats, and Landor we find the classical or Hellenic school, with its sharpness of outline, its love of definite and finite beauty, its appreciation of nature rather through the sensations than the intellect, and its habit of interpreting nature through sensuous types and mythological fancies. In Leigh Hunt and Thomas Hood English poetry wears an Italian grace and gaiety of aspect; while in the *Pleasures of Memory* and the *Pleasures of Hope* we have the last echoes of the French, or pseudo-classical school, transmitted from Goldsmith and Pope. In Crabbe we find the school of dry and hard reality, the dusty idyl of common English life,—externally, prosaic enough, yet with poetry at its centre, like the spark latent in the flint. The romantic and chivalrous tales of Scott were a revival of the old English ballad-poetry, with a larger development but a less fine handling and a less vivid inspiration. In Byron and Moore we have the poetry of passion, or, more correctly speaking, of emotional excitement; combined in the former instance with great energy of an imagination rather rhetorical than comprehensive or penetrating, and in the latter with great brilliancy and affluence of fancy, but with little refinement.

In our own day there have risen among us several new poets, the most celebrated of whom are unquestionably Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Henry Taylor. The poetry of the latter has now been presented to us in what is called a “complete edition;”^{*} and though we trust that it is not yet literally complete, enough of it is now before us

^{*} *The Poetical Works of Henry Taylor*. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall, 1864.

to allow of a comparison between his several works, and a more comprehensive estimate of them than we could have made when each of them successively appeared. We have not space to notice them all, and shall here confine ourselves to the principal one, *Philip van Artevelde*.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with Mr. Taylor's poetry is the small degree in which it can be classed with the schools above named. Like the first that we have referred to, it is thoughtful in an unusual degree; but its thoughtfulness is never abstract or metaphysical, still less mystical. In moral gravity it has some affinity with Southey's poetry; in scholarly and periodic construction of sentences, with Shelley's; in precision of form and compactness of diction, with Landor's. But in the case of these poets the resemblance to Mr. Taylor is far less than the dissimilitude; while with most of the other poets we have named he stands in striking contrast. There exists, it is true, one characteristic in common between the authors of *Childe Harold* and of *Philip van Artevelde*: in each case there is a strongly-marked ideal of human character, with which the author is plainly in sympathy, and with which he has a singular power of making us sympathise. The two ideals have also, with all their antagonism, thus much in common,—that they both eminently belong to the sphere of the natural man, and have few relations with the spiritual. But in all else they are absolutely opposed to each other. Lord Byron's ideal is that of a man mastered by his passions, or impelled mainly by his wrongs; one whose strength, like that of a projectile, is not a strength inherent in him, but one to which he is subjected. The ideal exhibited in *Philip van Artevelde*, while equally of this world, is a nobler conception. It is that of one whose passions are under the control of the intellect and moral will, however little these last are themselves ruled by a supernatural principle. But here the analogy ends. Lord Byron constantly delineates the same ideal in his various works; a proof that, despite the great ability of his dramas, his genius was not dramatic. Mr. Taylor's ideal may be found adumbrated in *Isaac Comnenus*, his earliest drama, while it is completely delineated in *Philip van Artevelde*; but in the latter work, and still more in his two later dramas, characters cast in the most different moulds are illustrated with no less vigour. His union of vigour with classic grace is his chief characteristic.

Mr. Taylor's poetry is preëminently that of action, as Lord Byron's is that of passion; or rather it includes action as well as passion, thus corresponding with Milton's definition of tragic poetry as "high actions and high passions best describing." It is this peculiarity

which has made him succeed in a species of poetry which most of our modern poets have attempted, but almost all unsuccessfully.

Wordsworth wrote a drama in his youth which he published in his old age: Coleridge wrote two; but though they bear the impress of genius, we feel in reading them that the author was not in natural sympathy with action, and that it was to him a dramatic necessity, not a thing to be valued for its own sake. He could analyse what lay still, not exhibit the fleeting. His characters are metaphysical conceptions, worked out with a conscious exercise of the philosophic faculty, not with that spontaneous energy and instinctive felicity which belongs to the genius essentially dramatic.

We should have felt certain that Sir Walter Scott could have excelled in the drama had he not made the attempt and failed. He could both conceive character and compose a story; but he lacked apparently the fiery intensity of the drama, and though a true poet, he is dramatic chiefly in his novels, while in his poems he is contented with being picturesque. Mr. Landor has written several dramas and numerous dramatic scenes. They abound in passages of high thought and refined sentiment; and they are characterised, now by the imperious eloquence, now by the antique majesty of that great writer. Yet they are not dramatic; the plot halts, as if the author had not thought it worth his pains to elaborate it; the fact being that where a genuine sympathy with dramatic action exists, the instinct of art forces the dramatist to take pains with the plot—which a celebrated author once confessed that “he always left a good deal to Providence.” Mr. Landor’s characters are also for the most part imperfectly conceived, though in the more impassioned scenes parts of them are brought out with a salient projection. It is in his *Imaginary Conversations*, where he has to do with dialogue but not with action, that his dramatic power achieves its highest triumphs. No matter what country or what age he deals with, he is always at home in this region of art, which he has conquered for his own. He dramatises not only individuals but epochs, nations, and states of society. In such dialogues as that between Roger Ascham and Jane Grey, or that between Bacon and Hooker, we have the England of the sixteenth century; in his “Lucullus and Cæsar” we have old Rome; in his “Epicurus, Ternissa, and Leontium” we have more of Greece than we can gain from all other classical revivals put together. In his “Pentameron” we have Italy at the restoration of literature. The dramatic rises to the full strength of the tragic in his “Tiberius and Vipsania;”—yet on the whole he failed as a dramatic poet. What he lacked was genuine sympathy with action.

As an exception to the undramatic character of modern English

genius, the *Cenci* of Mr. Shelley may be named. An extraordinary vigour and skill are shown in the treatment of a subject so revolting as to be unfit for our times, despite the precedents, which are but partially such, of Pagan Greece. Mr. Shelley in this work remarkably exhibits the faculty of self-control that belongs to genius. On all other occasions his imagination not merely dealt largely with metaphor and image, but lived in a world of such. He never saw any thing as it was, because he always saw what it was like; nay, he piles image upon image, and the object he describes is sometimes reflected from so many different mirrors that the dazzled reader walks in a sphere where it is hard to distinguish between substance and semblance. It was only by putting an absolute restraint upon himself that he could even hope to write a drama; and in the whole of the *Cenci* there is but one passage that can be called figurative. The imagination self-subjected to this restraint became strengthened for severer toils than usual, and moulded the work into a fair shape, though hewn out of a dark material. But he did not succeed in similar attempts at a later time. One who had the best means of forming a correct judgment, Leigh Hunt, believed that had Shelley lived he would have made himself chiefly known as a tragic poet; but, as a matter of fact, he wrote his *Witch of Atlas* in three days, while the labour of weeks got him through but a few scenes of his projected drama on Charles I.

Much of poetic and dramatic power has been shown by other recent writers besides those whom we have referred to; but the result has seldom corresponded with the ability spent on them. Dean Milman, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, Charles Lamb, George Darley, Shiel, and others have written dramas; but it is chiefly in connection with other tasks that they are remembered; while the plays which have been most successful on the stage—those of Sir Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles—have not been those of the highest literary merits. The undramatic character of modern poetic genius is evinced by the fact that while so many plays have been written, so few finely-conceived and adequately-illustrated original characters have been added to the stores of the British drama. One of these few is to be found in the *Mary Tudor* of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, where the sad English queen—certainly one of the most dramatic characters presented to us by history—is delineated in her virtues and her errors, her wrongs and her woes, her aspirations and infirmities, with a strong clear hand and a fearless impartiality.

Mr. Taylor has now published six dramas: *Isaac Comnenus*, *Philip van Artevelde* (in two parts), *Edwin the Fair*, *A Sicilian Summer*, and *St. Clement's Eve*. The earliest of these, though at first

less successful than the works that succeeded it, gave no doubtful promise of a brilliant dramatic career. The earlier works of men of genius, however inferior to their later, have generally contained the germ of the excellence developed by labour and time; and in this instance both the style of the work and the character of the hero were an anticipation of that maturer drama which at once established the poet's reputation. It is not a little remarkable that a public which had so long been accustomed to the vehement stimulants of Lord Byron, and the bright but superficial imagery of Moore, should have responded to so sudden a summons. Had the challenge been a less bold one, it would probably have been less successful. In the preface to *Philip van Artevelde* Mr. Taylor proclaimed open war against the poetic taste of his time. The poets in whom the age had chiefly delighted were characterised, he affirmed, "by force and beauty of language, and by a versification particularly easy and adroit, and abounding in that sort of melody which, by its very obvious cadences, makes itself most pleasing to an unpractised ear. They exhibited, therefore, many of the most attractive graces and charms of poetry, —its vital warmth, not less than its external embellishments; and had not the admiration which they excited tended to produce an indifference to higher, graver, and more various endowments, no one would have said that it was, in any evil sense, excessive. But from this unbounded indulgence in the mere luxuries of poetry has there not ensued a want of adequate appreciation for its intellectual and immortal part? I confess that such seems to me to have been both the natural and the actual result, and I can hardly believe the public taste to have been in a healthy state whilst the most approved poetry of past times was almost unread. We may now perhaps be turning back to it; but it was not, as far as I can judge, till more than a quarter of a century had expired that any signs of reaction could be discerned. Till then the elder luminaries of our poetical literature were obscured or little regarded, and we sat with dazzled eyes at a high festival of poetry, where, as at the funeral of Arvalan, the torchlight put out the starlight.

"They (the popular modern poets) wanted, in the first place, subject-matter. A feeling came more easily to them than a reflection, and an image was always at hand when a thought was not forthcoming. . . . The realities of nature, and the truths which they suggest, would have seemed cold and incongruous if suffered to mix with the strains of impassioned sentiment and glowing imagery in which they poured themselves forth. . . . Writers, however, whose appeal is made so exclusively to the excitabilities of mankind will not find it possible to work upon them continuously without a dimi-

nishing effect. Poetry of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order."

The new aspirant was fortunate in his theme. It was taken from a period of history when the life of the Middle Ages was passing into that of modern political society, and when those picturesque pomps of chivalry with which Sir Walter Scott had made men familiar were beginning to yield before the first blasts of a storm by which the ecclesiastical as well as the political institutions of Europe were visited before long. In the fourteenth century the Flemish cities, though subject to the Earl of Flanders, enjoyed an almost republican independence with respect to their internal affairs. If offended by one of the earl's bailiffs, they rose in arms under their associated "guilds" or crafts; and could they have permanently united, it would have been nearly impossible to have reduced them again to obedience. But the interest of one city was not that of another; and in Ghent itself, as well as the towns that sided with it—such as Damne, Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, &c.—there were generally two parties, that of the rich, whose trade required peace, and that of the poor, who regarded war as their trade. It was apparently its nearness to actual life, not the chivalrous pageantry mixed up with it, that recommended this theme to a dramatist of robust and practical genius. The war was one which "in its progress extended to the whole of Flanders, and excited a degree of interest in all the civilised countries of Europe, for which the cause must be sought in the state of European communities at the time. It was believed that entire success on the part of Ghent would bring on a general rising almost throughout Christendom of the commonalty against the feudal lords and men of substance. The incorporation of the citizens of Paris, known by the name of 'the Army with Mallets,' was, according to the well-known chronicler of the period, 'all by the example of them of Ghent.' Nicholas le Flamand deterred them from pulling down the Louvre by urging the expediency of waiting to see what success might attend the Flemish insurgents. At Rheims, Chalons-on-the-Marne, at Orleans, Beauvoisin, the like designs were entertained. 'The rebellion of the Jacquerie,' says Froissart, 'was never so terrible as this was likely to have been.' Brabant, Burgundy, and the lower part of Germany were in a dangerous condition; and in England Wat Tyler's rebellion was contemporaneous, and not unconnected with what was going on in Flanders." (Preface.) It was the first great upheaval of the popular element in modern society. At the end of the last century the "fountains of the great deep were broken open," and the institutions

which had survived many a lesser shock went down beneath the great deluge. In our own day the storm continues to rage throughout no small part of the world; nor is it likely to cease in those of our sons; but the first murmurs of the tempest went forth from among the wealthy burghers of Flanders in the fourteenth century.

The leader of the insurgent party had been Jacques van Artevelde, who was murdered in a popular tumult. Things had long gone ill: the men who had successively headed the revolt had pushed themselves into eminence by courage and military skill, but had subsequently failed from want of personal ascendancy and statesmanlike ability. With their failure the play begins. Philip van Artevelde has lived the life of a retired student; but Van den Bosch, a rough hard-headed chief of the insurgents, has shrewdness enough to know that the powers of grave reflection in which he is himself deficient are as needful for the permanent success of a leader as energy and fearlessness. He offers Philip the supreme command in the people's name, and the recluse becomes the man of action. He desires to avenge his father's death; he desires to rescue his country from tyrants whose incompetency he scorns as much as he hates their brutality; but most of all he yields to that instinct which makes ability and daring seek a sphere large enough for them. The character of Philip constitutes the principal interest of the drama. Habitually thoughtful he is, yet never abstract; and the metaphysical speculations to which he refers at a late period of his career as having once passed across his mind were evidently but those guests of youth which abide only with the few who have a special vocation for such inquiries. Life and man had been the subject of his meditations; and living from his childhood amid the whirl of intense action, when the time came to take a part, action was as easy to him as thought unaccompanied by action to Hamlet. He is not embarrassed by scruples. He never shrinks from what is needful because it involves suffering and danger, whether to others or to himself. He is not selfish, or, at the earlier part of his career, strongly ambitious; but neither is he generous or self-sacrificing. He is grave-hearted. His aspirations are not after an ideal excellence, but to carry out a fixed purpose is the law of his being. He knows himself and the place that belongs to him; he has calculated his powers and ascertained their limits, and by a deliberate act resolved that he will try the venture and abide the consequence. He has had no temptation to conceal from himself any of the difficulties in his way, for his is that calm courage that sees things as they are. He has small patriotic enthusiasm, and aspires after no golden age. He looks on human society as a stormy sea of passions, that need to be

ruled; but he desires that they should be ruled by a manly at least, if not a disinterested, intelligence,—not by caprice in high place or by appetites more brutal than those restrained. Sagacious in intellect and fixed in purpose, his native dignity of character retains for him that ascendancy over his fellow-men which his daring and stern justice had early acquired. Without either breadth of sympathy or subtle refinement of thought, he carries every thing before him by his strength, consistency, and efficiency. To trace the changes made in such a character, first by a successful career and then by adverse fortune, was a great dramatic problem.

We cannot better illustrate either the character of Philip or that of the stormy times amid which his lot is cast than by the following extracts from a scene in which he discusses the events of the day with Father John of Heda, his counsellor and friend, and formerly his preceptor :

“Artevelde. I never look'd that he should live so long.

He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seem'd to live by miracle : his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than he
A thousand men more gloriously endow'd
Have fallen upon the course ; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes founder'd by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks push'd past them ; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

*Father John. Had Launoy lived, he might have pass'd for
great,*

But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere, the scale of circumstance, is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimm'd for him.

Artevelde. They will be dim and then be bright again.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion,
And many a cloud drifts by and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,

And lightly is death mourn'd : a dusk star blinks
 As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo !
 In a wide solitude of wintry sky
 Twinkles the re-illuminated star,
 And all is out of sight that smirch'd the ray.
 We have not time to mourn.

Father John. The worse for us !
 He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.
 Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
 For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
 Where sorrow's held intrusive and turn'd out,
 There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
 Yet such the barrenness of busy life !
 From shelf to shelf Ambition clammers up
 To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all,
 Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
 Reposes self-included at the base.
 But this thou know'st."*

Philip has won, almost without seeking them, the affections of a beautiful but unprotected young Flemish heiress, the friend of his sister, Clara van Artevelde. In an interview, in which the confiding grace, ingenuousness, and devotedness of the Lady Adriana are more striking than any chivalrous ardour on her lover's part, he gains the promise of her hand. She has had a less fortunate admirer in the Lord of Occo ; and the rejected suitor is stimulated by jealousy, as well as by his political interests, to conspire against his rival. The Earl of Flanders has sent two emissaries, Sir Guisebert Grutt and Sir Simon Bette, to traffic with traitors in the Flemish camp. To divide his enemies, he has also offered an amnesty, on condition that three hundred citizens are delivered up to his justice. A meeting is convened at the Stadt-house ; and the Lord of Occo promises to attend it, having first resolved on the assassination of Philip. Fearing, however, that his conspiracy has been discovered, he stays away at the critical moment. For a time the two emissaries are successful with the people ; but the moment it becomes Artevelde's turn to speak, their intrigue begins to unravel. His harangue carries the people with him as a storm carries dead leaves. He reminds them of their past achievements, and of the remorseless cruelties practised on them by the earl. He demands who can tell that his own name is not included among the three hundred to be delivered up to torments and death ; and at the moment that he finds himself the master of his audience he turns on the delegates, denounces them

* Vol. i. p. 21.

as traitors, and stabs Grutt to the heart, while Van den Bosch slays Bette.

The scabbard thrown away, the war-party is at once in the ascendant; and the wealthy burghers are taught that their young chief has left his books, and become such a man of action as may not be trifled with. The Lord of Occo makes his escape, and succeeds also in carrying off Adriana, of whose broad lands he proposes to become the master by a forced marriage with the heiress. The scene changes to a banqueting-hall at Bruges, where the Earl of Flanders is magnificently entertained by the mayor and citizens. There is a song on the approaching fall of Ghent,—

“Flat stones and awry, grass, potsherd, and shard,
Thy place shall be like an old churchyard!”—

which animates the earl so vehemently that he accuses himself of having sinned against true chivalry in demanding the heads of but three hundred burghers. In the midst of the revel Occo arrives, and boasting is changed into shame. The earl at first cannot believe that he has any thing to fear from such a man as Philip.

“God help them!

A man that as much knowledge has of war
As I of brewing mead! God help their souls!
A bookish nursling of the monks—a meacock!

D'Arlon. My lord, I'm fearful you mistake the man.

If my accounts be true, the life he's led
Served rather in its transit to eclipse
Than to show forth his nature; and that pass'd,
You'll now behold him as he really is,
One of a cold and of a constant mind,
Not quicken'd into ardent action soon
Nor prompt for petty enterprise; yet bold,
Fierce when need is, and capable of all things.”

D'Arlon, although a faithful adherent of his liege lord, the Earl of Flanders, has contracted not only an inviolable friendship with Artevelde, but also a love-troth with Clara. Fortunately for the Lady Adriana, it is in his house at Bruges that Occo and his captive are domiciled by the earl's command. She makes her complaint to the young knight, who at once defies Occo to deadly combat.

The following brief conversation between D'Arlon and Gilbert Matthew, one of the earl's counsellors, is a graphic sketch of that stormy time:

“*Gilbert.* No sooner had his highness reached the palace
Than he sends back for me.

D'Arlon. And me the same.
Gilbert. His highness is not happy.
D'Arlon. That is likely ;
 But have you any private cause to think it ?
Gilbert. I have observed that when he is not happy
 He sends for me.
D'Arlon. 'And do you mend his mood ?
Gilbert. Nay, what I can. His highness at such times
 Is wishful to be counsell'd to shed blood.
D'Arlon. 'Tis said that he is counsell'd oft to that.
Gilbert. It is my duty to advise his highness
 With neither fear nor favour. As I came,
 The bodies of three citizens lay stretch'd
 Upon the causeway.
D'Arlon. How had they been kill'd ?
Gilbert. By knocking on the head.
D'Arlon. And who had done it ?
Gilbert. The officers that walk'd before the Earl,
 To make him room to pass. The streets were full,
 And many of the mean-crafts roam'd about
 Discoursing of the news they heard from Ghent ;
 And as his highness pass'd they misbehaved,
 And three were knock'd upon the head with staves.
 I knew by that his highness was not happy.
 I knew I should be sent for."*

In such brief and interstitial scenes as the one we have quoted the hand of a true master of dramatic art is seen as much as in passages of the most high-wrought pathos. Genius, even when not essentially dramatic, will often in the most interesting portions of a play produce what is so profound in sentiment or eloquent in expression, that in our enjoyment of it as poetry we forget to ask whether it be dramatic or not. True dramatic genius includes, besides a philosophic insight into character, a certain careless felicity in dealing with externals. This tact is a thing which we always find among our dramatists in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, and which in our modern drama—the tradition having been broken—we almost always lack. The well may be deep and the water pure, but it is commonly without life. The soundest philosophic analysis will not serve as a substitute for a shrewd sharp observation, and that vividness of handling analogous to a hasty sketch by a great painter. This is the great defect of the German drama. Characters are sometimes nobly conceived, and a plot is laboriously devised capable of illustrating them ; but the unconscious skill and imitative instinct which ought to mediate between the world

* Vol. i. p. 86.

of abstract conception and outward illustration is wanting. We miss the electric vitality of true art. The distinction is that between the drama taken from life and that drawn from books. England has long been the land of action, and Germany that of thought. In England, moreover, the drama grew up at a time when the passions expressed themselves freely, and when, as among children and races in an early stage of development, the impulses were stronger from having never known restraint or disguise. In Germany the drama arose at a period of conventionalities and respectabilities as well as of theories. It was a philosophical imitation, not a living tradition; and with all its merits, it shares the defect of Germany's modern school of religious painters, in which the highest æsthetic science, directed by the noblest aims, cannot make up for the want of inspiration and of popular sympathy.

The revived English drama has had some of the same refrigerating influences to contend with. It is to Mr. Taylor's keen appreciation of the early English dramatists, evinced by his happy use of a language analogous to theirs, that he owes in no small degree his superiority. His style has been also not a little in his favour. The importance of style is wholly overlooked by those who regard it as but the outward garment of thought. It has more analogy to the skin than to the clothes. It fits closely, adapts itself to every movement, and is quickened by the instinct of life. There is in it a power even beyond its own intention. Style is doubtless in the main the result of a man's intellectual constitution, but it reacts largely on that which has produced it. A style like Mr. Taylor's, with its sharp precision and lightness combined with strength, is incompatible with the feeble, the languid, or the false in conception.

To proceed with our analysis of *Philip van Artevelde*. The Earl of Flanders is advised by Gilbert Matthew to starve Ghent into surrender; and he succeeds in cutting off all supplies from the place. Famine sets in, and pestilence follows. But the desperate situation suggests a desperate remedy. Artevelde proposes that five thousand of the bravest and strongest citizens should be supplied with what food still remains, and accompany him on a march to Bruges, the earl's capital. The small but resolute band arrive there a little before sunset. It is a festival; the inhabitants of Bruges have been making merry; and half of them rush out in a state of intoxication to encounter an enemy whom they despise. The setting sun shines in their faces; the archers of Ghent bewilder them with their arrows; the townspeople fall into an ambush; a total rout ensues. Artevelde enters Bruges with the flying troops, and the Earl with difficulty escapes. Gilbert Matthew and the Lord of

Occo are taken prisoners, and immediately condemned to death; and the First Part ends with the words,

“Now, Adriana, I am wholly thine.”

We must be brief in our sketch of the Second Part. For a long period Artevelde has enjoyed unquestioned power; but the storm breaks on him at last. The counsellors of the youthful King of France, alarmed by the outbreak of popular revolt in many parts of Europe, resolve to deprive the movement-party of the encouragement it derives from the success of the revolt in Flanders. The boy-king rejoices in the opportunity of proving his chivalry and aiding his exiled cousin. Artevelde sends Father John of Heda to England, in hopes of winning the alliance of Richard II. For him there has been a change worse than any political event can bring. His wife is dead, and his hearth has long been desolate. A change has taken place in his own character likewise; and it is with a consummate art that the dramatist indicates the effect of time and success on such a character. He has grown more imperious and less scrupulous. Accustomed to see all men bow before him, his own will, guided mainly by considerations of public expediency, has been his main law of action. When warned by Father John that since his elevation he has not been unvisited by worldly pride and its attendant passions, he replies:

“Say they so?

Well, if it be so, it is late to mend,
For self-amendment is a work of time,
And business will not wait. Such as I am,
For better or for worse, the world must take me,
For I must hasten on. Perhaps the state
And royal splendour I affect is deem'd
A proof of pride; yet they that these condemn
Know little of the springs that move mankind.

If (which I own not)

I have drunk deeper of ambition's cup,
Be it remember'd that the cup of love
Was wrested from my hand. Enough of this.
Ambition has its uses in the scheme
Of Providence, whose instrument I am
To work some changes in the world or die.”*

His thoughts are not as lofty nor his feelings as pure as they were, but he is as daring and as sagacious as ever. The King of France has sent a herald to require his immediate submission, the alter-

* Vol. i. p. 177.

native being war. The French message is cast in the haughtiest language. Enthroned in his chair of state, and surrounded by his council, Artevelde flings back the defiance in a speech which, as an exponent of the revolutionary cause, has probably never been surpassed. There is in it nothing either of the daring speculation with which the cause of revolt is advocated by Shelley or of the declamatory cynicism of Byron. It is a practical business speech, raging itself into a white heat, and still looking cold. In its domineering vindictiveness it is ever logical.

"Artevelde. Sir Herald, thou hast well discharged thyself
Of an ill function. Take these links of gold,
And with the company of words I give thee,
Back to the braggart king from whom thou cam'st.
First, of my father: had he lived to know
His glories, deeds, and dignities postponed
To names of barons, earls, and counts (that here
Are to men's ears importunately common
As chimes to dwellers in the market-place),
He with a silent and a bitter mirth
Had listen'd to the boast; may he his son
Pardon for in comparison setting forth
With his the name of this disconsolate earl!
How stand they in the title-deeds of fame?
What hold and heritage in distant times
Doth each enjoy—what posthumous possession?
The dusty chronicler with painful search,
Long fingering forgotten scrolls, indites
That Louis Mâle was sometime Earl of Flanders,
That Louis Mâle his sometime earldom lost,
Through wrongs by him committed, that he lived
An outcast long in dole not undeserved,
And died dependent: there the history ends;
And who of them that hear it wastes a thought
On the unfriended fate of Louis Mâle?
But turn the page and look we for the tale
Of Artevelde's renown. What man was this?
He humbly born, he highly gifted, rose
By steps of various enterprise, by skill,
By native vigour, to wide sway, and took
What his vain rival having could not keep.
His glory shall not cease, though cloth-of-gold
Wrap him no more; for not of golden cloth,
Nor fur, nor minever, his greatness came,
Whose fortunes were inborn: strip me the two,—
This were the humblest, that the noblest, beggar
That ever braved a storm.

.

You speak of insurrections ; bear in mind
 Against what rule my father and myself
 Have been insurgent : whom did we supplant ?
 There was a time, so ancient records tell,
 There were communities,—scarce known by name
 In these degenerate days, but once far-famed,—
 Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
 Order'd the common weal ; where great men grew
 Up to their natural eminence, and none
 Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great :
 Where power was of God's gift, to whom He gave
 Supremacy of merit, the sole means
 And broad highway to power, that ever then
 Was meritoriously administered,
 Whilst all its instruments from first to last,
 The tools of state for service high or low,
 Were chosen for their aptness to those ends
 Which virtue meditates. To shake the ground
 Deep-founded whereupon this structure stood
 Was verily a crime ; a treason it was
 Conspiracies to hatch against this state
 And its free innocence. But now I ask
 Where is there on God's earth that polity
 Which it is not, by consequence converse,
 A treason against nature to uphold ?
 Whom may we now call free ? whom great ? whom wise ?
 Whom innocent ?—the free are only they
 Whom power makes free to execute all ills
 Their hearts imagine ; they alone are great
 Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up
 In luxury and lewdness—whom to see
 Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn
 Their station's eminence ; the wise, they only
 Who wait obscurely till the bolts of heaven
 Shall break upon the land, and give them light
 Whereby to walk ; the innocent—alas !
 Poor innocency lies where four roads meet,
 A stone upon her head, a stake driven through her,
 For who is innocent that cares to live ?
 The hand of power doth press the very life
 Of innocency out ! What then remains
 But in the cause of nature to stand forth,
 And turn this frame of things the right side up ?
 For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,
 And tell your masters vainly they resist.
 Nature that slept beneath their poisonous drugs
 Is up and stirring ; and from north and south,
 From east and west, from England and from France,

From Germany and Flanders and Navarre,
 Shall stand against them like a beast at bay.
 The blood that they have shed will hide no longer
 In the blood-sloken soil, but cries to heaven.
 Their cruelties and wrongs against the poor
 Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,
 And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,
 That ceases then from hissings and from groans,
 Rises the song : How are the mighty fallen !
 And by the peasant's hand ! Low lie the proud !
 And smitten with the weapons of the poor—
 The blacksmith's hammer and the woodman's axe.
 Their tale is told : and for that they were rich,
 And robb'd the poor ; and for that they were strong,
 And scourged the weak ; and for that they made laws
 Which turn'd the sweat of labour's brow to blood—
 For these their sins the nations cast them out ;
 The dunghills are their deathbeds, and the stench
 From their uncover'd carrion steaming wide
 Turns in the nostrils of enfranchised man
 To a sweet savour. These things come to pass
 From small beginnings, because God is just.*

The love-story of Part II. is wholly unlike that of Part I. : with it is closely connected the poetic justice of the play. The love is a guilty love, and conduces in a large degree both to the fall of Artevelde and to his death. Between the two parts of the play a lyrical interlude is interposed, entitled the "Lay of Elena." It is a modified specimen of that poetry abounding in romantic sentiment, imagery, and figure, which, in the body of his work, Mr. Taylor has discarded. It records the fortunes of a beautiful Italian, who, after being betrayed and deserted, has lived for some time with the Duke de Bourbon, one of the French king's uncles, the object of a silly and selfish but passionate love on his part, which she has but feebly returned. Mortified at finding that his devotion to his mistress has made him an object of ridicule, the duke has vented on her his spleen in many a caprice, and spoken of her in insulting terms. On the capture of a Flemish city, Elena has fallen into the hands of the Regent. He protects her, and places a safeguard at her disposal, in case she should wish to return to France. She is in no hurry to return. With all the energy of her wild and wilful nature, the imaginative and melancholy woman, who had looked on love but with self-reproach and despair, fixes her affections on the Regent, still with self-reproach, but no longer in despair. He can hardly be said to return

* Vol. i. pp. 172-5.

such love as hers; but he has wearied of unhappiness, and to love, as a social need, he is still accessible. But for this disastrous tie peace was still possible. The Duke of Bourbon has despatched Sir Fleurant of Heurlée to the Regent's camp with a request that he would send back Elena, and an implied promise that in return the king shall be prevented, through his influence, from going to war in defence of the Earl of Flanders.

We shall now give an extract from a scene in which the Regent describes his lost wife and his own desolation. It is an illustration of Mr. Taylor's poetry in its more impassioned vein. There is about it a sad rich colouring as of a dusky day in autumn. The character of both the speakers is painted with a lavish hand, and the long and melancholy cadences of the metre echo the sadness of a new love which has grown up among omens of woe, and has too much self-reproach about it to promise, almost to desire, happiness. The scene displeases while it charms, and it instructs us while it displeases. Thus to have spoken of his wife to her rival—a rival so unlike her in all save devotedness—is what Artevelde would have shrunk from (as we may imagine) in his youth. But his character is in decline; and neither love, nor the memory of love, wears for him any purer light than that of common day. He admires and he deprecates the grace and goodness lost; but the "beautiful regards" turned back on him from the land of shadows do not trouble his heart:

"Artevelde. She was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touch'd
No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!
Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,
Its small disquietudes and insect-stings,
Disturb'd her never, she was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.
These are but words.

Elena. My lord, they're full of meaning.

Artevelde. No, they mean nothing—that which they would
speak

Sinks into silence; 'tis what none can know
That knew not her—the silence of the grave—

Whence could I call her radiant beauty back,
 It could not come more savouring of heaven
 Than it went hence—the tomb received her charms
 In their perfection, with nor trace of time
 Nor stain of sin upon them ; only death
 Had turn'd them pale. I would that you had seen her
 Living or dead.

Elena. I wish I had, my lord ;
 I should have loved to look upon her much ;
 For I can gaze on beauty all day long,
 And think the all-day long is but too short.

Artevelde. She was so fair that in the angelic choir
 She will not need put on another shape
 Than that she bore on earth. Well, well,—she's gone,
 And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief
 Are transitory things no less than joy,
 And though they leave us not the men we were,
 Yet they do leave us. You behold me here
 A man bereaved, with something of a blight
 Upon the early blossoms of his life
 And its first verdure, having not the less
 A living root, and drawing from the earth
 Its vital juices, from the air its powers :
 And surely as man's health and strength are whole
 His appetites regerminate, his heart
 Reopens, and his objects and desires
 Shoot up renew'd. What blank I found before me
 From what is said you partly may surmise ;
 How I have hoped to fill it, may I tell ?

Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.

Artevelde. Indeed !
 Then am I doubly hopeless. What is gone,
 Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the soul,
 Nor memory's tricks, nor fancy's invocations—
 Though tears went with them frequent as the rain
 In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed
 Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead—
 Can bring again ; and should this living hope,
 That like a violet from the other's grave
 Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil
 Finding moist nourishment—this seedling sprung
 Where recent grief had like a ploughshare pass'd
 Through the soft soul, and loosen'd its affections—
 Should this new-blossom'd hope be coldly nipp'd,
 Then were I desolate indeed !

Elena. I said I fear'd another could not fill
 The place of her you lost, being so fair
 And perfect as you give her out.

I cannot give you what you've had so long ;
 Nor need I tell you what you know so well.
 I must be gone.*

The Regent, on her departure, falls into the following soliloquy ; to explain the latter part of which, it is necessary to premise that the criminals sentenced are Flemings detected in carrying on, at the instigation of Sir Fleureant, a correspondence between some of the Flemish cities and France :

" *Artevelde*. [*after a pause*] The night is far advanced upon the morrow,

And but for that conglomerated mass
 Of cloud with ragged edges, like a mound,
 Or black pine-forest on a mountain's top,
 Wherein the light lies ambush'd, dawn were near—
 Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.
 Was it well spent? Successfully it was.

Ho, Nieuwerkerchen!—When we think upon it,
 How little flattering is a woman's love!
 Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest
 And propp'd with most advantage ; outward grace
 Nor in ward light is needful ; day by day
 Men wanting both are mated with the best
 And loftiest of God's feminine creation,
 Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,
 And ridicules the very name of choice.
 Ho, Nieuwerkerchen! What then, do we sleep?
 Are none of you awake?—and as for me,
 The world says Philip is a famous man.—
 What is there women will not love, so taught?—
 Ho, Ellert! by your leave, though, you must wake.

Enter an Officer.

Have me a gallows built upon the mount,
 And let Van Kortz be hung at break of day.
 No news of Bulsen or Van Muck?

Officer.

My lord,

Bulsen is taken ; but Van Muck, we fear,
 Has got clean off.

Artevelde.

Let Bulsen too be hung."

This is certainly an extraordinary termination for a love-scene ; yet it is not more daring and original than it is in character. It is not such love as *Artevelde's* that expands the heart, nor such success that satisfies even self-love. From this time nothing prospers in the

* Vol. i. pp. 207-9.

Flemish camp. Every thing appears to fulfil the threat of Father John :

“ After strange women them that went astray
God never prosper'd in the olden time,
Nor will He bless them now.”

Van den Bosch, the ablest of Artevelde's lieutenants, is defeated, and receives a mortal wound. Many of the Flemish towns transfer their allegiance to their former lord; and even the name of Artevelde no longer carries its old magic,—a rumour having gone abroad that sorcery has subjected him to the spells of a French spy. The English king sends no aid: no hope remains but in a successful battle. Gathering together all his forces, Artevelde marches to the eastern bank of the lower Lis, to meet the French army and prevent them from passing the river. At a very early hour in the morning he leaves his tent :

“ *Artevelde.* The gibbous moon was in a wan decline,
And all was silent as a sick man's chamber.
Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs
Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,
The cold uncomfortable daylight dawn'd ;
And the white tents topping a low ground-fog
Show'd like a fleet becalm'd. I wander'd far,
Till reaching to the bridge I sate me down
Upon the parapet. Much mused I there,
Revolving many a passage of my life,
And the strange destiny that lifted me
To be the leader of a mighty host,
And terrible to kings.”

There he has a vision of his dead wife. He thus describes it to Elena :

“ She appear'd
In white, as when I saw her last, laid out
After her death ; suspended in the air
She seem'd, and o'er her breast her arms were cross'd ;
Her feet were drawn together, pointing downwards,
And rigid was her form and motionless.
From near her heart, as if the source were there,
A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.
So she remain'd, inflexible as stone,
And I as fixedly regarding her.
Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,
Thy figure darted past her ; whereupon,
Though rigid still and straight, she downward moved ;
And as she pierced the river with her feet,
Descending steadily, the streak of blood

That stirr'd and lifted him to high attempts.
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,
He nothing lack'd in sovereignty but the right,
Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.
Wherefore, with honour lay him in his grave,
And thereby shall increase of honour come
Unto their arms who vanquish'd one so wise,
So valiant, so renown'd. Sirs, pass we on,
And let the bodies follow us on biers.
Wolf of the weald and yellow-footed kite,
Enough is spread for you of meaner prey ;
Other interment than your maws afford
Is due to these. At Courtray we shall sleep,
And there I'll see them buried side by side.*

Thus ends this drama ; which, for largeness of scope and skill in execution—for delineation of characters at once harmonised and contrasted—for intellectual vigour, gravity, variety, and energy,—has, as we believe, no equal since the Shakespearian age ; and which, owing nothing to meretricious allurements, cannot fail to keep that place in the estimate of thoughtful readers which it early acquired. Our limited space has allowed us but to indicate a few of its more prominent characteristics. A play that revives the energy of the Elizabethan dramatists, while it avoids their coarseness, must ever occupy a historical position in English literature. It is the most vigorous of Mr. Taylor's works ; though in his other plays, and in his minor poems, there are perhaps a larger number of those passages which illustrate the wisdom, the moral dignity, and the refinement that characterise Mr. Taylor's poetry not less than its vigour.

* Vol. i. pp. 289-92.

Personal Recollections of an old Oxonian.

I. CHRIST CHURCH UNDER DEAN HALL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You are so kind as to think that the public may be interested in my personal recollections of Oxford, going back, as they do, nearly half a century, and ranging over some twenty years of an important period; and you wish accordingly that I should put them on paper. I will do as you desire, upon one condition; and that is, that you will allow me to throw my narrative into the form of one or more letters to yourself. It is thus only that I can shield myself in the view of the public from the appearance of an absurd piece of egotism. Moreover, I suppose that most people can write on popular subjects more easily when addressing an individual than when discharging the contents of their memory, or their imagination, as it were, into the air.

I do not possess any written memoranda of the times to which you recall me, but the scenes of my youth are still vividly before my mind; and although, in trying to reproduce them on paper, I shall no doubt omit many things necessary to the completeness of my picture, yet I think I can promise tolerable accuracy in the description of what I do remember.

I happen to have just been reading for the first time Dean Stanley's beautiful Life of Dr. Arnold, in the earlier part of which you will remember that there occurs a very long letter from one of Arnold's most distinguished and most valued friends, containing a graphic delineation of undergraduate life at Oxford, when he and several eminent men yet living were companions together. In reading that interesting letter I could not help feeling, with a sense of deep personal humiliation, what a different idea it gives of Oxford undergraduate society from that which I obtained as the result of my own experience,—different not only as respects the general character of the life which it represents, but as respects also the moral tone of the individuals who gave to that life the character which is impressed on it. We are accustomed to suppose that the moral tone of Oxford has been in a progressive course of improvement since the beginning of the present century; yet the picture to which I refer belongs to a period more remote by several years than that which is present to my mind. However, as I have said, the contrast suggests feelings of personal humiliation in arrest of any precipitate judgment as to

the historical differences between Oxford in 1810 or 1812 and Oxford in 1820 or 1822.

I cannot tell how much of the gloom which hangs over my impression of undergraduate life at Oxford in my time is attributable to my own misuse of its actual opportunities; yet that the darkness of these recollections is not merely self-reflecting, I am thoroughly convinced, though it still may be that my lot as an undergraduate was cast in a sphere peculiarly unfavourable for the exhibition of what Oxford even in those days was actually capable of effecting. I do really think that Christ Church, the college at which I entered, as it was the highest in repute for the advantages of this world, was also, in my time, the most degraded in respect of all that relates to the true end of our existence. The letter to which I have just alluded conveys the idea of a small knot of men, belonging to one or more of the lesser colleges, living constantly with one another, and finding their chief interest in literary pursuits, rational converse, and harmless recreation. I will say confidently that such a picture as this had no kind of counterpart at Christ Church during the earlier years of my undergraduate life. I cannot recollect any set of men, however regular in ordinary college-duties, and however given to reading, of whom I do not feel sure that, with whatever possible exceptions in the case of individuals, they were, as a set, addicted to vice and loose conversation. I remained long enough at Oxford to witness a vast improvement; but the favourable testimony I shall hereafter give would be of no value if I attempted in any way to disguise the fact which I have just placed on record.

On the other hand, I am well aware that my own personal antecedents were in many respects unfavourable to my gaining from Oxford all the advantages of which it might have been productive in the case of another. Hence it is that I am led to mistrust the almost total absence in myself of those feelings of enthusiastic attachment to the place which are common to men of such diametrically opposite views and temperaments as the late Dr. Arnold on the one side, and Dr. Newman, Mr. Keble, and Sir John Coleridge on the other. As time went on, I got to like Oxford far better than I did during the greater portion of my life as an undergraduate; but my early impressions of it were so exceedingly the reverse of pleasant, that I could never wholly conquer them; and I left with but little regret a place which I entered with the most glowing anticipations of happiness.

I have always traced my want of congeniality with Oxford in a great measure to the fact of its having been the first place of my public education. I do not mean merely that I was never at a public school

but that I was never at any school at all which could deserve the name. Hence I had to encounter at the age of eighteen those trials which most boys get through and leave behind them at the age of eight,—the trial of feeling oneself suddenly in an entirely new world, and that a world of the most inconsiderate and unsympathising portion of the rational creation. I went up to Oxford in 1820 from a private tutor, whose house was but a prolongation of home, and that under the most delightful aspect; that is to say, it was a home in which there was discipline to give vigour to work and zest to recreation,—not such a discipline as ever galled or fretted its subjects. In my tutor I had one who united the authority of a father with the tenderness of a mother; and whatever he wanted to the full development of the maternal relation was supplied by a simple and kind-hearted wife, whose tastes were remarkably congenial to my own, and who took in me more than ordinary interest, as in one who was transplanted under her roof from an eye which had watched over him during eleven years of sickness and infirmity. Fancy what it was to be abruptly drafted from a home like this into a great college, teeming with bustle and excitement of the most boisterous and heartless character; to become the butt of badgering tutors and the sport of overbearing undergraduates; and to feel that the manifestations of discomfort and shyness which were inevitable in so new an atmosphere could only contribute to increase the evil of which they were the result. But I am getting off the line of my narrative.

My available knowledge of Oxford dates from the summer of 1820, when I went up from my private tutor's to be matriculated at Christ Church. It happened to be the time of the Commemoration, and I was taken by my graduate friend to witness the imposing spectacle in the Theatre, with the view of firing my young ambition by a sight of the triumphs accorded by the University to the conquerors in one department of the academical arena. To a youth educated mainly in the country, and never at any school, no sight could be more impressively brilliant than that which this annual gathering presents. It is a spectacle which is said to have struck the imperial and royal visitors of 1814 almost more than any of the festive scenes which were got up for their entertainment. There is the sweeping semicircle of Doctors of Divinity and Law in their robes of scarlet and pink, backed by the rising tiers of particoloured ladies, beaming with bright and jubilant countenances; the whole surmounted by a crown of undergraduates, with their lively summer costume, contrasting so curiously with that ugliest of professional badges—the undergraduate gown. The area below is filled with

Masters of Arts, and their gaping lions. On the occasion to which I refer there were one or two notable circumstances. The first of these was the extraordinary unpopularity of the Senior Proctor of that year,—my kind friend and sometime tutor, Mr. (afterwards Doctor) Bull, of Christ Church. By a certain absurd donnishness and unevenness of manner, which laid him open to the charge of adapting himself too much to his company, this really kind-hearted man had contrived to earn for himself the unpopular characters of a tyrant and a tuft-hunter; and the undergraduate world poured forth upon him, at the annual saturnalia, the pent-up fury of the preceding two terms. The rosy-faced official bore his trial with unruffled placidity; but to a youth—inexperienced alike in the misdeeds of the proctor and in the system which allows so great a license to public opinion in the subjects of a great educational institution—this display of excited feeling was, as may well be imagined, a complete enigma. They hissed, they yelled, they roared like a bull, with a manifest allusion to the proctor's ill-starred name; and they did their best to give force to the contrast which they wished to make between the object of their fury and his colleague, whom they invested for the occasion with an exaggerated popularity.

The other incident of the year was of a more pleasing character, —it was the unusual interest attracted by the Latin prize-poem, the reputation of which had preceded its delivery. The fortunate competitor was Mr. William Ralph Churton, of Queen's College, who some years later became domestic chaplain to Dr. Howley, and died—as is recorded in a very elegant Latin epitaph at St. Mary's, Oxford—in the prime of youth and promise. The subject of the prize which he gained in 1820 was “*Newtoni Systema*,” and he handled the Newtonian theory of gravitation altogether in the spirit of Lucretius. I remember too his felicitous description of the characteristics of the different planets; and his elegant allusion, at the mention of the *Georgium Sidus*, to the death of the sovereign who gave his name to that planet, which had occurred in the course of the preceding year:

“ dum tua luces
 Stella polo, semper grato sub corde foveamus
 Ingenium, moresque aureos, memorande, colentes.”

Churton was run hard for the prize by Ewart of Christ Church, and Dr. Copleston was called in as umpire. That eminent Latin scholar gave his judgment in favour of the successful candidate; and the somewhat inordinate expectations of Ewart's friends were but poorly satisfied by his victory in the Newdigate of the same year.

The opening of my residence at Christ Church in the following

October presented a painful contrast to this brilliant inauguration. For the whole of the first term I was bandied about from one set of rooms to another; and at length, to my great joy, sent home for want of a place where to lay my head. During those few weeks I conceived a disgust of college-life, which I never wholly conquered till after I took my degree. I found myself quite out of harmony with the society of the place. I would not go through for a trifle what I used to suffer in having to pass through a knot of buoyant undergraduates in Peckwater or at Canterbury Gate. My tutor, the aforesaid Bull, kindly introduced me to two reading-men, who however, I suppose, were reading so hard that they did not want to be troubled with a new acquaintance, for both of them cut me the day after the introduction. I used to find relief in a good cry when I came to my unutterably dismal rooms in Fell's Buildings, after morning chapel or after hall, when I had seen clusters of my happier companions go off in high spirits to their several breakfast- or wine-parties.

And now about wine-parties. They were divided into two kinds: parties consisting of ten or twelve members of the same "set;" or, on the other hand, what were called "spreads;" that is to say, entertainments for an indefinite number, at which successions of men entered for several hours,—some remaining a longer and some a shorter time, and some merely sitting down for a few minutes, drinking two or three glasses of wine, eating a few almonds and raisins or some preserved ginger, and then walking off. To a shy and solitary freshman like myself, to appear at one of the former kind of wine-parties was a penance most excruciating, but happily not frequent. He was not usually invited to small parties, unless once in a way by some person whom he happened to know at "home," and who had been requested by his mother or maiden-aunt to show some attention to George —, who had just gone up to Oxford. A freshman was usually invited to the more indiscriminate entertainments, where he was not so uncomfortably situated, because the party was too large for general conversation, and he was always introduced by the host to his next neighbour, who must have been a brute indeed if he did not at least address to him a few words of civility. Those with which a freshman was usually accosted were as formal and stereotyped as the phrases in a traveller's conversation-book, and invariably consisted of such characteristic commonplaces as these: "When did you come up?" "Where are your rooms?" "Who is your tutor?" The answer to which latter query was in my time followed by a rapid survey of that tutor's physical, moral, and intellectual qualities: *e. g.* "A good fellow —." " — is an

ass." "—— is a humbug," &c. Indeed, these "spreads" often gave our hapless freshman the best chance he was likely to get of forming an agreeable or valuable acquaintance, since they were occasions on which both he and those with whom he was thrown were apt to appear to the best advantage. The parties were too large for overbearing or exclusive or unpleasant conversation, or indeed for any uniform conversation at all; and every one knows that a shy man feels himself most at home in such a society. The hosts also at these parties, to do them justice, were often gentlemanly fellows, who had imbibed true ideas of hospitality from their "governors," as they called them; perhaps, in some cases, might have been accustomed to take the bottom of the table at home. Among these ideas, one was that it was the host's duty, on the one hand, to disparage the good things at his table; and, on the other, to press them benevolently on his guests. I once heard of a ludicrous instance of the way in which these somewhat conflicting duties were occasionally brought into an awkward juxtaposition. "This ice," said the host, "is atrocious, perfectly beastly." Then, after a short pause, "My dear fellow, do take some of it."

Still, putting things at their best, it was a dreary state of existence for one like myself. Often would I throw up my window and gaze—as best I could through the bars by which it was secured against the exit of some disorderly tenant, or the entrance of some undesirable visitor—at the moon, on which I had been accustomed to look under circumstances so different: nor was it without a feeling of inexpressible relief that I hailed the "gown-and-town" rows consequent upon the acquittal of Queen Caroline, which brought the term of college-residence to an earlier end than usual in the winter of 1820.

The undergraduate body of Christ Church in my time contained more than one of our existing notabilities. Dr. Pusey was drawing towards his examination in the Schools. I did not know him, and have no definite recollection about him, except that he was a hard reader. We had also several members of the aristocracy, who have since created a reputation for themselves, though under names which have since been merged in hereditary or acquired titles. Lord Derby, as Mr. Stanley, was of a former generation, though his fame was still vigorous. There were, however, the present Lord Stanley of Alderley, then Mr. Stanley; Mr. Robert Grosvenor, now Lord Ebury; and Lord Ashley, now Lord Shaftesbury. But by far the most distinguished of the aristocratic coterie was George Howard, who as Lord Carlisle has lately passed away from this earthly scene. In the year 1821 he became the *monstratus digito*

prætereuntium, as the successful competitor for both the undergraduate prizes. The subjects were "Eleusis" and "Pæstum;" and the latter was a really beautiful poem on the far-famed temples of Southern Italy, which made so great an impression on me that I could even now recite it off by heart. I have a kindly remembrance of Howard, for he was always very civil to me. He bore an irreproachable character as an undergraduate, and united, to an extent remarkable in a young man, a dignified bearing with affable and amiable manners. I wrote for both the prizes which he gained, and each succeeding year for the Newdigate, which I never was so fortunate as to get; and I think that one reason of my failure, among others, was that I always aimed at the sublime, while my judges properly preferred the simple. One year (1822) when the subject was "Palmyra," I got rightly served for my tendencies towards the bombastic. I spent some three months in concocting a poem (only, be it remembered, fifty lines) on the merits of the ancient Tadmor of the Desert, in which I threw off with what I regarded as a stunning line, and it ran as follows:

"High o'er the waste of Nature and of Time."

A wicked wag of my acquaintance came into my room when I was absent, and finding my manuscript, which I had incautiously left on the table, erased the word "Nature" from the above line, and substituted for it the word "paper;" so that my pet line reappeared on my return in the following shape:

"High o'er the waste of *paper* and of time;"

and was thus converted into a very apt description of the progress and result of my literary labours in that instance.

How strangely things come about in the course of years! The author of this amusing joke, who was as eccentric as he was clever, afterwards became a Catholic and a priest, and was murdered some twenty years ago while bathing in the Adriatic, by a party of ruffians, who took that method of plundering him of valuables which he had left with his clothes on the beach.

I must say a few words of the college-authorities who presided over the education at Christ Church in my time. At the head of them when I first went, and for two or three years later, was Dean Hall—a very handsome and gentlemanlike old man, who was said to have got himself into great difficulties by profuse expenditure and who at length exchanged his deanery of Christ Church for the more valuable one of Durham. He was, like other contemporaries of Dr. Cyril Jackson, a great imitator of the manners and ways of

that singular and popular man. I can see him now marching up and down Christ-Church hall at Collections, with the senior censor by his side, his hand planted in the belt of his cassock, and his cap almost perched upon the bridge of his nose. His manner, at least to me, was always haughty and overbearing, and I have no pleasant recollections about him. Next to him in dignity among the college-authorities was Dr. Barnes, the Sub-dean, a good-hearted old man; for he was old, or at least looked so to us youngsters even then, though he died a comparatively short time ago. He always took a prominent part at Collections, and there were all kinds of stories about his examinations. He was very regular and punctual at morning chapel, which was more than could be said of the Dean, who generally sailed in just before the "prayer of St. Chrysostom," to the great relief of a host of undergraduates, who took advantage of his known habits, and waited in the nave till they gained admittance in the sweep of his tail.

The tutorial staff consisted of Bull, already mentioned; Short, now Bishop of St. Asaph; Cramer, who died some years ago as Dean of Carlisle; and Longley, the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Bull, who was my tutor, did himself, as I have already said, injustice by his manner. Like his principal the Dean, he was of the school of Cyril Jackson, and reflected the peculiarities of his model, but in a far more amusing and attractive form. He adopted a certain phraseology, which had often an irreverent sound, though not, I hope, profanely meant. His strong Christ-Church feeling, inherited from "old Cyril," broke out in the most ridiculous prejudice against what were called "ex-college men," that is, the members of all other colleges; and this prejudice elicited, as was natural, a corresponding sentiment of antipathy in the other colleges to what they in their turn sometimes called "*house-men*," in reference to the pedantry by which Christ Church disdained the name of a college. When Bull was proctor, and had to take down the names for the public examinations, his room was of course besieged by a troop of these "ex-college men;" and when his own class came in afterwards to lecture, he would ostentatiously throw open his window, in order, as he said, "to purify the atmosphere." But full half of all this was fun, though I do not deny that there was reality in it also. I cannot think of Bull without finding a smile arise on my lips; but it is far from being an unkindly smile,—rather it expresses the sort of half-playful melancholy which Shakespeare has so touchingly thrown into Hamlet's souvenir of his friend Yorick. Bull was an excellent scholar, and had the liveliest perception of the beauties of classical literature, as well as a great power of communicating it to others.

His instincts of taste and scholarship were so acute, that if a man in lecture made a false quantity, or was guilty of any literary vulgarism, he would jump about the room like a parched pea. I remember a good little man of the name of Wingfield who once shortened the penultima of "Eriphyle." Bull screamed out as if he had been wounded the termination of Virgil's line, "mœstamque Eriphÿlen." Such incidents, trifling as they are, may serve to give reality to the scenes described in the eyes of some before whom these pages may chance to fall. Bull would recite whole passages of Virgil or Milton with evidences of keenest relish. He used to say that the melody of euphonious versification was never exemplified more perfectly than in the lines :

"Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit ; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet."

He was also peculiarly fond of those touching lines of Horace :

"Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor ; neque harum quas colis arborum
Te præter invisum cypressum
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur."

I think his favourite Greek poet was Pindar. He wrote Latin verse with ease ; and in 1821 dressed up a composition of mine after it had the good luck, rather than the merit, to gain the college-prize. It was full of disgraceful blunders ; but Bull told me that the judges thought it more poetical than its more accurate competitors. He was pleased with descriptions which it contained of the boa-constrictor and of an elephant-hunt. The subject was "Taprobane" (the Island of Ceylon), a word the prosody of which I do not know to this day, and so am glad that I have to write it instead of pronouncing it. In my poem I made the three first syllables a dactyl ; but Gaisford (no mean authority on such a subject) declared that the penultima was long, in spite of the authorities I gave him. Of Gaisford I will speak presently ; in the mean time I must complete my description of the tutors of Christ Church in my undergraduate days.

Next to Bull in order of seniority was a man as unlike him as one man could be unlike another. Those who are acquainted with the present respected Bishop of St. Asaph, and who know that a character so simple, so truthful, and so upright is not the creation of a day, will not be surprised to hear that the well-known Thomas Vowler Short, of forty-five years ago, was the precise counterpart of

the honest Welsh prelate, minus the wrinkles, gray hair, apron, and lawn-sleeves. Among the many sorrowful recollections connected with my undergraduate days, not one of the least is that I did not fall more directly under the practical influence of that truly good man. As it was, I knew only enough of him to be cowed and repelled by his blunt and somewhat uncouth manner, especially after a withering examination which he once gave me at Collections in the fifth book of Ethics. It was told of Short—I think upon good authority, but whether the story represented a fact or merely an antecedent probability I cannot say—that the first thing he did, upon hearing that his name was in the double first class, was to sit down and enter upon the study of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. A man who could do this was worthy of being a Jesuit.

Next to Short was John Anthony Cramer, an elegant-minded man, afterwards Dean of Carlisle; and next to him was Charles Thomas Longley, the present amiable and accomplished Primate of the Established Church,—the scholar and the gentleman every where. He was, as may well be imagined, a very popular tutor, and a welcome guest at the principal houses in Oxford. He was also, in my time, an active steward of the music-room, and the *πρόξενος* of a series of *prima-donnas*. Longley completed the tutorial staff in my early days; though, before I left Christ Church, it had received some less distinguished additions.

Of course I did not know Cyril Jackson, who had retired from Christ Church some years before, and was then spending his latter days at his living of Felpham, near Bognor. It had been commonly supposed that he would die, as the saying is, in harness; for he was often heard to declare that he did not think he could exist out of the sound of Great Tom. He was generally understood to have refused the archbishopric of York, as well as many inferior dignities; and it used to be said that he was much more than a bishop, for that he was a bishop-maker. He was consulted by Lord Liverpool upon all the Church-appointments, though I cannot say whether his advice was invariably followed. No man who has left so few tangible records of greatness ever contrived to impress his character and manner more powerfully on those who surrounded him. I have already mentioned that Dr. Hall copied him to the extent of poisoning his cap on the bridge of his nose, and that Bull used to echo his phraseology in ordinary conversation. In fact, he was the founder of a school of copyists, and the author of a family of traditions. But we have lived long enough to see the last of his great imitators die off, and the most cherished of his traditions become obsolete. Poor Bull had vainly hoped that this school of opinions might have en-

dured; and he had fixed upon a man singularly devoid of its faults, the late Robert Hussey of Christ Church, some time Professor of Ecclesiastical History, as the agent by whom the old traditions were to be propelled into futurity. But Hussey was cut off by death in the prime of manhood, and the heathen entered into the sanctuary. Bull broke down under the pressure of the disappointment, and died in 1857.

One of the most pleasing recollections of my undergraduate life is that of the kind hospitality shown me by eminent men of considerable standing and great name in Oxford, who either belonged to other colleges or were *emeriti* in my own. I had the advantage of bringing introductions to this class from a brother who had distinguished himself in the University some years before, and from other friends. I was thus brought into agreeable personal intercourse with two men of most opposite characters, but each of them famous in his generation. One of these was Gaisford, the celebrated Grecian, who, when I went up to Christ Church, occupied a small house in Holywell with an amiable wife and young family. There I received much kindness. I was invited to dinner once a term, and had the *entrée* when I liked; nor did the great scholar, whom I always found up to his ears in folios, manifest the least annoyance at the interruption to his literary labours occasioned by the visits of a somewhat lazy undergraduate. I never felt the least afraid of him, and derived advantage as well as pleasure from his conversation. I have still a note of his, characteristically laconic, among other interesting autographs, dated June 21st, 1821. Gaisford was an amiable kind-hearted man, much misunderstood, especially when, some years later, he became Dean of Christ Church, and was thus placed in a false position. He was not a man of the world, and had no notion of dealing with young men as a class, nor of supporting the dignity of the head of a college like Christ Church, and, as Dean, he always seemed out of his element.

A contrast to Gaisford in every respect was my other patron as an undergraduate, Philip Nicholas Shuttleworth, then Fellow, afterwards Warden of New College, and at last Bishop of Chichester. He had passed his youth at Holland House, in the society of the men who frequented that celebrated haunt of polished infidelity, and was perfectly familiar with the objections to Christianity current in the class of his former associates. He was an eloquent and practical preacher, and a man of elegant taste and ready conversation. His connection with Holland House made him acquainted with all the young scions of the literary aristocracy of England; and when they came up to Oxford he was their patron and friend. His dinner-

parties were very agreeable, and his fund of anecdote inexhaustible. He showed me many real kindnesses. As time went on he became a bitter enemy of the Tractarian movement; and one of his latest acts as Bishop of Chichester was to write me a long letter to warn me against it. On the other hand, it redounds to his credit that he was the first person who brought Dr. Manning forward into public life, little thinking that he was taking under his wing a future Archbishop of Westminster.

This kind of society created a pleasant diversion in my miserable undergraduate existence. But the miseries of its early stage were somewhat abated as time went on, though only to give place to worse. A freshman who does not at once drop into a respectable set is in imminent danger of finding himself in a bad one. This was soon my case. I was so thoroughly lonely that I caught at the first hand of fellowship held out to me; and, though I had little in common with most of my companions, their good-nature afforded me a relief from the intolerable dullness of my rooms, of which some idea may be formed when I say that they now consisted of two dreary attics in the Regius Professor of Divinity's vacant house, abutting on the cathedral, and within the immediate sound of bells which carried with them no enlivening ideas. I lived in this set for a twelvemonth, and very soon found that I was beginning to suffer, partly in moral sensitiveness, and still more in character and estimation, from my connection with it. I got into the habit of card-playing and attending late suppers; not advertent to the fact that my name went up every morning to the senior censor with those which were in no good odour. I also grew irregular at morning chapel, and was constantly visited by a scout bearing in his hand a folded slip of paper, in which were inscribed the words, "One hundred lines of Virgil, Wednesday, M. C." (morning chapel). It may well be imagined that Herodotus and Euclid did not flourish in such an atmosphere. Now, considering that I was a youth who had his way to make in the world, and who went up to the University with a certain promise, I began to see that all this would not do, and that I must make an abrupt turn out of the broad road along which I was proceeding. This resolution was furthered by some very kind admonitions from my tutor and friends at home, and I lost no time in carrying it into effect. But I soon found how much harder it is to get out of a bad set than to get into it, and the effort cost me much sacrifice of feeling. Some of my companions had really a liking for me; but I saw at once that I must have no more to do with them. The painfulness of the effort to emancipate myself from their society can easily be imagined, and I do not like

to think of it. However, in a short time I succeeded; but it was then too late to get into another set, and accordingly I hovered over the society of Christ Church for the remainder of my undergraduate life without ever again penetrating into it. It was not till I had taken my degree and resided at Oxford for three years as a Bachelor of Arts that I fully tasted the sweets of an academical life, and enjoyed some of the experiences which enable me in a measure to understand the enthusiasm with which its advantages are described by those who have made a better use of them than I did in my undergraduate days. The pleasure I used to find in the life of a reading-man, when at length I took to it, is still in my memory: the freshness of the spring morning air in going to and from chapel; the opening lights of Aristotle or Thucydides gradually breaking upon a diligence of research, without which the same authors had appeared inexpressibly difficult and dull; the solitary walk round Christ-Church Meadow, going through a brilliant mental examination in which the respondent enjoyed the advantage of being himself the proponent of his questions; or the no less charming stroll through St. John's gardens, bursting into the luxuriance of their vernal beauty, with a miniature Pindar or Sophocles in hand, and a pencil to note down the most successful rendering of some sententious or glowing passage in an ode or chorus, suggested by the indescribable tranquillity of the scene.

But nothing of all this was sufficient to repair the damage of an undergraduate career passed in comparative idleness till within a few months of the final examination. I lost my first class as I deserved, and was nearly plucked for my divinity to boot; but I passed sufficiently well in other things to encourage even to the last, in myself and my friends, the hope that I should gain the highest honours; and it was a great disappointment to them and to me when I found that my name came out in the second class; and the disappointment was all the greater because the standard of the time was not particularly high. My next paper will introduce a somewhat different idea of academical history.

Our Street-Architecture.

Two countries can hardly be nearer to each other or more unlike than England and France. The language is but a very small part of it; for the Germans, Dutch, and Swiss—equally different from the French in this respect—have more similarity in manners and external bearing. England and France, on the other hand, have had so much of their origin in common,—a Roman impress, the same feudal laws, forest rights, and customs; the same kings have ruled so much of the two countries at various times,—that a greater likeness might have been expected. As a fact, twenty-eight miles of water carries us into a different atmosphere altogether. We may assume, without drawing much on modern history, that the period of 1688 marks a great step in this divergence; and that whatever the elements of Anglomania in the Revolution of '93, the war that followed completely put an end to it. Both countries had to suffer in consequence of this isolation, and each to work its way forward how it could.

Be all this as it may, we take the unlikeness for granted; and when we have a holiday, and want a thorough change, we get it for the price of a return-ticket and eleven hours of travelling, all admirably managed, and wanting only that submarine railroad not yet subscribed for, to enable the dined Londoner to settle to his nap at Charing Cross, and wake amongst those cheerful boulevards that have replaced the suburbs on the north of Paris, once beyond the sway of octroi-duties and barriers, now parts of Paris proper, as being included within the *enceinte* of the fortifications.

In nothing is the change we speak of so striking as in that which meets the eye at every turn—French architecture. It is to the contrast between French architecture and our own that the present paper is addressed.

The architecture which the Norman Conqueror found in all parts of England was of the same character as that which, under the various names of Romanesque, Lombard, and Norman, prevailed all over Europe, though rude in the extreme. But in the centuries that

followed, the art of the two countries shows considerable divergence; and this notwithstanding the closest ecclesiastical relations and continued interchange of architects and builders. Many features of the round-arch or Romanesque style seem to show themselves in France after every trace of the kind had disappeared from English architecture. At a later period, when perpendicular tracery had established itself in England—beginning from the powerful and imposing works of William of Wykeham—the fashion took another and a more graceful turn in France. If the mazy tracery of that time is somewhat redundant and occasionally weak, it is undoubtedly more graceful than the square subdivisions and heavy transoms of the windows in Gloucester Cathedral, Windsor, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

In both cases a monotonous repetition of very uninventive ornament took the place of a bold, free, and varying system of decoration, full of original forms and devices, and recurring, in the form of foliage or animal life, incessantly to nature. The hand of the builder, as the mind of the architect, seems to have grown stiff and dry rather than to have run into luxuriance, as is more usual when artists tire of that refined and restrained use of power which marks their highest efforts. Only that in France this stiffness was less, and the love of beautiful curves and ingenious subdivisions took the place of the duller forms of our own Tudor art.

This early difference between the architecture of France and our own exercises no small influence on the art we see reproduced or invented at present. It affected France in the development of a magnificent Cinque-Cento style. Infinitely more luxurious and artistic than our own Elizabethan and Jacobean work was the splendid architecture introduced under the reign and through the influence of Francis I.—a monarch with great love and knowledge of art, closely allied with the great patrons of art in Tuscany, and host or employer of the greatest artists of the day.

Our own great Tudor castles and palaces were very magnificent structures. For a century and a half after the wars of the Roses were ended, English manors and estates were furnished with mansions—very well represented in such works as those of Nash—which, taken all round, it would not be easy to conceive surpassed. English climate, scenery, country, requirements, and habits considered, they could not well have been better; still their fantastic features—and many of the noblest of these buildings have a fantastic feature appended to them, as the courtyard ornaments at Burleigh Hall, and those of the Oxford Schools—are somewhat more barbarous than the corresponding oddities of the French Renaissance.

One feature of continental architecture in the Middle Ages stands contrasted with its opposite in our own—that is, height. This is perhaps one mark of superiority that has prevailed all through in France, and still confers a dignity on the street-architecture of modern Paris and other French towns that it would not always attain without. Westminster Abbey was built by a Frenchman. It is not the largest of our cathedrals or abbeys—by no means the longest or the most rich in decoration; but the proportion of the height of that building to its other dimensions gives it, amongst English churches, an unapproachable dignity. This is increased, no doubt, by the grandeur of its colour, of that of the groined roof, and by the historic character so deeply impressed on every portion of the structure; a character that stands marked even by the strange ugliness and occasional vulgarity of Poets' Corner. For however outlandish many of these monuments may be, they ought never to be removed; they are as genuine history as their more solemn and beautiful neighbours. Height, however, is the one feature of Westminster, as it is in a still greater degree of Amiens Cathedral, still more entirely of St. Ouen at Rouen—a building which, if conceived of our English proportions, would be but poor in effect. The height of St. Ouen, as of many noble French churches, gives them all the grandeur they possess.

It was this feeling for height that suggested the lofty roofs of the French houses. Their churches are not higher as to roof than our own; but our English houses, with their many aspects of grandeur, are rarely equal to the French in the matter of the roof. Not only is the height of these deficient, but the onion-shaped dome over our turrets is ugly. It has but its fantastic peculiarity to recommend it; it had only the merit of novelty when invented.

A magnificent system of decoration, on the other hand, arose out of the size and importance of the French roof. It is commonly said that this great height and slope had for their object, in their first use, the prevention of heavy accumulations of snow in severe northern winters. This is no doubt true. But the Swiss have adopted nevertheless an opposite system, though perhaps with an opposite intention. The roof is with them very broad, but low in slope, and has a sufficiently solid construction of timber: the presence of the snow is probably desirable for the sake of the warmth. Whether the exceedingly steep slope of roof had any such original propriety of intention or not, it became, both in the north of Germany and in France, a magnificent feature of architectural decoration. In France a splendid use was made of it. Important rooms were constructed in these roofs, and dormer-windows on a large scale carried out as far as the house-wall, which ran into a gable above the window, and was con-

nected with the main roof by a smaller one from every gable. Of medieval works of this kind we have nothing more splendid or effective than the roof, thus decorated, of the Palais de Justice at Rouen. The windows, as most of our readers have probably been able to see for themselves, are supported by flying buttresses in a rich array, and topped by a maze of tracery graceful and harmonious in curve and arrangement. Behind a row of these splendid windows spreads an ample roof of dark slate, giving tone and support to the crown of tracery that fronts it. The walls below are massive, and comparatively unornamented and plain. They give repose to the mass of fretwork above, and preserve it from any element of weakness. We may imagine, from this noble structure, what would have been the beauty of Wolsey's street-front of Tom quadrangle in Oxford, had his architect conceived, or if he conceived, had he been empowered to execute, some such completion above. As it is, the magnificence of that building is but little appreciated, with the poor balustrade and, though picturesque, yet insufficient, tower added by Wren.

If any one will refer to Cotman's *Normandy*, he will see there a drawing of the Château Henri le Vicomte. Whether it is still existing or not, the house has been recorded with accuracy, and Pugin's drawing of it may also be referred to in confirmation. This building, as any one will acknowledge at a glance, would be but commonplace save for the unequalled grandeur of the old roof, out of which massive chimney-stacks, wholly without decoration, shoot up like Alpine crags through slopes of virgin snow.

What was so splendid in the medieval architecture, and in their day probably to be met with on all sides, was not lost on the Renaissance architects. It was a feature to a great extent independent of any peculiarity of detail. However treated, if this feature were preserved, a house of any shape would carry a crown of splendour on its head. The largest and most imposing example, and the best known from engravings and the photograph, to which the reader can be referred, is the Château de Chambord, on the Loire. The central mass of this palace is surrounded by six massive round towers, some sixty feet in diameter. It has but little decoration below the roof. The towers and walls form a noble mass, serious and quiet, with the stern solemnity of a fortress; but above, the windows and chimneys are enriched with gables, and inlaid, rudely enough, when seen close, with slices of slate laid in panels of various size and shape; and a curious circular stair-turret containing two flights of corkscrew stairs, one below the other, runs from floor to floor in the centre, opening into four halls on each, and piercing the roof, where it is surmounted

by a crown of fantastic tracery. The roof cannot be less than fifty feet in perpendicular height, and is formed by ten-inch rafters of massive oak laid in places a foot or sixteen inches only apart. The original builders, working from designs attributed to Primaticcio, never finished the structure, which was carried on by various successors of Francis I. These roof-rooms were therefore never finished. But no fantastic pediments or piles of "four orders" would suffice to decorate it with either the propriety or the splendour of these windows and chimneys.

To form a fair parallel with these Renaissance palaces, we should perhaps look in England to buildings earlier in date than those of Elizabeth's time. Henry VIII., like Francis, made a beginning in his improvements of Hampton Court, and in other palaces since destroyed or greatly altered, and that by the aid of Italian artists; and the interior furniture of King's College Chapel at Cambridge is probably the work of Italians. But the brick-houses that had been built for a century before were furnished with chimneys beautifully decorated, and making very important features, as at Eton College, Hampton Court, Blickling Hall, and other houses, in the decorative character of the building.

Succeeding examples, such as Knowle, Woollaton, Montacute, Burleigh, and similar houses, form parallels to a later period of French architecture.

One very effective feature of olden times was retained in England, and goes far towards forming the chief interest and attraction of the Elizabethan and Jacobean architecture—that is, the mullioned windows. The square subdivision, which was so poor a substitute for the early window-tracery of church-architecture, was by no means unsuitable to houses. Where there is no vault or lofty roof, but a flat ceiling, panelled or otherwise ornamented, square windows are right enough. The large openings required to give plenty of light and admit plenty of sun to warm rooms but ill-provided with heat by large open wood-fires and huge yawning chimneys, were to be strengthened and held together by plain upright stone bars and horizontal transoms. Besides, by these means glass in lattices could be made wind- and water-tight, which was not possible in a large expanse like a cathedral window. Comfort, indeed, in very large rooms is a comparative word. We are more sensitive to cold than our ancestors, and they defended themselves from it in their own way. Screens and hangings were used to shut-in a portion of the room. High-backed settles were wheeled round to the fire, and the dress indoors was thicker and warmer. But looking at these old houses from the outside, these vast windows, subdividing some-

times, as at Ingestre, almost the entire wall of the house into openings, are full of interest. Many old English houses have little other decorative feature, and all seem well and sufficiently set off where these continuous windows prevail. This system of transoms continued through the reign of the Stuarts, till it dwindles down into two members in parts of old Kensington Palace, and disappears in the gaunt and rickety sashwork of the huge Dutch windows of William III.

These windows and, in brick buildings, the chimneys, both in stacks and single shafts, were the simple but effective means of the larger portion of the decorative system of the English Renaissance architects. They carried down rather more of the Gothic element of Tudor times than will be found in the corresponding art in France, unless we except their roof-windows, which they had found in great splendour and continued, but with details more completely in the modern classic manner.

But the succeeding classicalism of Louis XIV. and the Stuarts gradually dropped these ornaments handed down from a freer and more inventive system, and in both countries confined itself more strictly to the received notions of classic proprieties.

There was greater likeness between the two countries in regard of architecture, possibly increased by the more frequent intercourse between them, during large portions of the seventeenth century. Inigo Jones, though he has left us less, is, however, both more simple and dignified in his classic than Wren, and has less likeness to French classicalism. The coupled columns of the west porch of St. Paul's may be paralleled by those on the outside of the Louvre; and the excessive grotesqueness of some of Wren's steeples was a clumsy effort to retain the spire by piling subdivisions of structure one above another. Wren, however, in his exterior of St. Paul's, is unsurpassed by any French classical church of its kind, and it would be hard to find a palace in France of the same style that could be called altogether superior to Greenwich. Somerset House is superb, with its lofty substructions; but that feature is essential both to its dignity and its unity. The long and continued repetition of the detail requires contrast, as does the smallness of it. All this, however, is corrected by the massive scale of the water-arches, which give delicacy to the smaller work above and bind it into a whole. Of smaller works of Jones, perhaps the market-place at Abingdon is one of the most impressive now existing. His complete designs for Whitehall may be seen at the Architects' Institute in Conduit Street; they belong to the Queen.

It is to these two national traditions that we must connect what

we now see of London and Paris. Something of the influence of each will be found, on critical examination, leavening and coming more or less directly to light in the architecture of the day. The stiffness and propriety of French classic art was revived with a *furor* during the first Empire, and somewhat of a return to French Renaissance marks the present efforts of French architects. In our own country, the old fault of want of height notably influenced all the architecture of the early part of the century. George IV. was fond of low rooms; and Buckingham Palace, the old part, is contemptibly small and low.

Street-architecture in London could hardly have gone lower than it had sunk, till some twenty years since, when, as an improvement on Belgrave Square, Cubitt built Hyde-Park Gardens. In that row of houses, for the first time in our London of to-day, the feature of height was attempted. Earlier in the century, at the close of the war, attempts were made to improve London building, and resulted in the attenuated pomp of the crescents, rows, composed pedimental street-centres, and triumphal arches that surround the Regent's Park. More ambitious attempts resulted in the Marble Arch, the entrances to Hyde Park and Constitution Hill, and the front of Apsley House. Every thing about these structures is small, perhaps excepting the arch at Constitution Hill, which has nothing special to distinguish it. On the other hand, if such arches are to be made, let us drive up to that wonderful and imposing mass called the Arc de l'Etoile in Paris. It is Egyptian in proportion; thoroughly French in decorative detail; and as we now see it, not being a part of the *enceinte* or boundary circle of the city of Paris, it has not much meaning. Still its enormous size and pompous decoration save it from such an expression of impropriety as the arch in London wears, made into an exaggerated base for a colossal statue turned altogether the wrong way. Conquerors were once supposed to drive four-in-hand down a certain road; and their statues with those equipages were appropriately commemorated in the very road, with their horses' heads in the right direction for the Capitol. An arch which left the narrow road still free was the only pedestal on which such a representation could be suitably provided.

Of street-architecture we must not overlook the remarkable example of Regent Street; beginning with the Quadrant, an ambitious corridor or portico, and ending in the wide street of Portland Place. The street has besides, in its broken outline, considerable pretensions to architectural effect. Foot-passengers do not usually carry their eyes above the brilliant shops that make the street-level so gay and agreeable; but the general arrangement of the

houses will be found to exhibit considerable attempts at architectural effect; and somehow or other, poor and plastered as the building is, not altogether without a kind of success. Whether from the long broken front, the irregular jutting out of photographic and other studios at various points, or the fact that the street runs north and slopes somewhat to the south, that both ends turn out of sight, and both sides get the sun during some hours each day, it must be admitted that Regent Street is far from dull even in architectural effect, and that, shops included, it is one of the most lively and brilliant streets to look at in Europe.

And yet, after all, can any thing be really poorer and more mean than Regent-Street architecture? Does it deserve the name of architecture? It is in this kind of performance that Paris bears so favourable a comparison with London. As an exhibition of small shops, a kind of bazaar, what a windfall was the happy idea of letting off all the lower story of the Palais Royal into shops! If the Albany, instead of being built over with sets of chambers, to be sold off as so many freeholds—the freehold being a set of two or three rooms, instead of a house on tangible foundations,—if, in place of this, the whole area bounded by those apartments, the Arcade, and Burlington House and Gardens had been surrounded with arcades filled with small shops, and very brilliant if not substantial goods, together with Granges, Gunter's, the Wellington, and one or two other known purveyors of good victuals, while gardens and fountains occupied the centre, we might see what London would have had that Paris has. But the new Paris of the Second Empire shows us commercial splendours of which these are but types and foreshadowings. The new Rue de Rivoli—with the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées at one end, and the Hôtel de Ville at the other, and all the splendours of the Tuileries, Palais Royal, Louvre, Tower of St. Jacques—has nothing like a parallel, it must be acknowledged, in all London. Were we to put Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, the British Museum, Marlborough House, and St. James's, with, say, the Mansion House at the end, it would not with any amount of piecing of street-houses, Pall Mall and the Clubs included, compose so brilliant a modern street. Take it from end to end, London is a truly imposing city. Several of the buildings named, from St. James's to the Mansion House, are structures of great architectural merit; there are too other sights and aspects of London not to be equalled by any thing to be seen in Paris. But for modern recent street-architecture we fear that Paris would altogether bear the palm in the comparison. Certain advantages that capital possesses in its brilliant air and ready supply of white building-stone; but we might

use brick, the material most effective for London architecture, with our Portland stone; and it must be admitted that it is not of want of good material, nor of atmospheric effect—for London gloom has its imposing side—but of a want of good architecture, that we have to complain. Our public buildings too,—what have we made, or do we at present seem likely to make, of our National Gallery, our patchwork Nelson's Column, our International-Exhibition buildings, our tame streets with the endless repetitions of stucco cornices and brackets, pendent wreaths and unmeaning urns?

Perhaps the most imposing buildings of the day are the monster company-hotels, conspicuous amongst which we notice the Langham. An immense effort has been made with some of these establishments; and on some—as the Grosvenor, by the Victoria Station—a lavish expenditure has been bestowed. The main fault in the decoration of the Grosvenor is the vulgar profusion of its ornament. The stars, pendent garlands, and other carvings are so many detractions from its effectiveness. Its height and roof are noble elements in the structure. The latest of these great establishments is the best and most imposing,—the Charing-Cross Hotel. The construction or reconstruction of the Cross is a most spirited undertaking; and the whole building, with the substructures of massive brick vaults that cover the site of old Hungerford House, is the most satisfactory ground of hope for good London architecture that can be pointed out for the present.

These, however, may be called in a certain way public buildings. The necessity of making them attractive is very obvious; and where the expenditure is so large and the risk so great, it is always probable that our best architects will be called in to design them. Still all our public buildings are not treated so hopefully as this; and with our streets it is otherwise. What we want is not an occasional invocation of known architects, but a public feeling that certain defects, such as lowness, trumpery stucco-work, and the absolute repetition through miles of streets of one and the same type of house, are neither ornamental nor wise.

Many French notions of attractiveness are false and unsound; but somehow they possess a notion and feeling for what is ornamental which our population has not. Look at their mode of furnishing their rooms, even to the topmost garrets of their hotels. It is all of one type, but it is cheerful and appropriate, at least as often clean as in our own country. Compare the room you occupy for a night in a well-known hotel in Paris, or in Lyons, say, or Bordeaux, or Marseilles—for all are on one type—with similar quarters in Leeds, or Preston, or Birmingham, or Manchester—even in London, except in the splendid

establishments so lately set going. Consider in those dismal chambers under what dull catafalque of fusty moreen curtains, on what unquiet feathers, leaving the head lowest, we are invited to sleep; remember the dismal carpet, the narrow space round the funereal structure already alluded to, the seedy wash- and dressing-tables, the two or the three rush-chairs! Your French bed is always plump, firm, without holes or pits, and—as far as the bed-linen goes—clean; a neat little table to hold books or write on, a stuffed arm-chair or two, a jaunty glass, a marble slab, granting even the reduction of the (china) basin to the too modest proportion of a pie-dish (we speak of the somewhat old-fashioned hostelry), and all the wood-work white and varnished. At least these appliances are cheerful and lively; and whether we sleep well or ill, they are incomparably more agreeable than what the chance wanderer gets in the general run of houses of entertainment in our own country, with some laudable exceptions.

Nor is this regard for the cheerful and ornamental confined to interiors. If we drive through some more picturesque village or town of old England than its neighbours,—with trees, streams, meadows, or the like, as appendages for public enjoyment,—it is often commonly remarked that it looks “quite like a foreign town.” Some element of the picturesque or the sublime, or some provision for public recreation, is recognised in the prospect as something above and beyond what Englishmen have been used to look for in their own country.

What is thus often cursorily noted by those whose opportunities have enabled them to judge, when they look at snug English villages and clean agreeable towns, may be found summed up in Paris; and when we travel thither from our own capital, it is impossible not to notice this difference, and to ask whether it is in the nature of things that this unlikeness should be perpetual, not only in taste or detail, but in the very principle of doing for public enjoyment as much as we can with bricks and mortar, trees, flowers, and cold water.

Since the railroads have made communication between the two nations easy and continual, certain changes have certainly been made in London. The Parks have been laid out with great beauty; and here, indeed, London is unrivalled. These vast recreation-grounds, with good turf, noble trees, and brilliant gardens, are not in any way equalled by the small area of the Paris gardens. And we have so taken to fountains, with but a questionable success. Those of Trafalgar Square are poor and mean; while the dismal cast-iron tea-urns, and similar erections from which good water dribbles down, show what individual taste will come to; many being, though

so wretched in appearance, the gift of benevolent people to the public.

Great praise, however, is due to the projectors—Messrs. Kelk, we believe—of the new Hyde-Park Gardens, Lancaster Gate. The double colonnade of white stone in front of those houses, with their fretwork of balustrade between, is a really great architectural feature. The occasional projecting windows are not amiss; but the composition of a street into a centre and wings—as if it were, or ever had been, one building—is a poor conceit.

A Londoner can but hope to see London houses grow to be less pretentious, with less cheap stucco-work, and with what ornament they put forward of a more substantial quality, such as the Lancaster-Gate galleries. They look shady and enjoyable. Never was there a time when builders were spending more, or the demand for something or other that is attractive louder. The railways are absorbing bad sites, taking down streets and houses, erecting costly stations and bridges—why should they not be beautiful, instead of cast-iron imitations of bad Tudor work?

For all that we see above-ground, the Metropolitan does nothing for us. The construction of those colossal vaults is superb. We may hope something from the Ludgate Hill Station, as we have gained so much from that at Charing Cross; and Cannon Street is respectable amongst mercantile streets. Messrs. Lewis and Allenby, and other great traders, are building imposing and splendid shops.

The Embankment promises much: altogether it is the great opportunity of London. Incomparably the most imposing sight we possess is that which is seen from the deck of a penny-steamer on the Thames. Not only is the river itself a noble sight, with so many bridges, and such various craft moving up and down its waters or anchored in the Pool, and the huge volume of solemn waters it rolls down to the sea; but from the river the whole line of the city churches, St. Paul's in the midst, Somerset House and the Palace of Westminster in the hazy distance,—all are worth seeing, and full of interest even as a picture. The Parliament-Houses, so fretted and unquiet, so small with petty details of a melancholy sameness when seen close, are robbed by the distance of these little poverties, and seen in all their large and massive elevation. We see enough of the ornament to take in the suggestion of its value. Its careful and elaborate character is not then marred by its redundancy.

Splendid as modern Paris is, the river Seine is a poor representative of the *Thamés*. The real character of a serious mercantile river can never be imparted to it, though we hear of enlarged canals and other projected means of bringing small steamers up to the capital.

Probably as an enjoyable residence London will never equal, under any probable changes, so gay and brilliant a city. Were we ever so well inclined, our divided jurisdictions and petty clashing class-interests will always lead to a preponderance of vulgar judgment in London changes or improvements. Paris, as all the world knows, is a small *imperium* in itself. It rolls into one all our City Corporation powers with those of parishes and vestries. It taxes its subjects, and even fumbles for victuals in our British solid leathers, to get something out of them capable of bearing duties. It will be more probable, we may fairly suppose, that while French wines and Paris cookery maintain their ground, our countrymen will prefer gourmandising within the fortifications to bringing stale provisions from London. A statesman is at the head of the vast expenditure thus provided for, and the best architects of the day are naturally summoned to design the new buildings.

With ourselves, it is not only that good plans or structures are pushed aside to give place to poor ones, on some private ground or other, but that great tracts of building land are laid out under district-surveyors or uneducated builders' plans, with no architect's assistance at all. The struggle for rival plans, if they have any pretension at all, implies at least some attempt at well-doing. The dull acquiescence in that which is merely most easy,—that is, repeating one scheme of house through a thousand in succession,—this is what produces the modern dulness of London. After all, Grosvenor Square and other venerable haunts of fashion of that date, have a certain splendid interest, from the sense we have in passing through them that the various potentates who own these abodes have had their own way,—have built to suit themselves, without pretence, comfortably, and with a modest exterior, that probably belies the splendour within.

We cannot but think that though we may err in adopting a fashion, still we may reap solid advantage from our neighbours. That they have made their capital more attractive than we have made our own, no one will be disposed to dispute with us. That we should attempt to produce a British Paris, would be as absurd as it would be unworthy of us. But as Paris borrowed from us gas-lamps, drains, cabs, and railroads, and took their time in doing so,—making the most of inventions we had adopted somewhat “on the rough,”—so we hope to see London *Ædiles*, Boards of Works, Woods and Forests—whatever civic or feudal titles may distinguish them—seeing that what we cannot do satisfactorily for ourselves, shall be properly done for us. Get good designs, good architects or surveyors, to lay our streets out for us, where we can. Englishmen should

always be learners: we should be above any thing in the shape of jealousy. There is substance enough in the national mind and the national character to go on acquiring more, and assimilating more, than probably any rival race. We have not been above doing so in times past: Westminster and Canterbury were indebted to foreign artists for much, Chelsea for its porcelain. The immense mistake is to give up the notion of educating Englishmen to conceive and execute beautiful things for themselves: they have in past times taken a bent of their own in architecture, as in music and in other arts. England contains up and down the country noble monuments of what *has* been done, as our old shelves contain volumes of score that *has* been composed and performed. In each case the work has been of its kind original, and thoroughly good: why should we not see it so again?

J. H. P.

The Epigram of Parmenion.

ON XERXES.

τὸν γαίης καὶ πόντου ἀμειφθείσαισι κελεύθοις,
ναύτην ἡπειρου, πεζοπόρον πελάγους,
ἐν τρισσαῖς δοράτων ἑκατοντάσιν ἔσπεγεν ἄρης
Σπάρτης· αἰσχύνεσθ' οὖρεα καὶ πελάγη.

Latine redditum.

Qui terræ pontique vias mutavit eundo,
Navita per terram, per maria alta pedes,
Restitit huic hastis virtus Spartana trecentis:
Quod montes pudeat, quod pudeat pelagus

English.

Who changed the wonted ways of sea and land,
Walk'd o'er the waters, sail'd across the plain,
Three hundred Spartan lances could withstand:
Oh, what a shame for mountains and for main!

γ.

Dr. Pusey on the Church of England.

It is just twenty years since the great movement in the Anglican Church, which took its rise and its name from the University of Oxford and the *Tracts for the Times*, was broken, as it were, into two streams of very different direction by the submission of Mr. Newman to the Catholic Church. It happens that the circumstances of the last year and a half have brought the history of the movement prominently before the world; and they have occasioned an interesting set of publications from men of eminent position, whose names were at the time hardly less watchwords than at present. No one of the few most conspicuous Oxford leaders of thought who belonged in any sense to the Tractarian party has yet been removed by death. Dr. Pusey is still at Christ Church, Mr. Keble still at Hursley; but Mr. Newman has become the founder of the English Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and Archdeacon Manning is the present Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. These four names were more than any others in the mouths of the adherents of the Oxford movement twenty years ago. Archdeacon Wilberforce lived in the country, and had, we believe, hardly begun to publish that series of theological treatises which soon after made his name second to none in the Anglican Church as a writer on doctrine: Isaac Williams, loved and venerated by all who knew him, had left Trinity, and was occupied on his *Commentary on the Gospels* without taking any further part in the movement: the influence of Charles Marriott was hardly felt except by his immediate acquaintance. There were of course others whose position—such as that of Mr. Oakeley and Mr. Dodsworth in London—gave them much influence in particular places; but, speaking broadly, and without reference to the actual connection of individuals with the *Tracts*—in which, we think, Archdeacon Manning took no part at all—the four names we have just mentioned might be said to constitute the High-Church Quadrilateral. It must be remembered, moreover, that among the Anglicans, whose Church had at that time not even so much liberty to speak in Convocation as has since been allowed to it, and whose Bishops were probably unanimous in nothing except in suspicion of Tractarianism, personal influence went for far more than is ever the case among Catholics. Whether they liked it or not, the position and responsibilities of party leaders was thrust upon the persons we have named; vene-

ration and confidence haunted them, and their words were made into oracles. A little later than the time of which we are speaking, an enthusiastic admirer—now a colonial Bishop—dedicated a volume of sermons to the three first, under the name of the three valiant men of David's band, who had broken through the ranks of the enemy to fetch water from the well of Bethlehem, the fountain of ancient doctrine: one of the three, he plaintively added in his dedication, was taken prisoner by the enemy in the attempt! This was after the submission of Dr. Newman.

Recent circumstances, as we have said, have drawn from three of these four distinguished persons declarations of opinion and feeling with regard to the Anglican Establishment which it may well be worth while to place side-by-side. The first in point of time was Dr. Newman, in his celebrated *Apologia pro Vita sua*, in the Appendix to which he had occasion to speak his mind about Anglicanism. The passage will be fresh in the memories of most of our readers; and it has been preserved as part of a note in the second edition of the *Apologia*, lately published by Dr. Newman as the *History of my Religious Opinions*. It contains, as a passage from Dr. Newman was sure to do, most that can be said for or against the Establishment in the happiest words:

"When I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church" [after becoming acquainted with Catholicism], "for which I had laboured so hard, and upon all that appertained to it, and thought of our various attempts to dress it up doctrinally and æsthetically, it seemed to me to be the veriest of nonentities."

He then says that, looked at as a human institution, it is great:

"I recognise in the Anglican Establishment a time-honoured institution, of noble historical memories,—a monument of ancient wisdom, a momentous arm of political strength, a great national organ, a source of vast popular advantage, and to a certain point a witness and teacher of religious truth: . . . but that it is something sacred; that it is an oracle of revealed doctrine; that it can claim a share in St. Ignatius and St. Cyprian; that it can take the rank, contest the teaching, and stop the path of the Church of St. Peter; that it can call itself 'the Bride of the Lamb,'—this is the view which simply disappeared from my mind on my conversion, and which it would be almost a miracle to reproduce. 'I went by, and, lo! it was gone: I sought it, but its place could nowhere be found,' and nothing can bring it back to me. And as to its possession of an Episcopal succession from the time of the Apostles—well, it may have it; and if the Holy See ever so decide, I will believe it, as being the decision of a higher judgment than my own: but for myself, I must have St. Philip's gift, who saw the sacerdotal character on the forehead of a gaily-attired youngster, before I can

by my own wit acquiesce in it; for antiquarian arguments are altogether unequal to the urgency of visible facts."

Dr. Newman then expresses his sense of the benefits he received by being born an Anglican, not a Dissenter, and so having been baptised and sent to Oxford:

"And as I have received so much good from the Anglican Establishment itself, can I have the heart, or rather the want of charity, considering that it does for so many others what it has done for me, to wish to see it overthrown? I have no such wish while it is what it is, and while we are so small a body. Not for its own sake, but for the sake of the many congregations to which it ministers, I will do nothing against it. While Catholics are so weak in England, it is doing our work; and though it does us harm in a measure, the balance is in our favour" (p. 342).

Here is a plain definite view about the Establishment—giving it certainly not less than its full meed of praise as a human institution, and acknowledging benefits providentially received in it with all the warmth of a most affectionate heart, which never lets a single touching memory fade away. But its claim to a Divine origin and supernatural character is set aside as a palpably absurd one. Without questioning whether it be heretical or schismatical, or both, Dr. Newman declares that he cannot even believe its orders to be valid unless the Holy See declares them so to be. But Dr. Newman does not wish for the destruction of the Establishment until the Catholic ministry is numerous enough to supply its place as the teacher of the mass of the population—an office at present discharged by Anglicans, not indeed adequately, not without many shortcomings and some errors, but still better than might be the case if no such institution existed.

In expressing his own views about the Establishment, Dr. Manning was obliged in the course of last year to speak at greater length, and to explain more in detail the Catholic doctrine with regard to baptised persons involuntarily outside the pale of the visible Church. The occasion of his declaration was the judgment of the Privy Council on the case of the *Essays and Reviews*. This last of the series of similar decisions of the same tribunal, the ultimate Court of Appeal for Anglicans in matters of doctrine, naturally gave an opportunity for reviewing the gradual retirement of the High-Church party from the bold ground which they had taken up in 1850, at the time of the Gorham case. The facts only required to be pointed out; the mere narrative spoke more forcibly than any possible commentary. History, either political or ecclesiastical, scarcely contains such another example of a set of high-minded and earnest men having so ostentatiously to shrink from their implied pledges, and belie their most

solemn declarations. Immediately after the Gorham decision the leaders of the High-Church party published a series of resolutions, the purport of which was that the Church of England would be "eventually" committed to heresy unless she "openly and expressly" rejected the erroneous doctrine sanctioned by the decision. The consequences were drawn out, involving the loss on the part of the Church of England of the office and authority to witness and teach as a member of the Universal Church; and it was said that she would thus become "formally separated from the Catholic body, and be no longer able to assure to her members the grace of the Sacraments and the remission of sins." Dr. Manning's task was therefore easy; here were men who had pledged themselves in this way in 1850, and, as far as in them lay, pledged the party of which they were leaders. What were they doing in the Church of England in 1864, after fourteen years in which she had not only not cleared herself from the Gorham judgment, but acquiesced in it? She had spoken in Convocation on a number of subjects, never on this; she had moreover seen a controversy on the Lord's Supper within her pale, the issue of which was thought a triumph to the High-Church party—not because it proscribed the heretical doctrine held by the larger number of clergy in the Church, but because it just shielded their own doctrine from being proscribed in turn; finally, the *Essays and Reviews* had appeared, and their writers also had been protected from proscription by the Crown in Council. Dr. Manning might well say that it seemed as if Providence had been mercifully striving to open men's eyes to the position of the Church of England. On the ground taken by the resolutionists of 1850, she had forfeited whatever claim she ever had to allegiance over and over again.

This is hard truth; but it was not urged by Dr. Manning in a hard way, nor with the intention of taunting with their inconsistencies men of whom he has always spoken with respect and affection. The only important matter, after all, is, whether the High-Church party, whose opinions were expressed by the resolutions lately referred to, have in reality receded from their former ground. This is a very serious question; because, unless it can be answered in the negative, it involves an abandonment on their part, not of this or that particular doctrine, but of the whole Catholic idea of a Church. The resolutions of 1850 proceeded on the hypothesis that a Church that *tolerated* heresy became itself guilty of it; and that the Church of England was responsible for the acts of the Courts to which she submitted without protest. From a Catholic point of view, a very grave change must have come over a set of men who held this principle, if they afterwards contented themselves with a Church that

tolerates heresy on the ground that it also tolerates orthodoxy; that its prayers are orthodox, that its formularies *admit* of an orthodox sense. Yet it seems quite impossible to draw from the declarations of Dr. Pusey and others any thing but an acknowledgment that such a change has taken place. It is not therefore a question as to their view of the present effect of the Gorham decision or any other, but as to their view of the character of the Church in which they hope to be saved.

Dr. Manning's pamphlet was noticed by Dr. Pusey, in a Preface placed by him before a legal statement as to the immediate effect of Lord Westbury's decision in the case of the *Essays and Reviews*. This Preface, like many of Dr. Pusey's *brochures*, was marked by considerable strength of language against those whom he was assailing, and contained distinct threats that he and his friends might set up a Free Church if their demands for a reconstitution of the Court of Appeal were disregarded. It was implied that the Chancellor had acted from "the pure love of the heresy, and the desire of throwing open to unbelief an article of faith against which Rationalism rebels," at the price "of breaking off Churches of the colonies from the Mother-Church" (no colonial Churches are named), "and familiarising devoted minds among us at home to thoughts of organic severance from the Church whose discipline is fettered by such a tribunal;" and so on. "The Church of England has necessarily more tenacity than the Scotch Establishment. For having a divine original" [origin?], "it is an organic body, and knows more of the value of intercommunion, not indeed as a condition absolutely necessary, but as the natural fruit of divine unity. It is then the more remarkable when members of the Church of England begin to speak (*as they have*) of a Free Church. Our extension in the colonies, which has so enlarged the Church and its Episcopate, makes such a rent possible, even though not one Bishop in England should join it. And 'if ever there should be a rent in the Church of England,' said one, 'the rent in Scotland would be nothing to it.'" At the end of the Preface, men were urged to league together as in the days of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation: no candidate was to receive support at the next election who would not pledge himself to do his best to bring about a change in the Court of Appeal. And a note was appended, suggesting that "no church should be offered for consecration, no sums given for the building of churches, which by consecration should become the property of the present Church of England, no sums given for endowment in perpetuity, until the present heresy-legalising Court shall be modified."

It must surely have occurred to Dr. Pusey, as it did to so many

of his readers, that this threatening language accorded very ill with another passage in his pamphlet, in which he avowed his retirement from the threats he had joined in making in 1850. No fair-minded man can doubt that the resolutions to which we have alluded implied a threat of secession from Anglicanism, unless the Church of England cleared herself from the Gorham decision. Unless she cleared herself, the resolutionists declared she would "eventually" be bound. Dr. Pusey in explanation says that he wished the word to be "ultimately." We can see no great difference between the two. He then (p. 17, note) says that the resolutions were modified so as to be made acceptable to him; all the more, we suppose, is he responsible for their wording, having signed them. He also says that the difference between the line of action adopted by the different persons who signed them is to be accounted for by the fact that some of them thought that the judgment, *in itself*, committed the Church of England; others, that it did not. Surely men must be judged by their words. We may think as we please of the conduct of those who afterwards left the Church of England, or of those who remained in it; but it cannot be doubted that, as far as these resolutions are concerned, the former acted consistently, the latter inconsistently, with them. Moreover, in the page we are quoting, Dr. Pusey seems to us to retire altogether from his position, without saying so openly. He tells us that when he signed the resolutions, "not having a parochial cure, and worshipping mostly in a cathedral where baptism did not enter into the service, I felt the value of the baptismal office as a witness to truth rather than as a teacher of it." Since that time he has come to realise more distinctly "the value of the Prayer-book, speaking, as it does, to the hearts of the people in their own tongue, in teaching and impressing on the people the doctrines which it embodies." This seems to us to imply, that as long as the formularies used in public offices speak an orthodox language, the Church may in other ways be committed to heresy without losing her character. On the same ground, as long as the words of consecration are used in the "Lord's Supper," any doctrine whatever may be taught concerning it. At all events, this is all that Dr. Pusey says as to his adherence to or disavowal of the resolutions of 1850. He cannot be surprised if his threats in 1864 have been taken as worth no more than his declarations fourteen years ago—if the politicians on whose will the decision of these questions depends have found out that the bark of the High-Church leaders is worse than their bite.

"Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt."

So long as the Bible is read and the Prayer-book used, they will impress on the people the doctrines which they embody ; and the Essayists and Reviewers and Dr. Colenso will labour so entirely in vain to pervert them, that no Court at all will be necessary to punish the propagators of false doctrines. At all events, it may fairly be presumed that the threats about a Free Church are worth just as much, and no more, as the threats about secession.

But our immediate subject is the course of the controversy about the Anglican Establishment. Some expressions in Dr. Pusey's Preface, in which he said that some Catholics "seemed to be in an ecstasy at this victory of Satan" (the decision of the Privy Council as to the *Essays and Reviews*), appear to have suggested attacks on Dr. Manning with reference to his *Crown in Council*, in which he was said to have rejoiced in the troubles of his former friends, and to be merry over the miseries of the Church of England. The same kind of charge has often been made against Catholics, especially converts ; and it is in the nature of things that it should be made. Every "trouble" in the Church of England of the kind of which we are speaking, while it weakens it as a teacher of fragments of Catholic truth, weakens also its hold on the minds of many who have hitherto been in the habit of making it the object of that allegiance and that obedience which the instincts of every Christian heart urge it to pay to the one Mother of the children of God. So far, therefore, as the Gorham case, or the Denison case, or the question of the *Essays and Reviews*, and the Colenso decision, tend to expose the true and simply human character of the institution that calls itself the Church of England, so far, many good and loyal souls are set free from a delusion, and their affections transferred to their right and legitimate object. This, in the case of individuals, is a matter of rejoicing. On the other hand, on the grounds stated so clearly by Dr. Newman, it is no matter of rejoicing that a body which has to teach so large a number of baptised souls all that they will ever know of Catholic truth should have the truths that it yet retains diminished in number and in certainty, and should lose all power of preserving them from corruption.

Dr. Manning's letter to Dr. Pusey contains a clear and calm statement of the doctrines on which the feelings of Catholics towards bodies like the Church of England are based. Dr. Pusey had declared that he knew that "a very earnest body of Roman Catholics rejoice in all the workings of God the Holy Ghost in the Church of England," and had contrasted them with others who are in "ecstasy at the victory of Satan." It became necessary therefore to state in what sense a Catholic can admit that the Holy Ghost works in the

Church of England. No Catholic, then, by denying utterly and entirely any thing like the character of a Church to the Church of England, denies thereby the workings of the Holy Ghost or the operations of grace among those who are its members; nor when these operations are affirmed and rejoiced in is any affirmation thereby made that the Church of England is in any sense whatever a Church at all. Dr. Manning states in full the reasons why we affirm the workings of the Holy Ghost among the English people; and these parts of his pamphlet—indeed, the whole of it—are extremely valuable, as a clear statement of truths which it is very difficult to get Englishmen generally to understand, on account of their prevalent ignorance or misconception of the doctrine of grace. The truths in question, we need hardly say, enable Catholics to rejoice heartily in the effects of grace among the Dissenters, not less than among Anglicans. Dr. Manning has a few pages also on the specific truths that have been preserved by Anglicanism, and the fear with which he regards the process of undermining the Christianity of England which is going on. He also explains how naturally he rejoices at conversions, which are to him the bringing of souls from the imperfect to the perfect knowledge of the truth; and sums up by an argument to prove that the Anglican Establishment, instead of being, as Dr. Pusey had called it, “the great bulwark against infidelity in this land,” is in reality responsible for that infidelity; as having been the source of the present spiritual anarchy in England; as having weakened even those truths which it retains by detaching them from others and from the divine voice of the Church, which is the guarantee of their immortality; and as being a source of unbelief by the denial of the truths it has rejected and also of the perpetual and ever-present assistance of the Holy Ghost to preserve the Church from error. We may add, having quoted Dr. Newman on the subject of Anglican Orders, that Dr. Manning speaks with equal clearness as to their entire invalidity.

Dr. Pusey's controversial appearances are generally rather late in the day: the method of his mind is inductive, and he rejoices above all things in the accumulation of a vast amount of materials, which he does not always succeed in clearly arranging or lucidly epitomising. He has taken a year to answer Dr. Manning's short pamphlet of less than fifty pages, or rather a part of it. The volume teems with undigested learning; and a very large share of it is taken up with a long postscript and a set of notes. It will not be our business at present to do more than state concisely in what the answer to Dr. Manning consists, and endeavour to draw out from the pages

of Dr. Pusey what *his* idea is of the Anglican Church, and what his own position is her.

There is nothing in direct answer to Dr. Manning's explanation of the doctrine as to the working of the Holy Ghost outside the visible Church—an explanation which of course places the Anglican Church on the same ground with the Dissenting sects. The satisfactory answer to this would of course be some proof that the Anglicans have Orders and Sacraments, and that grace is given *through* them, not merely to the dispositions of the individual who receives it. Dr. Pusey of course maintains the validity of Anglican Orders, but he adds nothing to the controversy, except the remark that the form of consecration used in the case of Parker was taken from that used in the case of Chichele a century before. As the controversy does not turn solely upon the form used in Parker's consecration, the fact adduced by Dr. Pusey has little to do with it.* With regard to the other point, it is of course impossible, or very difficult, to prove the connection between the effect of a supposed means of grace and that supposed means itself, independent of the subjective dispositions and belief of the recipient. Dr. Pusey has no proofs which would not equally show that any one who thought himself a priest was one, and that any one who thought he received a sacrament from him would receive it. But the statement of Dr. Manning on which Dr. Pusey fastens more particularly is that which accuses the Anglican Establishment of being the "cause and spring of the prevailing unbelief." Dr. Pusey remarks first that there is plenty of unbelief every where. That is true; and every where it can be traced to some cause: the charge is, that the Reformation has produced it in England, which was free from it before. Dr. Manning's first proof

* Practically speaking, it is surely a matter of surprise that so few Anglicans should have interested themselves in ascertaining what is thought about their Orders by others than themselves. No portion of the Catholic Church (as they consider it) has ever been persuaded to acknowledge them in any way. It is of course their business to obtain their acceptance, not ours to disprove them; all the more, as so very large a number of those who have borne these Orders have never believed in their sacramental character. Dr. Pusey says (p. 273), "I do not believe that God maintains the faith where there is not the reality." He is speaking directly of the Real Presence. By how large a proportion of the bishops and clergy and laity of the Church of England since the Reformation has it been believed, even with all the force of the old Catholic traditions to maintain it? And as to the priesthood and its correlative, the Sacrifice, a strong argument, on Dr. Pusey's own ground, against their existence in Anglicanism, might be found in the fact that all practical belief in them has so completely died out in the mass of the people. If there had been the reality, there would have been the faith; and so it is with Eastern heretics and schismatics.

—that Anglicanism rejects much Christian truth—is met by a statement of the amount of truth which both Communions hold. In this part of his argument Dr. Pusey seems to us to avoid the real question at issue. Dr. Manning speaks of the formularies of the Church of England, no doubt, as well as of her practical teaching, such as it has been for the last three hundred years, and such as it is throughout the length and breadth of England at this day. But in a question as to the amount of truth with which she claims to be “the great bulwark against infidelity,” it is obvious that her formularies must be judged according to the sense commonly attached to them, and according to the interpretation of them supplied by the ordinary teaching of her clergy. Every one knows that various senses have been applied to the Anglican formularies; and it was the object of the celebrated No. 90 of the *Tracts for the Times* to prove that, in some cases, it was the intention of the compilers of the Articles to allow men of various schools to sign them. Still, it is going far beyond this to put forward the so-called “Catholic” interpretation of the formularies as the sense of the Church of England. It would be untrue even if we consider the matter as a simply literary question; much more is it in the highest degree unfair to put forward this interpretation in a controversy which turns upon what actually has been and is taught by her. If a foreigner—as unacquainted with the real teaching of Anglicanism as Dr. Pusey is with that of Catholicism—were to take up this book and believe what he finds in it, he would, we venture to say, derive a totally false impression of the doctrine of the English Church as it lies on the face of her formularies, and as it has always been understood and acted upon by nine-tenths of her clergy and people. He would find an assurance that she holds the three Creeds, which would give him to understand that she interpreted them in the same sense as the Catholic Church. He would learn with surprise that there is no difference between Anglicans and Catholics on justification. “There is not one statement in the elaborate chapters on justification in the Council of Trent which *any of us* could fail in receiving,” says Dr. Pusey. He would find that Dr. Manning had quite falsely said that “the Church of England sustains a belief in two Sacraments, but formally propagates unbelief in the other five.” In fact, that the Church of England holds all seven to be Sacraments, with only a difference in dignity. Still more to his astonishment, he would read that the Church of England does not, in particular, object to Extreme Unction; she “*only* objects to the later abuse of it,” which is not the Catholic practice,—namely, the custom of not administering it except to the dying. Then, if some one told him that the Church of England has discontinued the prac-

tice altogether, and that any one would be called a simple Papist who attempted to introduce it in any way, he might naturally be inclined to find fault with the treacherous guide who had so misled him. It is the same with other points. Dr. Pusey tells us that the Church of England does *not* deny the infallibility of General Councils or of the Church. His reasoning on this last head is so good a specimen of his method, that we may dwell on it for a moment. One of the Articles teaches, that as the other Churches have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred—even in matters of faith. Dr. Manning sums this up, very naturally, as a statement that all Churches have erred. "The Article," says Dr. Pusey, "was a puzzle to me when young." He supposed, it seems, that the condemnation must have been meant to fall on doctrinal decrees. "The two clauses being put antithetically, must correspond. On further information, I found that there were no canons of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch that were intended: then it followed—on the same principle of the correspondence of the two clauses—that neither were canons of the Church of Rome spoken of. The Article moreover does not say that the Church of Rome *is* in error in the present, but *hath* erred in time past."

It is strange to see so much ingenuity wasted in a hopeless cause. Dr. Pusey remembers perfectly that the attempt to put forward the interpretations for which he contends, not as *the* sense or teaching of the Church of England, but as *a* sense of her Articles barely tolerated by her in certain individuals of Catholic opinions whom she wished to retain, as others, in her service, was met many years ago by an outcry such as has not been heard in our day in England, save in the case of the Catholic hierarchy. And yet he thinks it fair and just to argue as if the Church of England not only allowed such interpretations, but as if the views which they embody were her regular teaching, so that she has a right to claim that she has put forward boldly in face of the infidelity around her those portions of Christian truth to which they relate. Her people then are, and always have been, really taught that there are seven Sacraments, that there is a Real Presence on the altar, that there is a Eucharistic Sacrifice, that the Church is infallible; and so on. And as he speaks of her ministers being vowed to banish and drive away strange doctrine, his position implies that any heresy which might contradict these great Catholic truths could not be permitted within her pale. And now, suppose he was taken at his word; suppose, in consequence of this so-called *Eirenicon*, negotiations were opened and emissaries sent from Rome to the Bishops and Convocation of the English Church to treat of reunion. What would be the first step of the Anglican authorities,

those who really *have* a right to speak for their communion, and who would be backed by the great body of the clergy and laity in the country? It would certainly be to repudiate the false face put upon their teaching by Dr. Pusey, and to declare that their Church had always been, and meant to be, thoroughly and simply Protestant on the points at issue.

If, therefore, Dr. Pusey cannot answer Dr. Manning's charge, except by attributing to the Church of England the ordinary and regular teaching, as against infidelity, of doctrines which she practically disclaims,—even if it be allowed that she does not formally proscribe them,—it is clear that he thinks little better of that ordinary and regular teaching as it is in fact than Dr. Manning himself. His book is in reality more a long excuse of himself and others for remaining in her, than any thing else. This is quite a different question. She *may* tolerate Catholic opinions in her ministers, and Catholic interpretations of her Articles. Her defenders have then to give an account of what sort of Church it is which can compromise truth by purposely ambiguous formularies, and allow side by side in her pulpits men who must consider each other as heretics. But Dr. Manning's question relates to her actual teaching as a "bulwark against infidelity;" and Dr. Pusey knows very well that for every clergyman who teaches more Sacraments than two, or the Eucharistic Sacrifice, there are twenty who deny them.

Perhaps the most elaborate part of Dr. Pusey's volume is that in which he endeavours to prove that the unity of the visible Church need not be visible, and that it is sufficiently secured by Orders and Sacraments, "through its union with Christ as Head, by the Sacraments, and the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost." He naively asks, How can we be said to deny the indissoluble unity of the Church when we cannot approach Communion without repeating the Nicene Creed? Certainly, few people could ever be convicted of false doctrine if the repetition of the Creed in public service was enough to absolve them. In this part of the work, however, Dr. Pusey more than ever leaves out of sight the real nature of the charge which he has undertaken to answer,—the charge of having denied the indissoluble unity of the Church, its visible Head, and its perpetual voice. The question is, whether these truths can be considered as a part of the system which the Church of England teaches and defends. Here, of course, there is more divergence as to doctrine between the two controversialists; and Dr. Pusey answers only by a theory of his own. But in fact, even if he fairly represents Anglicanism, he cannot escape the charge, as to the unity of the Church, any more than that as to its infallibility. He really maintains that for all practical purposes the

Church *was* infallible up to the division of East and West—we meet in his pages that phrase of which his friends are so fond, the “Holy Undivided Church.” Now it is difficult to find what infallible teacher Dr. Pusey acknowledges; to what he would submit a conclusion, we will say, as to the Immaculate Conception, which he has drawn by his own reason from his study of Scripture or the Fathers. His position may be understood from the following passage:

“This, I understand, is a favourite formula with Dr. Manning—‘By whom does God the Holy Ghost speak? By the Roman Church? or by the Eastern? or by the Anglican?’ I have been wont to say, by all concurrently, in so far as they teach the same faith which was from the beginning, which is the great body of all their teaching; and, if need require, they could at this day declare concurrently any truth, if it should appear that it had not as yet been sufficiently defined, against some fresh heresy which should emerge” (p. 84).

The faith of Christians is therefore proposed to them by an authority on which they are bound to receive it; but that authority has in the first place to be tested by Christians themselves, who must decide by their own reason—for they can have no other guide—whether in any particular point the three Churches teach the same faith which was from the beginning. Further, this authority cannot speak at all, precisely on those points as to which Christians must most desire its guidance—those points on which these three Churches differ. Dr. Pusey speaks of his reciting the Nicene Creed. On what authority does he believe that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son? He may *think* that the Eastern faith comes to much the same thing as the Western; but that is a conclusion of his own reason. And we must leave to our readers to make out for themselves the way in which he tries to show that the Churches could still act concurrently, if the occasion were to arise; especially in the very obvious, and, according to the Anglican teaching, perfectly possible case, that one of these three Churches themselves should be the victim of the new heresy, which, according to him, would constitute the occasion for a new definition.*

* We are not, of course, answering Dr. Pusey's book; but we cannot help quoting a single passage from the treatise *On the Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, lately published by his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, which simply destroys the whole theory on which Dr. Pusey reasons. Few things of the kind can be more refreshing than to turn from the pages of Dr. Pusey to the clear, bright, simple, and precise statements of Dr. Manning. It is like breathing pure country air after groping about in a London fog; and the fanciful and unsubstantial images that bewilder the readers of the *Eirenicon* vanish like so much mist and vapour as the majestic outlines of the Church, as sketched by the Archbishop, take pos-

It is clear that, according to Dr. Pusey, we must ascertain what the "Undivided" Church taught for ourselves, and then receive it on her authority. Far more than this in reality; for we are to find out for ourselves negative conclusions as well as positive. There is what he speaks of as a vast practical system in the Catholic Church, the honour paid to our Blessed Lady, and other things of that kind, which penetrate the daily life and the ordinary thoughts of the great mass of her children. On this Dr. Pusey sits in judgment, and declares it to be alien to the teaching of the "Undivided Church," because he does not find it himself in the Fathers. We do not see that he places his objections to it on the authority of his own Church. This leads us to our question, what, to him, is Anglicanism? Is he content to be its dutiful child, to catch its genuine spirit, to echo without further question its definitions, to "rest and be thankful" with whatever it may give him? We believe that no one who has ever known any thing about the subject has suspected Dr. Pusey of any intention to secede from the Anglican Church: this makes it all the more strange that he should give it so wavering and niggardly an allegiance. Other people openly avow that they simply put up with it as a convenient lodging-place for men of no particular opinions: it exacts little, leaves them pretty much alone, and yet furnishes them handsomely with the outward paraphernalia of a Church. Like the Roman Senate in the old story about Tiberius, it admits the gods of all nations easily into its Pantheon. One set of opinions alone it objects to, because they are so exclusive!

session of the mind. No one who reads this book will need any other answer to that of Dr. Pusey. On the point before us the Archbishop says: "There are some who appeal from the voice of the living Church to antiquity, professing to believe that while the Church was united it was infallible; that when it became divided it ceased to speak infallibly; and that the only certain rule of faith is to believe that which the Church held and taught while yet it was united, and therefore infallible. Such reasoners fail to observe that since the supposed division and cessation of the infallible voice there remains no Divine certainty as to what was then infallibly taught. To affirm that this or that doctrine was taught then where it is now disputed, is to beg the question. The infallible Church of the first six centuries—that is, before the division—was infallible to those who lived in those ages, but is not infallible to us. It spoke to them; to us it is silent. The infallibility does not reach to us; for the Church of the last twelve hundred years is by the hypothesis fallible, and may therefore err in delivering to us what was taught before the division. And it is certain that either the East or the West, as it is called, must err in this, for they contradict each other as to the faith before the division. I do not speak of the protests of later separations because no one can invest them with an infallibility which they not only disclaim for themselves, but deny any where to exist" (pp. 74, 75).

Except in that case, its courts always shield the persecuted. Mr. Gorham is attacked for a heresy, and they shield him; Mr. Denison for a truth, and they absolve him; even the *Essays and Reviews* do not deprive their authors of this comprehensive protection. Its toleration gives, as a statesman expressed it, "general satisfaction." Who can refuse to be loyal, when the yoke is so light?

"Quod si nec nomen, nec me tua forma teneret,
Posset servitium mite tenere tuum;"

and so Dr. Pusey himself seems to feel, save in those moods of rebelliousness which now and then come over him. We have seen how he once almost pledged himself to secede if the Gorham judgment was not disavowed. He was too old then to be excused on the plea of youthful impetuosity; at all events, the fit passed away: the baptismal service contents him. We have seen the threats he threw out more than a year ago about a Free Church if the Court of Appeal were not modified: that mood too has passed away. His present book speaks in the most contented manner: "Essay and Reviewism a passing storm," is the title that runs along the top of one of his pages; and he speaks of "the bright promise of the year of ingathering which the Lord has blessed"! He has forgotten his despair of last year, and boldly proposes to the Catholic Church terms on which reunion may be made,—terms, we venture to say, which would be rejected at once by every authority of the Church of England itself. Still, with all this, we do not see in his book any indication that, except as to the validity of Anglican Orders, he really thinks much better of Anglicanism than Dr. Manning or Dr. Newman. Its authority is nothing to him; and they, on the other hand, do not deny that, though a mere human institution, it teaches many truths which might otherwise be untaught. He is ready to leave it if it "accepts heresy;" but it seems that *what* is heresy, and what is its acceptance, must be left to himself to decide. This is the language of one party in a contract or a compromise to another; not that of a pupil to a teacher, a child to a parent,—above all, not that of a Catholic to his Church. He does not aver that "the Church of England is the best possible bulwark against infidelity," but only "as a matter of fact, that it is at this moment, under God's providence, a real and chief bulwark against it." He complains of Dr. Manning's statement that she "rejects *much* Christian truth" in a way that looks very much as if he thought she rejected *some*; and he only defends her even then by putting an entirely strange face upon her. He hoists a false flag, and fights for her under it.

We are unwilling to speak personally of an amiable and excellent man; but Dr. Pusey, if there are few exactly like him, is still in his way a representative man; and his work shows us the position of many others besides himself. It is obvious that he is really in the Church of England because he has nowhere else to go. He is loyal to her, not because he loves and admires her, but because he thinks he can find no other resting-place. Deeply versed in the Scriptures, especially of the Old Testament, and with a large acquaintance with some of the Fathers, he has studied them under that fatal disadvantage which consists in the entire ignorance of the living system in which the authors whom he has read lived and breathed. The Fathers especially, if they are studied without a knowledge of the ever-living Church, are certain to be misunderstood and to convey inadequate ideas of their own practice and belief. The Church alone explains and completes their testimony. It is exactly the everyday life, the things and customs and ideas that are too familiar to be chronicled, that must ever be unknown to those who have a merely literary knowledge of any system or any set of men. The strange thing is that any reasonable man should suppose it to be otherwise. Dr. Pusey, if we may judge from the opening of his Postscript, really seems to think that if St. Augustine were to arrive to-morrow in London, he would go to worship in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, rather than at Moorfields or Warwick Street,—St. Augustine, who, in a well-known passage, has pointed out the unfailing mark which the common-sense of mankind has fixed upon the true Church by the simple popular use of the name Catholic!

The result of Dr. Pusey's thought and study may be summed up in two simple heads. The first is an attitude of mind utterly and entirely alien from that which is the first condition of the relation of a Catholic to the Church. He has never been taught by a Church, guided by a Church, moulded by a Church; he is self-educated and self-reliant; he has made his own teacher for himself, and has never sat at the feet of any other, except of the author of a book of which he was himself the interpreter. Speaking of the possibility of "secession" in his own case, he tells us, "I have always felt that I could have gone in on no other way than that of closing my eyes and accepting whatever was put before me" (p. 98). What a revolution that would be! This attitude of simple, uncriticising, ungrudging docility and obedience is a thing which to him is a perfect novelty. It is one thing to take our faith from an abstraction of our own brain; quite another to receive it from a living reality, outside and independent of ourselves. This is the first thing that strikes us in men like Dr. Pusey, as their minds are reflected in books such as that before us.

The second is an amount of misconception, misunderstanding, and positive ignorance of the Catholic system which would be simply unintelligible did we not consider the great disadvantages under which any one in his position must have studied it. He is not one of the more rabid school of Anglican controversialists; his character and habits of mind are quite alien from wilful misrepresentation and conscious unfairness. And yet there is hardly a fair statement in his book on matters which belong to Catholicism; and there are many most provoking misstatements, as well as many most ludicrous and childish blunders. The book presents an easy victory to any moderately-informed Catholic theologian who may take the trouble to refute it. This has not been our purpose at present. We have been content with pointing out that his defence of Anglicanism really condemns it, because it implies that he cannot defend it without misrepresenting it. In a future article we may deal with him as a controversialist, and point out, by way of specimen, some few of the mistakes into which he has fallen in his attack on the Catholic Church.

γ.

Periodical Literature at Home and Abroad.

A RECENT article in one of our most famous and long-established monthly magazines* contrasts the English and French periodicals together, and gives the palm—at all events on the score of lightness and the predominance of amusing matter—to the former. Certainly there is a considerable difference between the brilliant pages of *Maga* and the substantial and, sometimes, hard reading which forms the staple of the great French periodical of which the writer chiefly speaks—the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and it is also a matter of wonder that the nation which is so often supposed to have carried to its highest perfection the cultivation of the more frivolous branches of art and literature should have so magnificent a specimen to show of the very highest and most solid literary excellence, while the grave and sombre children of the foggy climate of Albion should only have to compare with it the lighter and more elegant beauties of the *Cornhill*, *Blackwood* itself, and other similar magazines. At first sight, it would seem as if our light literature were ten times as light as that of the French. Possibly a philosopher might say that it is not unnatural, after all. We are so much heavier and duller by nature than our neighbours, that we require more pungent stimulants and more frequent doses of them. *They* have their champagne in themselves, and in their gay glittering life of enjoyment and conversation; we must have the article poured into us. Each nation looks to its periodical literature as an agreeable variety—something foreign enough to its ordinary habit of mind to supply it with excitement. At all events, if English magazines are more brilliant and less instructive than their French rivals, it cannot be because the English mind is of the two the less fitted for solid food, and that of the French the less naturally congenial to sparkling and entertaining diet.

In both countries the reign of periodical literature seems fairly established. Many minds and many pens, that might in former centuries have laboured in the composition and setting forth of ponderous folios or goodly quartos, and have seen the fruit of their labours ripen into print once or twice in a decade of years, are

* See *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, "French Periodical Literature."

now devoted to supplying the ephemeral demands of an insatiable public, which welcomes their productions with a feverish excitement,—the forerunner of a speedy and deep oblivion. Few of the silent sleepers on the shelves of our libraries repose with a more undisturbed rest than the old numbers of our magazines. But a whole world of writers is actively employed in manufacturing goods for the ever-craving market, with the fate of their predecessors before their eyes, content with a success as short as the life of a butterfly. Perhaps this statement requires limitation; for the same causes which have forced the most brilliant, and even in many cases the most learned and solid writers of our time, to enlist themselves among the contributors to our periodicals, have so far raised the standard of excellence in ephemeral literature, that many of the works thus produced piecemeal have been republished as wholes, and taken a place among the standard literature of the country. So, again, most of the more distinguished authors who have written in this way have afterwards collected their scattered essays. So rapid is, in ordinary cases, the tendency to oblivion with the mass of magazine literature, that the works thus republished seem to be usually welcomed by the public as so many new books.

It would be idle to lament over what cannot be hindered; and perhaps the great development of periodical writing in mass and importance has its bright side, as being at all events an indication of the progress of a taste for reading of some sort or other in ever-widening circles in modern society. Some of its evils are obvious on the very surface of the question; for it is clear that periodical literature multiplies the frequency of the demand made upon the powers and the acquired information of writers, who are forced to be ready by a given day, and must pour forth through a certain number of pages, whether there is any thing in them or not, like orators put up to speak at a moment's notice. The rapidity also with which the successive numbers of our periodicals appear promises but a short life to each particular number; and there is a natural tendency to take little pains about what will be so soon forgotten. The public has an instinct which always detects what is slovenly; no one can speak or write without having provided himself with matter and having thought over his subject, and not betray himself. A fatal facility has too often been ruinous both to authors and speakers. Men will not give much attention to what they feel has not been taken pains with; and consequently the public has got to look carelessly over much of the magazine writing of the day, because it feels that it has been carelessly produced. Then of course there is the further danger to writers in the temptation to make up by dash and

brilliancy for the absence of industry and thoughtfulness; and when the attempt is successful enough to please the public for the moment, it is sure to be repeated again and again; and so indolent affectation on the one side panders to lounging frivolity on the other.

But we are not inclined to make or to admit any sweeping charge of this kind against the periodical literature of our time. Of the millions of pages full of trash that issue from the presses of England in the course of the year, not the most worthless nor the larger part appear as portions of our magazines. On the contrary, as a general rule, and with the exception of certain subjects which hardly admit of being treated in the form of articles, and some few great works which survive the common fate of the immense majority of the books of each year, the magazines contain the cream of the literature of the day. Though the dangers of which we have just spoken certainly exist, and certainly operate for evil, there is in reality far more of sterling worth and high merit in our periodical literature than could be expected; and its average—not only in style and form, but in substance and matter—is very high, and seems to be rising rather than falling, because it is more than ever absorbing the literary power of the country. Many books are published simply to satisfy the ambition of the author to see himself in print: no periodical can be supported by any thing but public favour. Light and short-lived as are the articles in our magazines, they are subjected to far more of searching criticism before their appearance than many books of most classes, and all books of some classes. We may add a remark, which admits indeed of some exceptions, but is in the main, we believe, true,—that the magazine portion of our literature is the fairest and the least illiberal. Any Catholic writer must be aware that there is still a great deal of bigotry and recklessness of misrepresentation every where, for he has to meet it constantly with reference to the subjects which are most familiar to him; but the outrageous intolerance and wanton obliquity of judgment which sometimes disfigure the most powerful of our daily and weekly journals, are not often found in the department of which we are speaking.

Useful, therefore, and brilliant as is the periodical press of England, it may still be worth while to consider whether we may learn any thing from the comparison which has suggested our present remarks. The French are apparently content with a far smaller share of simple amusement in their magazines,—which indeed hardly answer in all respects to the publications which bear the name among ourselves. Their periodicals are far more of the “review” stamp; differing only from our Quarterly Reviews in greater freedom as to the admission of light matter, and of articles on subjects as distin-

guished from articles on books. They have often very good poetry; always a work of fiction, answering to the *feuilleton* of many of their newspapers; and they are incomplete without a special department devoted to bibliography and some kind of *résumé* of the news of the day, which is treated, however, historically rather than as mere news,—much in the same way as in the summaries of our weekly newspapers. We have been witnessing in the last few months an attempt to introduce into England a periodical of exactly that stamp which the writer in *Blackwood* seems to think too heavy for our atmosphere; and we trust that the permanent success of the *Fortnightly Review* will soon place it beyond a doubt that our public can appreciate the merits of this new claimant for its favour. It is usually very well written; and if its articles deal rather more with practical matters than those of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in France, we must take into consideration the far greater divorce between literary discussion and public action that must exist in the latter country as compared with our own. The *Fortnightly Review* is an attempt to introduce the foreign type exactly among ourselves. Its appearance is as much an innovation as that of the *Saturday Review* some years ago, which has been eminently successful as far as literary popularity is concerned, and would have been more so but for the cynical and ill-natured tone which some of its writers have affected, much to the injury of the rest. In both cases the projectors proceeded upon an hypothesis which we believe to be true,—that the time was come for treating the subjects of the day—even those of the gravest importance, and which require the greatest amount of thought and study—in a more popular form, and for giving in weekly or fortnightly publications something better than mere news, or in default of that, mere gossip. A great many years before either, a venture, or an innovation of the same kind, was made by the *Spectator* newspaper, which for a long time occupied alone the ground on which the *Saturday*, and *London Reviews* have now placed themselves by its side, without undertaking to discharge with it the functions of a newspaper properly so called. In all cases, we believe, success has followed the attempt: a result due no doubt in great measure to the high ability that has been shown by the writers employed in these publications, but which even that could not have produced, unless there had been a large class of readers to welcome the new kind of food presented to them.

If our magazines have not, as a class, hitherto aimed at the high standard—in respect of the substantial character of the topics treated of in their articles—which has been attained in France by such publications as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Correspondant*, the *Revue*

d'Economie Chretienne, and others, it has probably been because the same field of literature has been occupied, on the one hand by the Quarterly Reviews,—a class which, if it exists abroad, exists in comparative insignificance and unimportance,—and on the other by the set of weekly papers of which we have last spoken. The English magazines of the last century seem to have attempted every thing at once, and to have done duty for the reviews, magazines, and weekly papers of our own time. Then came the great quarterlies, which took up at once the position of leaders both in politics and literature, and dwarfed altogether the importance of the magazines, which had over them only the two advantages of appearing more frequently, and being more varied in their contents. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* enlisted the services of a set of literary giants, whose names belong to the glories of the English language, and are great enough to give to the Reviews with which they were connected a prestige, likely to last even beyond our own time, notwithstanding the decline of the class of periodicals of which they are the most conspicuous members, and the apparent evaporation of the party enthusiasm which at once stimulated the exertions of those earlier writers and made the applause of their readers certain. The days of these great literary despotisms have gone by, and the influence which was once centred in them exclusively is now shared by a large number of lighter organs of opinion, whose blows may not be quite so weighty, but have the advantage of being dealt with greater rapidity and frequency. A piece of ordnance that can only be fired off four times a-year is too heavy for the fastly-changing phases of modern opinion. We do not want siege-guns for skirmishes, but field-artillery.

Nevertheless, though the exclusive and even predominant influence of Quarterly Reviews has been impaired by the multitudinous developments of lighter literature, it would be a great mistake to consider them as unimportant or unnecessary features in our periodical system. They will always draw to themselves the most refined and matured productions of the intellect of the country; many of the most cultivated minds will never write in any thing more ephemeral; many great subjects will always be reserved, almost entirely, for treatment in their pages. They will always speak with a weight that will belong to no other class, as such, among periodicals, though there may be individual exceptions which almost rival them in authority. No party is thought complete till it has its organ among them; and it is from their tone that people will still form their surmises as to the probable direction that a policy may take, and their judgments as to the state of the educated opinion of the country.

Perhaps, however, the importance which they so early acquired has prevented them retaining their hold on the public mind: it has fixed them in their original form, and made them, as it were, too dignified to march with the times,—like old officials, who cannot divest themselves of the wigs and powder of a bygone fashion. If they could have condescended to be less stately; to admit a mixture of lighter articles; to open their pages to original fiction and poetry, at least occasionally; to add something like a *résumé* of current events and an account of recent publications; and, above all, to speak somewhat more frequently than once a quarter,—they might have still been as important in England as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and its imitators are in France, and they might still have left a wide field of the lightest literature open for other competitors, who might have courted the favours of the less serious part of the community with gay-coloured covers and a profusion of attractive illustrations. At present there is, notwithstanding the multitude of our reviews and magazines, a real want among us of something that may answer to the French type of which we have so often spoken. It used to be said in old days, that the *Quarterly Review* alone could always sell a book by a favourable notice. That particular Review, and its rival, the *Edinburgh*, may still have considerable power towards producing the same result; but we suspect that authors would now willingly compromise for the neglect or abuse of most Quarterly Reviews on the condition of a favourable criticism in the *Times*, the *Saturday* or *London Review*, or the *Spectator*.

The fortunes of the literary world have passed out of the hands of the quarterlies. But why should they be equally, if not more, independent of the magazines? The writers in our daily and weekly papers are often men of great cultivation and literary experience; but in most cases their reviews must be too short and, in many more, written at too brief notice, to give a perfect criticism on a book of any importance. At all events, there seems no reason why magazines of the class of which *Blackwood* is the type should not exercise more influence in the way of criticism than they do at present, as compared with many weekly journals. The majority of the magazines seem to have taken fright at the solemn gravity of the quarterlies, and rushed into the opposite extreme;—like young ladies who have been kept to great strictness and simplicity of dress at their boarding-school, and consequently rush into the most extravagant developments of crinoline and pork-pie hats when they gain their liberty. No doubt they find their account; for there is a large class of readers who care for nothing but amusement *pure et simple*. Far be it from us to grudge it them: we are

but saying that there is no more reason why all magazines should be nothing if they are not light, than why all reviews should be nothing if they are not heavy. The varieties of taste are numberless; and the very wide circle of readers to which English periodicals address themselves affords room for every speciality of character. If the success of the *Fortnightly Review* be assured, as we trust it is already, it can hardly fail to have an influence on the higher magazines, by indicating that they need not fear attempting a larger development of their more serious elements than they have hitherto ventured on.

We must, however, in all honesty add, that the critic in *Blackwood* has probably hit on the obstacle which, if any, might prevent the wide popularity of such a periodical as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in England. The quarterly reviews may stand on a ground of their own; and to expect them to be simply amusing might be like asking a bishop of the Establishment to dance. But "because they are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" The lighter elements of the literary banquet have become indispensable, except on quarter-days; the monthly and weekly boards must be garnished with something more elegant than enormous ribs of beef and Yorkshire pies. Here, however, we may venture to put in a plea for more variety than it is sometimes our lot to find. Some years ago there was a controversy in the *Times* about London cookery, and complaints were justly made as to the great poverty of invention evinced by our housewives and their ministering cooks as to the lesser dishes,—a department which has been made the subject of so much profitable study in France. "*Taisez-vous donc*," said a great cook, when interrupted rudely in a sublime fit of abstraction; "*laissez-moi tranquille; je compose!*" His mind was full of the beautiful gradations, refined contrasts, balances, and compensations which the arrangement of his master's dinner was to exhibit. Perhaps we are too easily satisfied with our literary feasts as well as with our cookery. The lighter portions of some of our magazines seem to be sometimes arranged on no principle at all, or rather on that principle which was protested against by the Scotch servants, who used to stipulate with their masters that they should not be fed on salmon more than a certain number of days in a week. As the salmon is the first of dinner fishes, so the serial novel is the queen of light literary food. But there are other fish besides salmon; and it would be a thousand pities if it were to become established that no part of a magazine could be called light that was not a work of fiction. In many there are now two serials proceeding side by side, and sometimes more. Novel-reading has certainly attained enormous proportions in our

time; and it may also fairly be said that, with the exception of a bad school that seemed lately to threaten us with its predominance, novel-writing has answered the demand well, and arrived at a high state of perfection. But it seems to be forgotten that the serial novel is a specific kind under a larger genus. Here we want the Attic taste and fine sense of diversity which makes the French admirable critics as well as good cooks and dressmakers. Just as an ordinary English lady thinks that "any thing will do" for a side-dish or an *entremet*, and that nothing more is required to make a dress than so many yards of silk or merino, so we find an idea dominant in some quarters that any ordinary novel cut into slices will make a good serial. A slice, we suppose a good cook would say, is simply a fragment imperfect in itself, and very unbecoming as a feature on a dinner-table: a cutlet is a whole, with its own character and its own individuality. More attention might profitably be devoted to the "dressing" of the separate portions of a serial as they appear in a magazine; they ought to have the same kind of balance of parts and individual completeness as the successive acts of a good play. Then, again, to return to a different point—not every kind of novel is acceptable in this form. Think of one of Mr. G. P. R. James's historical productions coming out in successive issues of the *Cornhill* or *Temple Bar*! As we have elsewhere said, Mr. Trollope is the king of this kind of fiction; though we should be wrong altogether to exclude the more historical, or, again, the more romantic school. But something like the brilliancy of dialogue and the accurate drawing of character for which this writer is famous should be essential requisites in a serial, which we should be able to welcome as a pleasant entertaining companion for half an hour every month, and then to look forward to meeting it again after a few weeks, without being on tenterhooks all the time with the thought of some half-told catastrophe which is to turn out next month to be nothing at all. Some of our serial writers—and not the worst of them—are too fond of this unworthy trick. Some months ago we read of a lady who was left looking over her husband's shoulder at a letter he was reading, with the usual formidable array of asterisks at the end of the chapter; and when the four weeks came round, there was no catastrophe after all. Last year a prominent character was arrested for debt at the end of a chapter, with every appearance of treachery and inevitable ruin; when the monthly part came round again, it turned out to have been simply a device of the author to keep up a pleasurable excitement in the minds of her readers. These tricks remind us of the Princess Scheherezade; and the writers who perpetrate them, if they are not deficient altogether in the qualities which we admire in Mr.

Trollope, were at all events, in the novels to which we allude, too lazy to exert them. And as all these novels are reprinted afterwards in a complete form, those who have never read them as serials are naturally perplexed to understand what the authors can have been at.

Another fault which might profitably be corrected in the serial system is the great prolixity which is entailed upon writers, not exactly by the fact that they issue their novels piecemeal, but by the other concomitant fact that the novels thus issued are destined also to appear in the usual regular three volumes post octavo. Pollok, in his *Course of Time*, makes some celestial interlocutor in the next world say

“a novel was a book
Three-volumed, and once read.”

Now, it may be only “once read,” but it is certainly twice published; and that in two very different forms. Few traditions have been, in a certain sense, more convenient for publishers and authors than that which requires that a novel should as a matter of rule consist of three volumes; but the rule was made before the days of serials. Unless the magazines in which novels appear can afford to give them a large proportion of their available space every month, the three-volume condition in the second and more dignified phase of existence can only be secured by a great extension of the period of their gradual development in the pages of a periodical. Some novels of this sort last half as long as the American war; ministries and dynasties succeed one another, and their tale is yet untold; and, of course, it sometimes happens that our interest in them is gone before the last chapter is at length given to us. What conceivable reason is there why we should take nearly two years to read an ordinary story? At all events, the characters which remain before us for so long a time ought to be interesting in themselves and exquisitely drawn; there ought to be nothing slovenly or commonplace about a work every portion of which is to be considered and judged of by itself. The Fates have decreed that we must have serials; let them be good, carefully written, with a view to their particular mode of appearance, and—unless they are first-rate—let them not be too long.

Our periodical literature has attained its present grand proportions by the operation of causes which will probably continue to act, and so may carry it on to a still more brilliant future. It is becoming the favourite kind of reading in a language which, as time rolls on, is becoming more and more universal; and it is more and more drawing into its service the most cultivated minds among those by whom that language is spoken. It has therefore before it a prospect of ever-increasing usefulness and importance. It takes its tone and

modifies its form instinctively, according to the taste and genius of the people for whom it is written; but it may still consult foreign examples with advantage, and aim at taking its part in the formation and guidance of opinion and thought, without laying aside its gracefulness or its mirth.

γ.

Inquietus.

We put him in a golden cage
 With crystal troughs : but still he pined
 For tracts of royal foliage,
 And broad blue skies and merry wind.
 We gave him water cool and clear ;
 All round his golden wires we twined
 Fresh leaves and blossoms bright, to cheer
 His restless heart : but still he pined.
 We whistled and we chirped ; but he
 Trilled never more his liquid falls,
 But ever yearned for liberty,
 And dashed against his golden walls.
 Again, again, in wild despair,
 He strove to burst his bars aside ;
 At last, beneath his pinion fair,
 He hid his drooping head and died !
 And so against the golden bars—
 Life's golden bars—our poor souls smite,
 Pining for tracts beyond the stars,
 Freedom and Beauty, Truth and Light.
 Those bars a Father's hands adorn
 With leaves and flowers—earth's loveliest things—
 With crystal draughts : but still we mourn
 With thirsting for the “living springs.”
 Nor crystal draughts, nor leaves and flowers,
 The exiled heart can satisfy :
 We shake the bars ; and some few hours
 We droop and pine, and then we die,
 We die ! But O, the prison-bars
 Are shatter'd then : then far away,
 We pass beyond the sky, the stars—
 Beyond the change of night and day !

Reynolds and his Studio.

THE name and family of Albemarle must have always been gratefully associated in Reynolds's mind with the history of his own success. Not only was it to the kindness of Commodore Keppel that he was indebted for his Italian tour, but it was by a portrait of the same young officer, taken soon after his own return to London, that he achieved his maiden fame. Keppel was younger by a few years than Reynolds, and though the second son of an earl, in an age when rank was far more certain to procure promotion than it is at present, he might have fairly boasted that he did not owe his high rank in the service to fortune or the favour of the great. At ten he was in the navy; at eighteen he had gone round the world with Anson, who, struck by his gallantry during an unsuccessful engagement with the Spaniards, made him a lieutenant on the spot; at twenty he was appointed to the Maidstone, a fifty-gun frigate, and, meeting the enemy soon afterwards in French waters, he chased them so far towards the land, in the eagerness of pursuit, that his vessel struck. She was a wreck in a moment; but the energy and prudence by which he saved his crew more than atoned in the eyes of his country for the noble daring by which their lives had been endangered, and he was honourably acquitted by the court-martial which on his return to England tried him for the loss of the vessel. The year 1762 was a glorious one for him and his two brothers. They were all concerned in the conquest of the Havannah. Lord Albemarle commanded the land forces. General Keppel, the second brother, directed the siege of the Moro. The commodore shared with Pocock and Harvey the glory of the naval service. Later on, Keppel was on the court-martial which tried Byng, and exerted himself warmly, though unavailingly, in his favour—a fact which he must have remembered with especial satisfaction when, towards the close of his own career, he himself was brought, by private malice, before a tribunal of the same kind. Accused by Sir Hugh Palliser of negligence in a partial action of the Channel fleet with the French off Ushant, he was tried at Portsmouth, and honourably acquitted. Never was a more dramatic court-martial in the annals of our naval service. The very admirals who tried him could scarce preserve the impassive coldness due to their position as

his judges. The witnesses on his side gave their evidence with a fervour which carried all before it. Old Admiral Montague, questioned by Keppel himself as to the charge of negligence, burst into tears; and when his sword was returned to the prisoner, the pent-up feelings of the crowd, in court and out of court, found vent in a cheer for "little Keppel," as his sailors fondly called him, in which all, from the duke of royal blood to the lowest Jack-tar in the navy, joined with a right good-will. A signal-gun flashed the news to Spithead, and the ships responded with a glad salute. From its anchorage off Mother Bank the Indian fleet took up the note, and fired broadside after broadside in honour of the acquittal. Portsmouth was illuminated; and Keppel, surrounded by his friends, all wearing light-blue ribbons and a golden "Keppel" in their hats, was carried back in triumph to his lodgings. From Portsmouth the verdict flew to London, and London caught up the enthusiasm. Houses and public offices were lighted up, and a mob, which Pitt and Rogers and the Duke of Ancaster were not too proud to join, patrolled the streets. The house of his cowardly accuser was gutted, and its contents blazed that night as a bonfire in St. James's Square. Lords North and Bute, heads of the adverse ministry, had their windows broken; and it is said that Pitt had a share in the misdeed. The houses of Lords Sandwich, Mulgrave, and Lisburne fared no better, and the Admiralty gates were torn off their hinges. From one end of the land to the other "Keppel and Virtue" became the war-cry of the people. The hero, in fact, was no longer a hero, but an idol. Ladies wore caps "à la Keppel." Houses of general resort put down their old emblems to hoist his likeness. All the "Admiral Keppels" of public-houses date from this period; and the very spoons and tablecloths of the day, stamped with his name and motto, bear as sure witness to the general feeling in his favour as the "Long live Queen Caroline!" of cottage crockery in the reign of the fourth George prove the sympathy of England with his ill-treated wife.

True and loyal-hearted as Reynolds ever was, he no doubt shared to the full in the anxieties of Keppel's friends during the trial, and their joy at its happy termination. In his loving letter of congratulation to the commodore, he tells him that, calculating on the popularity of persecution, he had, without even waiting for permission, sent his picture to the engraver. The picture to which he alludes is doubtless the one he took of Keppel after his return from Italy, and which proved, as we have already mentioned, the foundation of his own artistic fame. In it Keppel is represented on a rocky beach; breakers are rolling in heavily from sea, and he is stepping from

the canvas with a vigour and energy of attitude and action which sufficiently tell the story, though not another man is visible, and not even a vestige of the wreck is seen. The picture, so far removed from the lifeless mannerism of his old master, Hudson, took the town by storm, and placed Reynolds at once at the head of his profession.

Two young lordlings, "just returned," says Walpole, "from their travels," sat to him immediately for a joint picture; commissions poured in from all quarters; he removed to a larger house in Leicester Square, and inaugurated his new mansion with a ball. On the marriage of George III., a few years later, Reynolds was chosen to paint three of the "fairest" of the ten beautiful bridesmaids who bore the train of the young Queen Charlotte. Of these three "fairest" the fairest was the Lady Elizabeth Keppel, and the most interesting to the painter, first, as the sister of his beloved commodore, and afterwards for the sad sorrow which fell upon her young life and blighted its early promise. She is painted in her state robes, and an attendant negress—whose upturned ebony face is in the happiest contrast with the carnation-like loveliness of the high-born girl—is holding up a massive wreath of flowers, with which, in allusion to the recent marriage, Lady Elizabeth is decorating the statue of Hymen. The portrait was not quite finished when she married Lord Tavistock, son of the Duke of Bedford; and three years after that event she was still sitting to Reynolds for the last touches to the picture. Reference to his pocket-book shows that she was to have been at his studio on the 11th of March; but the entry is effaced, and for a sufficient reason. Early in that month Lord Tavistock left his home for a few days' hunting. Young, high-hearted, prosperous, and rich, a long career of honour and happiness seemed to lie before him; and as he rode away that morning, kissing his hand in gay adieu to his wife and her lovely babes, there was not one perhaps of the merry hunting-band around him who would not gladly have exchanged places with him. Before the setting of that very sun he was brought back senseless, speechless,—in all but the fact that he still breathed, a corpse. The hounds had met at Dunstable, and a long and exciting run had followed. It was nearly over, when the marquis, a bold and eager rider, put his jaded horse at a low fence,—so low that a child on a pony might have safely cleared it. The animal was already overdone, took it loosely, fell, and, in an ineffectual effort to recover itself, struck its rider repeatedly on the head. He was brought home speechless; and on the 17th he died, in the third year of his marriage and the twenty-eighth of his age. The marchioness never sat again to Reynolds, and six months afterwards she died of a broken

heart at Lisbon. He finished the picture as he could without her ; and many a weary thought he must have had as he glanced from his easel to the empty chair where he had seen her sit so often, serene and happy, and little thinking of the blow which was so soon to descend upon her happy home and to lay her in a foreign grave. This was in the year 1767, and in that which followed Reynolds was made President of the Royal Academy, just then starting into existence under the patronage of the king. George III. was in a measure compelled by the force of public opinion to this appointment ; but he did not like Reynolds as a painter, and never sat to him when he could help it, giving as a reason for refusing him the study of the royal countenance, that "Reynolds painted red trees," which it must be confessed he did, when an autumn sun was shining through their bronzed and withered foliage. Over and above these "red trees," it must be remembered that Reynolds was the fast friend and associate of all the great Whig Liberals of the day ; a fact not likely to win him favour in the eyes of a monarch who, notwithstanding the tenure on which he held his crown, was as stern a stickler at heart for the "right divine" as any of the Stuarts. If, however, George III., true to his standard of meritorious mediocrity, chose to transmit his features to posterity by Ramsay's pencil, he had not, luckily for Reynolds, enough of Louis XIV.'s kingcraft in him to be able to persuade his subjects to follow his example. Women—ay, and men too—would flock to the painter, who, even while he preserved the likeness, could give them back their features more beautiful than nature made them, redeeming ugliness itself from its own reproaches by the happy knack he had of seizing upon whatever of intellect or benevolence the face was capable of expressing, and stamping it irrevocably on the mimic canvas. His studio became a sort of neutral ground, whither all parties and persuasions came without scruple or constraint ; and Whig and Tory, peer and player, satin-robed duchess and shoeless model, all passed like dissolving views to and from his sitters' chair. Northcote tells us, in fact, that Reynolds always had some ragged child or picturesque-looking beggar—picked up perhaps in his morning-walk—ready for the occupation of an idle hour. It was thus that he painted his "Babes in the Wood," sketching his little sitter over and over again, until it slept for very weariness ; and then he once more sketched it and left it on his canvas, prettier and more pathetic than ever in its dreamless slumber. Once, in the midst of this labour of love, a thundering knock announced a more important sitter, and the little wretch was hardly bundled off ere a stately duchess sailed in and seated herself in the vacated chair, while Reynolds received her with

his most courteous bow; and the "Devonshire boy," less equal to the occasion, turned aside to conceal his irrepressible grin, as he muttered in his broadest dialect, "If she did but know who had been there before her!"

Burke sat to him, and Wilkes, and Goldsmith, and Johnson, for many another picture besides that unlucky one which he denounced so fiercely, as being likely to fasten upon him in future ages the nickname of "blinking Sam." Sterne, with his wig awry; Garrick, standing uncertain between Tragedy and Comedy; Siddons queen of the former, Abington of the latter,—all owed their best likenesses to his pencil. Mrs. Bouverie sat to him for his shepherdesses in Arcadia, with her inseparable Mrs. Crewe—Crewe as prompt as she was pretty; for she it was who, at a great Whig gathering, where the Prince of Wales gave for a toast "True blue, and Mrs. Crewe," responded so happily with her "True blue, and all of you." The queen of fashion sat to him and the queen of song,—the beautiful Devonshire, and Eliza Lindley, recently married to Sheridan, a young man, as yet so unknown and in so doubtful a position, that the duchess, despotic though she was in her own dominions, and equally fascinated by the wife's beauty and the husband's wit, hesitated a good while before she stamped them as true metal in the world of fashion by inviting them to Devonshire House. Widow Horton came to his studio with the royal duke she had just won by her eyelashes,—a yard long, Walpole says they were; but let us hope it was an exaggeration. A long, gawky, unwise duke he was; awkward and ill-bred, as princes, "to the manner born," seldom are, and never ought to be; an unready duke, moreover, who, when his pretty wife insisted, *sotto voce*, on his saying something civil to the painter, could invent nothing brighter or better for the purpose than a "What! eh? so you begin always by the head, do ye?"

The Countess of Waldegrave came also with *her* royal prize, the Duke of Gloucester, who seems (to do him justice) to have been as fond and tender as his brother of Cumberland was brutal and overbearing. She had sat to Reynolds a little while before as a widow mourning for her departed spouse; she came to him now the radiant, though as yet unacknowledged, wife of a royal duke; and two or three years later Reynolds painted her, as he best loved to paint the beautiful young English mothers who crowded to his studio, with her infant daughter at her side. The picture is a lovely one; and the infant (afterwards Princess Sophia), a chubby little creature, rolling with her favourite lapdog on the ground, is one of the most beautiful even of Reynolds's beautiful portraiture of infancy.

Sir Joshua was just as much at home with the blues as with the

belles. Mrs. Montague he painted; and, harder task by far, he sat to Angelica Kauffmann for his own portrait, flirting with her gently all the while, and offering flowers and compliments in pleasant combination. Miss Carter he was civil to; and he went to see Hannah More's dullish tragedy many times, besides repeating her poem on a "House-dog" so often to his visitors, that some of them declared they knew it, without ever having read a line of it, by heart.

Every one knows how fond he was of "little Burney," and how proud she was of the devotion of her "dear Sir Joshua;" how Mrs. Montague thought it might "come to be a match at last;" and how "Fannikin" herself assures her "dearest sissy" that she could not think of accepting a man who had already had two "shakes of the palsy," and would doubtless require endless nursing before he took his departure for the next world.

These were all fair women, with fortunes as smiling as their faces; but there were others who sat to Reynolds with faces quite as fair, whom Fate had less kindly treated. Those who know the Barton collection of his paintings will remember such a face among them. A face beautiful, but not bright,—a face upon which we cannot gaze without feeling instinctively that for all her gay garb and brocaded silver, her heart must have been heavy as she sat to Reynolds for that picture. And so in truth it must have been; heavy and well nigh breaking. That look of woe was no mere mimic look assumed for the purpose of effect. She who gazes so sadly on us from the canvas was suffering even then worse, a thousand times, than her own death-agony, in the impending execution of her brothers. Her name was Kenedy, and she was a well-known beauty of the day, followed and flattered by half the young bloods about town. Her brothers had begun life as ale-house waiters; but rising with her rising fortunes, they found themselves on something like terms of intimacy with the Bunburys, the Selwyns, and the St. Johns, who fluttered round their sister. The society into which they were thus admitted was not more orderly for being select; and in one of the gentlemanly riots too common in those days, a watchman was unfortunately killed. The brothers Kenedy happened to be present, and were instantly pounced upon by justice. There was not a tittle of evidence to show that either of them had dealt the death-wound; but justice required a victim; and it was thought perhaps more expedient that two obscure individuals, whom nobody knew or cared for, should suffer for the good of society, than that the "curly-headed darlings" of fortune, who were probably the chief promoters of the riot, should be incommoded in their career of pleasure. The Kenedys, in short, were the "whipping-boys" of the party, and condemned ac-

cordingly to be hanged. The sentence was pronounced upon Friday, and was to be carried out on the following Monday. Their unhappy sister flew from one to another of her gay adorers, and they bestirred themselves (as well they might) to save her brothers. The Secretary of State was besieged by men who perhaps felt themselves as guilty as, or more so than, the wretches they were trying to beg off. The king was petitioned; the queen worried for mercy by the ladies of her court; and in the end a respite was obtained. There was even a report of an entire pardon; and then, like a clap of thunder, came the news that one brother was still to die, and the other to be sent to Maryland—a convict. The latter was at once removed to a ship about to sail for that country; and there Lord Fife found him (so he wrote to Selwyn), in a hole not more than sixteen feet long,—where fifty other wretches as miserable as himself were suffocating already,—a collar and padlock round his neck, and five villanous-looking ruffians chained to him like a leash of dogs. Every one but the sister despaired of further mercy; but she would not give in. Spencer, Carlisle, St. John, Walpole, were all appealed to, and the case became almost political—the City trying to hang both men, and Miss Kenedy's court-friends to save them. There was a fresh appeal. The ship, which had already sailed, was brought-to in the Downs, and, by virtue of a warrant from the Secretary of State, the body of Matthew Kenedy demanded. Again, and this time in double chains, he stood at the bar of the King's Bench, and once more was tried for murder. The widow appeared and gave evidence against him; the Bill-of-Rights Society clamoured for the blood of both the brothers, and Junius thundered against the misplaced mercy of the crown, which hesitated to take life for life. Still the sister would not despair. She wept and prayed; rushed in frantic sorrow from one to another of her titled friends, and at last succeeded. The brothers again were tried for murder, but this time their accuser did not appear. She had been bought off. Three hundred and fifty pounds was the price at which she fixed her silence; but she wept bitterly when she went to take it; and refusing to handle the gold which had been purchased by her husband's blood, made the attorney pour it himself into her outspread apron.

It was in the midst of all this fear and anguish that Miss Kenedy sat, at the request of Sir Charles Bunbury—whom she dared not refuse—to Sir Joshua Reynolds for her picture. No wonder the face is full of tragic woe. As an artist, Reynolds probably was not sorry to seize the expression of its anguish, and, as a kind-hearted man, to make it a means of enlisting her friends more entirely in her cause. He told Sir Charles that he considered it one of the best he had

ever painted, and that he had taken especial pains about it. He might, however, have said almost the same, as to pains, of any of his other pictures, for never was fashionable portrait-painter less self-asserting or more patient. He said himself of one of his pictures that there were five others—some better and some worse—beneath it. He never refused to alter or begin again at the whim or fancy of his sitter; and when caprice was carried too far, instead of resenting the impertinence, he quietly turned his deaf ear upon it.

So, for example, when the Duchess of Bedford came to his studio in a state of great excitement about her daughter of Marlborough's picture—which had just been finished and brought to town—and screamed out, "Sir Joshua, I don't think my daughter's head a bit like!" he heard her probably well enough, but he only bowed as if she had said the civillest thing in the world, and gave the stereotyped reply, "I am glad you like it; every one thinks it the best likeness I have ever taken." "But I *don't* think it like!" the duchess shouted; and then, finding that he still bowed and simpered, she turned in despair to Beechy, with her "Pray, sir, will you tell him I don't think it like?" Beechy was too young a man to venture upon such an unwelcome compliment; and some one else happening to enter the studio at the moment, the duchess applied to him for aid: "Sir, I cannot make Sir Joshua hear. Will you tell him I don't think it like?" The new-comer—probably an intimate of the studio—bawled the unfavourable verdict through the trumpet; and this time, compelled to understand, Sir Joshua merely answered, "Not like? then we will make it like;" and quietly resumed his painting.

The picture of which she spoke in this unceremonious fashion was probably a favourite with the painter, who had expended both time and thought upon it. It was one of those great family-portraits intended to commemorate every member, from the oldest to the youngest of the race, and he had been down to Blenheim to complete it. Personal beauty had been a gift in the Marlborough family for three generations, and we see it in this picture passing in exquisite gradation through all its stages; from the matronly dignity of the duchess down to the rosebud loveliness of the elder girls and the chubby beauty of the infants. The group of children in the foreground—one holding up a hideous-looking mask, from which the other shrinks in terror—is a happy illustration of the painter's art of catching a momentary expression in his subject. The child, not quite four years old, had been brought into the room to sit; but, seized with sudden panic, she clung, without turning round, to her nurse's garments, crying out, "I won't be painted! I won't be painted!" Sir Joshua sketched-in the attitude and ex-

pression on the instant; and to account for the child's alarm, introduced the elder of the little girls holding up the mask, and apparently amusing herself with the infant's terror.

His snuff-taking propensities while he was employed on this picture seem rather to have annoyed the duchess, and she one day sent a servant with a broom to sweep up the snuff, which he scattered about in all directions. But the painting-room was Sir Joshua's own dominion, in which he would suffer none but himself to rule; and he instantly ordered the man to desist, observing at the same time that *his* snuff would do less harm to *her* grace's carpet than *her* servant and the broom would do, by the dust they raised, to *his* unfinished picture.

We have reserved this anecdote for the last, because it seems to us highly illustrative of the way in which he preserved his own position as a gentleman, as well as an artist, with the highest of his employers. He never forgot what was due to others, but he expected them to remember in their turn what they owed to him; and to this manly independence of thought and action we must mainly attribute the fact that, of the crowds which entered his studio as sitters only, few left it excepting as intimates and friends. And what friends he had! Their very names are a sufficient eulogium on the man. Keppel loved him as a brother; and their friendship, commencing in the early dawn of manhood, remained bright and unclouded to its evening close. Burke waited on him in his death-bed hour, and left a long and pathetic account of his last moments. Goldsmith turned to him more tenderly even than he did to Johnson. There is nothing indeed in the life of Reynolds more pleasant to record than the unostentatious kindness with which the successful painter treated the less fortunate, though even more gifted, poet. All that we know of the intercourse between these two men shows kindness on the one side and gratitude on the other. Johnson likewise loved his "Goldie" dearly, and permitted no one to abuse him but himself. It is to the eternal honour of Reynolds that he asked for himself no such savage monopoly. When poor Goldsmith was dead and gone, the great Doctor said, and said most truly, that Goldsmith's friends had loved him too well. They loved him in fact so well, that they treated him as a child, and talked of him as an "inspired idiot," certain that, however keenly he might feel the gibe, he would retort it in no unkindly or resentful spirit. Reynolds alone had neither gibe nor sneer to fling at him. Beneath the uncouth form and hesitating speech he discerned the sensitive mind, the heart yearning for tenderness, and yet shrinking from the mocking spirit in which it was too often offered; and he not only gave

the poet the love he craved so eagerly, but he gave it to him with a respectful deference, which—as a far rarer boon—must have been even more welcome to him than love. To Johnson's friendship for Reynolds we have already alluded. No one ever took a surer measure of his man than Johnson, and he valued Reynolds equally on his qualities of head and heart. Perhaps, indeed, he never paid a higher compliment to the intellect of any man than he did to that of Sir Joshua, when—the prince himself of talkers, and not too willing therefore to act the listener's part—he said that he “liked to hear Reynolds talk, for he never spoke without putting him in possession of a new idea.” Reynolds repaid this loving admiration with interest. His heart, his purse, and his house, were ever open to him. He exerted himself warmly and efficiently to obtain such an increase of his pension as might enable him to recruit his failing health in Italy; and when all hopes of longer life were over, and the great moralist lay upon his deathbed, it was to Reynolds, more almost than to any one, that he turned for sympathy and support. It was to Reynolds that, in the long watches of the night which he passed beside his bed, he imparted his anxieties concerning the life departing from him, and his hopes of that upon which he was about to enter; and it was to Reynolds finally, that, in conjunction with a few other friends as faithful and as fond, he confided the execution of his last wishes, and the care of consigning his body to the tomb.

The same sweet equability of temper which won Reynolds friends enabled him to keep them. Totally free from the petty vanity which so often makes genius irritable, he never lost a friend except by death; and his only enemies were the men who envied him his success. Even they were often forced to confess that he wore his honours meekly. He enjoyed them, as Burke said, but they did not spoil him; and the calmness with which he received the smiles of Fortune never deserted him when she frowned. For though his life seemed, and was in reality in all substantial matters, one long success, it had, as every human life must have, its darker moments. Compared indeed to the trials of many of his compeers, his were but as the crumpling of rose-leaves; yet were they, and that even because of their minuteness, of the very kind which most thoroughly tries a man, and proves him to be gold or dross. Though the king had knighted and appointed him to the office of court-painter, he never liked or patronised him as an artist. Royal disapprobation on a subject on which royalty might fairly be presumed ignorant would not be much heeded now; but in those days it was deemed so deep a slur upon artistic talent, that the President of the Royal Academy threatened to resign the post if majesty did not honour him by a

sitting, which majesty accordingly did, thus threatened, though with a very bad grace indeed.

Gainsborough quarrelled with him early in his career; but repenting of it dying, he sent to Reynolds, who visited him on his deathbed. Barry abused him brutally. And last, not least, his own academical children proved unruly, and forced him to resign. This quarrel with the Academy was probably the severest trial of his life; and it came upon him at a moment when he was least able to endure it—when the loss of one eye and the partial failure of the other had compelled him to give up painting; when the death of many of his oldest friends must have warned him that his own sands were running short, and that a few brief years of bitterness and sorrow were all that interposed between him and the grave; when, in fine, he was touching on the age at which men are most jealous of their authority, perhaps from the consciousness that they will soon be compelled to resign it for ever! And this was the moment when the Academy—his own creation, and the object of his life for years—chose to quarrel with him and set him at defiance. He went there to oppose what he deemed injustice towards a candidate for its honours,—a Catholic and a foreigner,—and was met by such a spirit of determined hostility that he sent in his resignation on the spot. But the king for once did him justice, and refused to accept it; the Academy, ashamed of its own violence, petitioned him to resume his functions; and, true to his peaceful and forgiving temper, he consented to their prayer. This was the crowning glory of his life: after that the shadows deepen.

The year before his rupture with the Academy he had laid down his pencil never to resume it; and now his health began to fail him, and the fear of total blindness told sadly on his spirits. "I am very glad to see you again, and I wish I could see you better; but I have only one eye left, and hardly that," was his greeting to Miss Burney in almost the last visit that she paid him. It was the nearest thing to a murmur probably that he had uttered yet, for his quiet patience never failed him. Afraid to paint, to read or write, he received thankfully the kind offices of the friends who dropt in continually to read or chat with him, or he worked away unweariedly at mending and cleaning his beloved pictures, or amused himself with a pet canary. Six months after that interview with Burney he passed quietly away from earth, full of years, of honours, and of wealth, and surrounded by the friends whom he had loved tenderly in life, and who clung to him as tenderly in the hour of death.

He left a name of which his country may well be proud; for in spite of defective drawing and evanescent colouring,—in spite too

of the ugliness and oddity of the fashions with which he had to contend,—there was a magic in his pencil, a beauty in his pictured women, a vigour and energy in his men, which redeemed portrait-painting from the cold conventionalism into which it had fallen in the hands of Hudson and Vanloo, created a new era for art in England, and won for himself no mean place in history among the great portrait-painters of the world.

Translation from Wordsworth.

SMALL service is true service, while it lasts ;
 Of friends, however humble, spurn not one :
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

Latinè.

Tu cave, quantumvis humilem, asperneris amicum ;
 Sit tenue, at verum est, dum manet, officium :
 Floris in exiguâ, quam circum projicit, umbrâ,
 Guttula Phœbeo tardior igne perit.

Q. C.

Government Annuities.

It certainly cannot be said that the working-classes in England are a provident race. They are decidedly less so than the rich. However well-to-do they may be in their way, it is with difficulty they can be induced to lay-by for a rainy day. They love to indulge at their own cost in eating, drinking, and fine clothes. Many of the lower orders buy delicacies when first in season, and prefer living in squalid discomfort to practising systematic thrift. When they join clubs and provident-societies, it is often more for the sake of jollity and carousing than for the maintenance of their families in case of their falling sick.

It is not so in France. Those who were in Paris in 1859, and saw the crowds of working-men that pressed eagerly to deposit their savings at the several Bureaux, when the Government called for a loan, will never forget the sight. There was nothing remarkably favourable in the conditions offered, and the cause which demanded the supplies was by no means universally popular. Nothing but the wish to husband their resources to the best advantage can account for the alacrity of the people on this occasion. If you see a young unmarried woman in France at the wheel, and ask what she is spinning, she will probably answer, "*Je file mon mariage.*" And what does she mean by spinning her marriage? Simply that she is preparing her *trousseau*. It will take her some years to complete; for when she marries, she is expected to provide her own linen, house-linen, and half-a-dozen shirts for her husband. It is no wonder, therefore, that the shepherdess in Normandy cards with her own hands the wool from the few sheep that feed freely on the cliff's slope, washes it white as snow, spins it at home, and in her leisure hours knits all her camisoles, shawls, and stockings. Economy is with her a habit and a principle; and you would find it as difficult to dissuade her from acting thus, as to induce an English girl in the same condition of life to imitate her example. Every gentlewoman amongst us knows that the hardest task she has met with in her round of benevolence has been to persuade her young servants, tenants, and school-girls, to eschew finery and learn to be frugal and saving.

It cannot be denied that of late years the interest felt by the rich for the condition of the poor has been greatly on the increase. The East and West Ends have become better acquainted; and if class-distinctions are as pronounced as ever, they at all events occasion less bitterness. It is almost the fashion now in higher circles to patronise the cause of the poor; and though a good deal of sentimentalism may be mixed up with better motives, the results are on the whole beneficial to society. Intelligent earnestness in the main prompts and sustains the activity in question. Reflecting persons are now alive to the fact that the labouring classes want instruction, not merely in religion, reading, writing, and arithmetic, but in still more commonplace matters, in which they are, notwithstanding, utterly at sea—that they need guidance and encouragement, in short, in the commonest arts of life, and in the management of their own affairs. The Post-office Savings-bank has been admirably contrived for this purpose. The plan is wise as a whole, and its details have been well worked out. It is only by degrees that the public will be made sensible of the advantages it offers; for we are, as a people, rather slow in taking-in a new idea or contracting a fresh habit. Those who have hitherto availed themselves of its provisions are delighted with the experiment. It has brought happiness to many a home, and the thrift it has fostered will bear fruit in years to come. A glance at the Report of the Postmaster-General will show how many hundreds in every part of the country have profited by it. The money hitherto invested has come from persons who, before the time of this national institution, were not in the habit of investing money. To them, therefore, it is pure gain. The aggregate sum is made up of small amounts, some of which proceed from the poorest districts. It is also encouraging to observe that, while so large a sum has been deposited in the Post-office Bank, the old-established savings-banks have suffered very little diminution of their income. There cannot be a more convincing proof that, unthriftiness among the working-classes have hitherto been, there is now a disposition among them to turn over a new leaf, and that it needs only to be encouraged in order to its becoming far more general.

The object of this paper will be to show, in a practical manner, the nature and scope of the Post-office Savings-bank system, and to place such readers as have not yet inquired into the matter in a position to advise and instruct any of their dependents who may wish to be annuitants.

There is a twofold advantage to be reaped from the institution in question. First, it affords means for the purchase of small annuities; and secondly, for assuring payments of money at death, under go-

vernment security. Up to the present time, thousands of persons have been deterred from investing their savings by the insecurity of village-societies and county-banks. They choose rather to intrust their little all to an old stocking or a drawer-corner. To join a friendly society with uncertain wages would have been a hazardous speculation, since in that case stated sums must be paid at regular intervals. In the event of non-payment on any occasion, the defaulter would be struck off the list of members, without any advantage from the money he might have paid in for years. In this manner many aged persons, who had been paying-in during the greater part of their lives, lost, through some specially trying season, all claim on the society, and saw the savings of long years of frugality swallowed up at one fell swoop of misfortune. The Royal Liver Society, Liverpool, reported last year 70,000 lapsed policies out of 130,000; and the Friend-in-Need Society reported 18,000. Thus, in one year a great gain accrued to the society, and a melancholy loss to many of its members. Nor was this the only suffering to which members were exposed: after subscribing for years, they often found such societies hopelessly involved. Scarcely one society could be found in which a poor man could safely invest his savings. Much of the improvidence rife among the labouring classes was due to this cause rather than to their own unwillingness to put by. The larger and respectable insurance-companies, of which the middle classes avail themselves, scarcely affected the labouring poor at all. The directors of these admirable institutions would have acted wisely if they had adapted their tables to a working-man's means; but they did not think it expedient; and we have therefore reason to be grateful to Mr. Gladstone for having devised a scheme by which artisans and huxters may safely provide for the future, and escape the degrading prospect of being beholden to charity or the workhouse in sickness and old age. The measure, which is now in full operation, has an immense range, and may well be called "the first blow at pauperism." If understood and trusted, it will effect more for the people than the cheap loaf; and will develop in the English character that virtue of thrift in which our poor are so sadly deficient.

It appears, from the government tables, that the annuity branch is framed for—

1. The purchase of an immediate life-annuity, payable half-yearly, of not less than 4*l.*, and not more than 50*l.* For this a single payment is required.

2. The purchase, by a single payment, of an annuity of not less than 1*l.*, or more than 50*l.*, and payable half-yearly, on and from the second quarter-day next following the expiration of a term of years,

the condition of the purchase being that no part of the purchase-money can in any event be returned.

3. The purchase, by an annual payment throughout a term of years, of an annuity of not less than 4*l.*, or more than 50*l.*, payable half-yearly, without any part of the purchase-money being in any case returnable.

4. The purchase by a half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, fortnightly, or weekly payment, continued through a term of years, of a monthly allowance of not less than 4*l.*, and not more than 4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* to commence on the first day of the month next following the expiration of such term of years, on condition that no part of the purchase-money shall in any event be returned.

5. The purchase by a single payment, or by an annual payment for a term of years, of an annuity of not less than 4*l.*, and not more than 50*l.*, payable half-yearly, after the expiration of a term of years, the conditions being that if the proprietor dies before the annuity becomes due, the purchase-money will be returned to his representatives; and that if he should, during his life and before the annuity becomes due, desire the purchase-money to be returned to him, it shall be returned.

6. The purchase by a half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, fortnightly, or weekly payment throughout a term of years, of a monthly allowance of not less than 4*l.*, and not more than 4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, on condition that if the proprietor should die before the monthly allowance becomes due, it will be paid to his representatives; or if during his life he should desire the purchase-money to be returned to him, he may receive it.

The assurance on lives may be effected—

1. By payment of a single premium.
2. By payment of a premium annually, throughout the whole life of the person insured.
3. By payment of a premium half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, fortnightly, or weekly, until the insured person shall have attained the age of sixty years.

After this dry enumeration of cases and conditions, it will be more interesting to inquire to what classes of persons the tables are capable of affording assistance. They are evidently five:

1. Those who, though straitened in their annual income, are fortunately possessed of a little money, which they are desirous of investing on good security, to bring them immediate returns.
2. Those with scanty wages, but some small capital, who are desirous of profitably investing their little hoard against the day of adversity.

3. Those who have no capital except their own strength, but whose wages would enable them to lay-by a trifle every week to assist them as they advance in years, or to maintain them when past the possibility of work.

4. Those who, having their families dependent on them for support, are willing to practise such self-denial as may ward off the utter poverty that would otherwise fall on those they love, if they were to be suddenly removed from them by death.

Lastly, the tables afford facilities to those employers who wish to make some provision for faithful servants. This kind purpose they may now accomplish in an easy and economical manner.

In starting a new project capable of vast extension the Government was naturally anxious to proceed with great caution. The terms it offers cannot be said to be particularly generous, or even low, since the rate of interest reckoned in apportioning the premiums for life-assurance is only 3 per cent, while a charge of 20 per cent is made to cover expense of collecting all payments at short intervals, that is, all made oftener than annually. The scheme therefore presupposes the virtue of thriftiness in a considerable degree, and every advantage it offers must be purchased at its full price. Its solid recommendations consist in the security guaranteed, and the convenient modes of payment.

Let us now see in what way an industrious person may appropriate the benefits held out in Mr. Gladstone's measure. John Hodge, just seventeen years old, has already some notion of settling in life, and would like to leave behind him a hundred pounds when he dies. Well, he pays a single premium of 7*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* This sum will secure 20*l.* payable at his death. At the age of twenty John has a little more money in hand, and would like to increase the assurance to 30*l.* Nothing is easier. He pays in 3*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*; and if at the age of twenty-three he pays 2*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.* more, he raises the assurance to 35*l.* At twenty-five he pays 2*l.* 2*s.*, and the sum in prospect is increased to 40*l.* Thus, year after year, he invests at his convenience some trifling amount, till at last he stands assured for 100*l.* I do not think his case is a common one, yet it might occur.

It is by the annuity-tables—particularly those on the deferred principle—that the industrial classes are most benefited. They strike a blow at pauperism and poor-rates, which must effect great results in course of time. The deferred-annuity system is almost the only plan by which the class who live by wages can provide with certainty for the time when age will unfit them for daily toil. Its tables are arranged so as to meet every condition in which the upper section of

the industrial poor can be placed. A few examples will put the matter in a clear light, and assist any one who may wish to invest for himself or others.

Mr. Joseph Hoard is a clerk receiving 100*l.* or 125*l.* per annum. He pays the yearly sum of 9*l.* 12*s.*, or 16*s.* per month, as he may prefer, from his twenty-fifth to his fifty-fifth year; and he is rewarded for his thirty years' frugality by receiving for the rest of his life, without any further payment, the sum of 46*l.* 10*s.* a year. For a further consideration of 2*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* per annum, from the age of twenty-five to sixty, Mr. Hoard could assure 100*l.* also, payable at death.

Thomas Husband, a mechanic, earns from 30*s.* to 35*s.* a week, and though he cannot deduct as much as Mr. Hoard from his yearly expenditure, yet the tables will accommodate him. Perhaps he can manage to save 2*s.* a week. In this case, if he pays it steadily from the age of twenty-five to sixty, it will secure him, as nearly as may be, 18*s.* a week for the rest of his days. With this income Thomas will be raised above a thousand cares, and many of his neighbours will envy him the comforts he enjoys. Every one will be kind to Thomas, and respect him for his thrifty ways; and thus he will be doubly rewarded for his prudence and forethought. Of course he is not limited to the figures here set down; but he cannot secure more than 50*l.* a year.

The life of females being less precarious than that of men when once their prime is past, they are obliged to pay heavier premiums in order to secure the same advantages. They ought not to complain of this, seeing that the chances of long life are on their side. Let them not be satisfied, however, with living longer on the average than men do; let them remember also that women who enjoy annuities live longest of all. This is a serious and well-attested fact. Nearly half the female paupers in the unions have been servants, and of this latter class a very large number might, if so minded, secure for themselves 25*l.* a year from the age of sixty till death. To accomplish this, however, they must be able to pay down, at the age of thirty, rather more than 42*l.*, and must continue to pay 2*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* per annum during thirty years.

Persons who desire to insure their lives or to purchase government annuities would do well to buy—as they may at almost every post-office—the “Plain Rules,” printed by Spottiswoode, for their guidance. The tables have met with universal approbation; and periodicals addressed to widely-differing classes of readers—such as the *Social Science Review*, the *Spectator*, the *Leisure Hour*, and the *News of the World*—unite in recommending them to the industrial

poor. So also, as I am informed, do the clergy in general, whether Catholic or Protestant.

There is one member of society to whom the government-annuity system holds out peculiar attractions,—I mean the governess. Accustomed to have comforts around her, and being often superior in birth and education to those by whom she is employed, she is haunted through life by the dread of that period when her strength will fail, and she will no longer have any adequate means of support. With all her contrivance she can see no prospect of saving capital the interest of which will suffice for her subsistence. She will learn, therefore, with gratitude and hope, that the real effect of the Post-office Savings-bank, apart from small details, is to give to persons who save for deferred annuities more than five times the interest on the sum they might have had if they had heaped the same savings up in a bank, and six times the income it would purchase if hoarded in a box.

Let us imagine a case. Miss Sarah Slavelly is just thirty years of age, and is earning only 40*l.* a year; but as she lives in the country and need not spend much on dress, she can pay into the government savings-bank 9*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* a year, and by this means secure to herself an income of 50*l.* per annum when she reaches her sixtieth year. She knows indeed a tutor and a poor clergyman, each of whom purchase the same pleasant prospect for 7*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* a year; but they are men, and she must pay for the privilege of belonging to another sex. But perhaps Miss Slavelly has a little money in hand: her aunt has left her 40*l.*, and she has saved up 45*l.* This will exactly do. She has only to make a single payment of 85*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* in order to secure her 25*l.* a year for life at the age of sixty. But suppose she will combine the two methods, which is far best: by the payment once for all of 85*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.*, and a yearly payment of 4*l.* 8*s.*, she may insure an income of 50*l.* per annum for her old age. It is not much, it is true, but equal nevertheless to 1000*l.* at 5 per cent, and far beyond utter poverty. Besides, Heaven helps those who help themselves. Mary Corby, the governess in a tale of Henry Kingsley's, says that when the children are asleep, she sits and sews and thinks, building her Spanish castles. The highest tower in her castle has risen to this,—that in her old age she "should have ten shillings a week left her by some one, and be able to keep a canary-bird, and have some old woman as pensioner." The English government has now put it in the power of almost every governess to realise Mary Corby's dream, and that by a thrift of less than two shillings a week.

The principal objection that will be urged to the practical ope-

ration of this scheme lies in the great difficulty labourers have in saving out of their wages. "Times are hard," they say: "meat is at an enormous price; rents are very high; children are growing up, and the expense of keeping them increases daily." All this cannot be denied; yet it is certain that if the man who thus complains when earning thirty-five shillings a week were compelled to live on thirty-three shillings, he would manage to do so. The thing, then, to be tried is this: he must resolutely suppose the lesser sum to be the maximum of his earnings, and put away the remainder. He may find this hard to do at first, but most things become easy by practice; and when once he feels himself fairly on the road to competence, and coming nearer to the point every day of his life, he will go on his way merrily, and drop his qualification shillings in the postmaster's treasury with an air of triumph.

There are certain persons—few in number comparatively—who are excluded from the beneficial scheme in question. They consist of innkeepers or beersellers, butchers, miners, and others whose occupation is supposed to be dangerous or unhealthy: special tables, however, to meet their case are now under consideration. But another shortcoming in the system is not likely to be so easily supplied. The terms it requires are too high to render it of material benefit to the great body of the agricultural population. The farm-labourer who earns but ten shillings a week, and has also a large family to support, could hardly be expected, strive as he might, to amass a sum sufficient to purchase by a single payment an insurance or a deferred annuity, or to save even a shilling a week: yet how many thousands in England are precisely in this condition! Let us hope that something may be done to suit their case also; and in the mean time let us joyfully accept a measure so evidently tending to promote habits of thrift for the present, and honest independence for the future, and prove our gratitude by making ourselves better acquainted with the conditions required, and recommending their adoption to those poorer shopkeepers and higher mechanics and labourers over whom we may have any influence.

A few Words about Smoke.

THOSE who have never had occasion to examine the subject can hardly conceive the amount of ingenuity and industry which has been brought to bear upon the appliance of coal to the purposes of warming and cooking since its introduction to domestic use in this country. The subject has a literature of its own; and men eminent in science and in the learned professions figure in it either as inventors or improvers. Mr. Edwards,* indeed, reminds us that it is a matter not only of domestic but national importance, by citing the alarming remarks made by Sir William Armstrong, at a recent meeting of the British Association, on the probable duration of our coal-fields; and though we believe that more recent researches have tended to mitigate, if not altogether to dissipate, the apprehensions which those remarks have occasioned, we are all interested to know, not only how long our coal will last, but how to economise and make the best use of it while it remains to us; and if meteorologists are right in predicting that we are about to enter upon a winter which will compensate by its severity for the extraordinary warmth of the past summer, the subject appears not to be unseasonable.

The preliminary question to be decided is, whether we are to continue, as at present, to warm our rooms by open fireplaces, or by stoves and pipes conveying hot air, or hot water, through the several apartments of a house. Count Rumford and Dr. Arnott, the two chief authorities on the subject, recommend the latter mode as being absolutely preferable, and pronounce against open fires as an insular prejudice. It must be admitted that the fire-grate can never become the most perfect contrivance for warming our apartments; for heat always diminishes so rapidly with the increase of distance, that it is impossible it should give that equality of temperature which can be gained by the use of hot-water pipes, by which hot air is supplied to a room at various points. Nevertheless the open fire possesses advantages which are peculiar to itself. Suited to our climate, and

* *Our Domestic Fireplaces*: a treatise on the economical use of Fuel and the prevention of Smoke; with observations on the Patent Laws. By Frederick Edwards, jun. London, 1865.

A Treatise on Smoky Chimneys, their Cure and Prevention. By Frederick Edwards, jun. London, 1865.

ingrained by prescription in our national habits and tastes, it can be stimulated in a few minutes to give additional heat when needed. When we are chilled by exposure to the outer air or a cold room, we all know the satisfaction and bodily comfort we derive from proximity to a fire; nor can we disregard the question of cheerfulness in a country identified with gloomy skies, fogs, and easterly winds. Mr. Edwards considers the question settled in favour of the English fireplace by the unanimous consent of our people, and professing his own attachment to it, hopes it may never be banished from our homes.

This question being disposed of, the next point is to construct our fireplaces in such form and of such materials as to enable us, with the greatest economy of fuel, to throw the largest amount of radiant heat into the apartments they are intended to warm. In this respect little or no improvement has been made since the time of Count Rumford; an Englishman who, in the end of the last century, brought the common fireplace to perfection, and by his writings endeavoured to secure the universal adoption of his improvements. In this last-named attempt, however, he only partially succeeded; and one of the principal objects which Mr. Edwards has in view in his present publications is to bring these improvements again before the public, and induce us to reject the common fireplaces, constructed upon the most noxious principles, which the wholesale manufacturers supply to the trade from their emporiums in Thames Street. The householder generally leaves the selection and arrangement of his fireplaces to the builder; a cast-iron grate, with all its appurtenances of the same material, saves the builder all trouble in setting it up; and the wholesale manufacturer merely looks to "*supplying the demand*," without reference to the perfection of the article produced—*hinc illæ lacrymæ*.

Mr. Edwards gives us a full account of the simple but scientific principles upon which Count Rumford constructed his fireplaces; and the whole of his work is illustrated by plates, taken from the specifications deposited in the Patent Office, giving us the clearest insight into the peculiarities of the different fireplaces recommended. We may say generally that a fireplace should be made with as little metal in its composition as is possible: the fire-bars and bottom of the grate cannot well be made of any thing else; but as the object of a fireplace is to *reflect* heat, and the property of metal to *absorb* it, no quantity of metal can be brought in contact with the fire without a proportionate loss of radiant heat to the chamber it is intended to warm. The best material that can be used for the purpose is fire-stone or common brick. The grate should project as much as pos-

sible, and the sides should be splayed, so that the heat acquired by them may be radiated into the room. The brickwork behind the fireplace should terminate abruptly, in order to screen the fire from a rush of cold air from the chimney; and the aperture into the chimney should be contracted, so as to allow the heated air from the fire to carry the smoke and products of combustion in a gentle current up the flue, without disturbing gusts of colder air. These were the general principles upon which Count Rumford carried the construction of the common fireplace to the greatest perfection as yet attained, leaving little to be desired except a more universal acquaintance with, and adoption of, his improvements. But another problem rose to be solved. The old proverb is true, "where there is smoke there is fire." The presence of smoke certainly proves the presence of fire; but it also infallibly proves that that fire is in a low state of efficiency, and that fuel is wasted in the combustion.

The presence of smoke in the atmosphere of London is a gigantic evil; and a very expensive evil, when we reflect that the dense sea of impurity which hangs incessantly over the metropolis is nothing but waste fuel which we have unnecessarily discharged into the air, and which, to reproach us for our improvidence, descends upon us, blackening and begriming our houses, our ceilings, paper-hangings, carpets, curtains (to say nothing of our own persons and apparel). Motives of economy, no less than the desire of comfort and cleanliness, prompt us to seek a removal of the nuisance. The annoyance, indeed, can only be fully appreciated by those who come to London after a residence in the country; and any one who has visited Paris, and seen that capital of revolution and fashion enjoying an atmosphere bright and clear as that of the open country, will be tempted to repeat that unpatriotic but time-honoured reflection which our readers will thank us for sparing them. Our ancestors were more alive to the nuisance than we are, and, instead of attempting a cure for it, adopted a system of prevention. In England coal has only been in general use for domestic purposes for about two hundred years; and the use of it was entirely prohibited in London as early as the fourteenth century, at which time it was much in demand for the use of brewers, smiths, and others; and we find it recorded that, in the reign of Edward I., severe penalties having failed to prevent the use of coal, an act was passed making it a capital offence, and that a man was tried, convicted, and executed, for burning coal within the precincts of London. As this act is not now in force, and is not likely to be renewed in the reign of Victoria, the use of coal cannot be prevented; but Mr. Edwards proceeds to tell us how it can be cured.

In order to give us some estimate of the amount of waste that occurs in London alone in the combustion of coal, he gives us the following statistics : During the year 1862, 81,638,338 tons of coal were raised in the United Kingdom. Of these, five millions were brought into London and consumed there. He estimates that four millions were consumed in the fireplaces of London, and that, the average waste being twenty-five per cent, and the average cost of coal delivered at the purchaser's residence being twenty shillings per ton, there was a waste of property on this item to the amount of 1,000,000*l.*; an estimate, he tells us, which is much below the mark.

Every body must have observed, in kindling a fire in the ordinary way, or in adding a fresh supply of fuel to it, that smoke and the other products of combustion pass away in large quantities, and that it is not until the hydrogen has been entirely, or almost entirely, expelled from the coal, and the combustion is perfect, that the fire gives a clear, steady, intense heat, without smoke. Now, as we said before, these products of combustion which pass up our chimneys are so much fuel wasted upon the creation of a nuisance. In order to economise the fuel and prevent the nuisance, a twofold method has been followed by inventors of smokeless, or (as they are often called) smoke-consuming grates. In the first, coal is introduced to the fire from below, and the products of combustion escape to the chimney as in the ordinary grate; in the second, coal is thrown on the top of the fire, but the products of combustion are carried through and below the fire before they enter the chimney : both profess to prevent the formation of smoke by causing a more perfect combustion of the coal. Mr. Edwards classifies the grates invented for this object under six heads; and no less than forty-eight different inventions—most of them being protected by patents—are mentioned by him, those deserving particular attention being described at length. We should exceed our limits were we to attempt to enumerate them. That to which Mr. Edwards gives the palm is an improvement made on Mr. Cutler's grate by Dr. Arnott in the year 1854, much praised by the public press at the time of its invention, and which Mr. Edwards has tested not only by his own theory and that of other scientific men, but by the opinions of those who have used it since its introduction. These opinions he has collected by sending circulars for that purpose to purchasers, and, having done so, strongly recommends these grates for general adoption.

The principle upon which they are constructed is the insertion of a movable chamber below the fireplace, large enough to contain a supply of fuel for the whole day. The fire is then lit at the top;

and as fresh fuel is required, the chamber is gradually raised by a small windlass; and by so doing fresh coals are exposed to the action of the fire. The effect is, that, after the first escape which follows immediately on ignition, smoke is prevented, and the fire burns with greater vitality, and more rarely requires attention. The fuel in the chamber below is gradually prepared by the action of the fire, and parts with just so much of its hydrogen as to enable it, when raised by the windlass, to combine powerfully with oxygen, and to give intense heat, and without smoke. Whether greater perfection and simplicity may or may not be arrived at in the elaboration of the invention, efficiency at least appears to have been attained. Much dissatisfaction has recently been expressed with regard to the present state of our patent laws; and those who take interest in the subject will see, from Mr. Edwards's animadversions on them, their working upon this branch of manufactures.

If the use of smokeless grates became universal or general, chimneys, although not altogether superseded, might be constructed on a new principle, and such as might become an ornament to our houses instead of disfiguring them. Under the prevailing system, the mode of constructing chimneys is of vital importance to domestic comfort; and the treatise of Mr. Edwards will enable any man of education so far to understand the subject of smoky chimneys as to be able to guard against that nuisance in building, to trace out the cause of it where it already exists, and apply its appropriate remedy.

When a fire is made in an open fireplace, air becomes heated by contact with the burning fuel, and rises; and by doing so this column of heated air becomes the vehicle of smoke, soot, carbonic acid gas, &c. If there is an upward current of air in the chimney, the products will securely pass away; if, on the contrary, there is a downward current, they will be emitted into the room; when there is no current, and the air is of itself stationary, heated air from the fire may rise and warm the air in the chimney, and an upward current will be established—a current increasing in proportion to the intensity of the fire. The simple conditions upon which we depend for producing an upward current in the chimney are two: 1st, that the air in the room is warmer than the external air: 2d, that the external air has freer means of entrance to the room than by the chimney. This brings us to a subject closely allied to the present, which the author promises to treat in a future publication, viz. the ventilation of houses. But he enumerates fifteen distinct and disturbing causes which hinder chimneys from performing their proper functions, in other words, make them smoke; and he gives us a remedy for the evil in each case. These causes being so many in number and heterogeneous in

kind,—each cause requiring often several remedies to correct it,—we shall at once see the fallacy of those who produce one panacea for the evil in every form, by which they profess to cure every disorder in chimneys. Some of their promises almost remind us of the American chimney-doctor, whose apparatus was to make the draught so great as to draw up the furniture and inmates of the rooms as well as the smoke, leaving only the carpet nailed to the floor and the cat clinging to it by her claws. Mr. Edwards is more modest; he does not promise such startling results, or recommend the appliance of such violent means; but in a patient, industrious, and philosophic spirit he discusses the merits of the several inventions produced up to the present time; and his recommendations to the public are so sensibly and clearly stated, and so simple and intelligible, that his instructions will enable any intelligent person, even without any previous acquaintance with the subject, to economise in the consumption of fuel, and render his fireplaces and chimneys thoroughly efficient. We wish him all success in his public-spirited endeavours in the cause of domestic comfort, and we need hardly say how we hope they will *not* end.

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Egypt in the British Museum.

PART II.

AFTER what has been said in a former article, we may take it for granted that Egypt during the first four hundred and seventy-six years of its monarchy bore a resemblance to England during the Saxon heptarchy. We must not be deceived by the use of the word "dynasties" in the early history of Egypt; but we must understand by that word "kingdoms" more or less contemporaneous. In the direction from the north southwards, the more ancient kingdoms gave birth to offshoots; and Tanis, Memphis, and Thebes rose successively into existence and into relative superiority. Abydos was another local capital; Nubia supplied, in the military commandants who governed it, another so-called dynasty; and the shepherd-kings or hykshos, under whom Joseph was sold into Egypt, constituted another, on the dissolution of which, fifty years after that patriarch's death, Egypt was formed into a single monarchy, notorious for its persecution of the chosen people.

Tanis, Memphis, Thebes, supplied successively the *bretwaldas* of the Egyptian heptarchy. Menes, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, was of Tanis; Sahoura and Snefrou were of Memphis, and Moeris of a collateral Memphite stock; Sesortasen or Usertasen was a Theban. After the last monarch, Apophis and his successors were *bretwaldas*, or rather *khemwaldas*, and were of the race of the shepherds.

Our intention in this article is to make our readers acquainted with a king of whom they have probably never heard before, and of whom we ourselves know but too little. There are, however, monuments connected with him in the British Museum; and if he does not himself engage our interest, he may serve us as the occasion of introducing topics which we hope may afford some little information and amusement. The name of this king is Nantef-aa; he was king of oldest Thebes,—Thebes on the western bank of the Nile,—a city more ancient, it would seem, than Thebes properly so called itself. The city on the western bank was called On of the South, or Hermonthis.

The monuments to which we wish to draw our readers' attention

are: first, a mummy-case or coffin in the Egyptian-room upstairs, numbered No. 6652; and secondly, a little pyramid in the kind of vestibule opposite the foot of the staircase leading to the Egyptian room just referred to, and under the cast of the colossal head of King Rameses the Second, found at Ipsambul in Nubia. This pyramidion is marked No. 478.

To what period are we carried back by these monuments? To the time when Abraham was an old man, and when Isaac was in the vigour of his age, and just before the birth of Jacob. Nantef-aa became king of Hermonthis, or Western Thebes, two thousand and sixteen years before the birth of Christ; the mummy-case No. 6652 contained the body of his father; the little pyramid, No. 478, was erected to his own memory after the death of his brother, who succeeded him.

Let us dwell a little on the juxtaposition into which we have brought a couple of Egyptian monuments and the history of the patriarchs, as written by one who "was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" (Acts vii. 22), the author of the Book of Genesis.

Taking, then, the year B.C. 2016 as the date of the accession of Nantef-aa, Abraham was at that time in his hundred and forty-fourth year, and had six years before buried Sara; Isaac was in his forty-fourth year; and seventeen years had yet to run before the birth of Jacob; for it was only the year before the accession of king Nantef-aa that Isaac had married Rebecca. Abraham and Isaac, with their flocks and herds, were living peacefully among the Amorites; they dwelt with patriarchal simplicity in the south of Canaan, in the neighbourhood of that Hebron which boasted an antiquity ten years greater than that of Zoan or Tanis, in Egypt. Ishmael, now in his fifty-eighth year, was living in the east country, separated from the promised seed, though thirty-two years later he joined Isaac in laying their common father in his sepulchre by the side of Sara, in the field purchased of Ephron the Hittite over against Mambre. Ishmael was already giving proof of his being the "wild man, whose hand should be against all men and all men's hands against him;" who should "pitch his tents over against all his brethren;" who should "grow and dwell in the wilderness, and become an archer," more like Nimrod, mighty on the earth and a strong hunter, than his father Abraham; and his castles and towns, and the princes derived from him, call to mind the offspring of Cain rather than the sons of God, the posterity of Seth.

Though, however, Abraham was now living with Isaac and Rebecca in the south of Canaan, he was not altogether a stranger to the land of Egypt. No sooner had he received the Divine call

which separated him from his kindred in Chaldea, and set foot in Canaan, but he found himself compelled by a famine to take refuge in Egypt. He entered Egypt just a century after Menes had established the first Egyptian kingdom at Tanis; and in the course of those hundred years petty kingdoms, the offspring of the first, had grown up at Memphis and at Heliopolis, in the Fayoum, and at Old Thebes, or Hermonthis. It was in this last city that Nantef-aa's forefather was reigning at the time of Abraham's entry into Egypt; he had just founded the monarchy of Hermonthis; and indeed so recently, that he had not yet assumed the title of king, but was called simply *erpa*, or prince. Now Abraham would naturally sojourn in one of the Egyptian kingdoms nearest to Canaan; but we do not know for certain whether it was at Zoan or at On or at Memphis that he sought for hospitality. If it was at Zoan, he would have found Miebaes king,—a sovereign whose name is no longer confined to the less certain lists of Manetho, but has lately been found recorded on a tomb at Memphis of the age of Rameses the Second (B.C. 1486-1420); and it is remarkable that Manetho chronicles, as an event that took place in the reign next but one before Miebaes, the occurrence of a *great famine*; and a *grievous famine* in the south of Canaan is given in the Book of Genesis as the cause of Abraham's journey and sojourning in Egypt. If, on the other hand, Memphis was Abraham's refuge, Aan had just succeeded to the throne, and was the Pharaoh who wished to espouse Sarai under the idea that she was Abraham's sister. Here again, however, Manetho chronicles a fact which would lead us to prefer the claims of Zoan; for he tells us that in the reign of Semempses, the son of Miebaes, there was a *great plague*; or, as Eusebius has it, there "were many prodigies and a very great plague;" which account agrees with the record in Holy Scripture of the most grievous stripes "with which God scourged Pharaoh and his house" in consequence of his taking Sarai from her husband. Probably enough Abraham, while in Egypt, occupied the site of the future city of Avaris—a city which became intimately connected in its history both with his descendants and with the shepherd-kings, with whom they have been confounded. While there the riches of Abraham were increased, and he had, in the words of Holy Scripture, sheep and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants and maid-servants, and she-asses and camels (Gen. xii. 16). Of these maid-servants we find that Agar, ten years after Abraham had quitted Egypt, became the mother of Ishmael; and it may be remarked that as the mother of Ishmael was an Egyptian woman, so too Ishmael chose an Egyptian woman for his wife.

Another event which happened during the life of Abraham is

dimly alluded to in Manetho's list of Egyptian kings. Four-and-twenty years after Abraham quitted Egypt God punished, for their monstrous crimes, Sodom and Gomorrah (B.C. 2060). The notice given that under Boethus, the first king of the second Tanite kingdom, "the earth opened near Bubastis, and many perished," may be regarded as referring to the destruction of the cities of the plain.

In the fiftieth year after Abraham returned to Canaan, Sahoura, the king of Memphis, became suzerain of Egypt (B.C. 2034). He was succeeded, both as king of Memphis and as suzerain of Egypt, by Snefrou (B.C. 2017). On the death of the latter the suzerainty passed from the line of Sahoura to a collateral branch,—from the Memphites proper to the central Memphites of the Fayoum, the Memphites about Crocodilopolis or Arsinoë,—and Moeris, or Papa Mai-re, became suzerain of Egypt, B.C. 1995. If our readers recollect that the first year of Nantef-aa, the king whose acquaintance we are to make, was B.C. 2016, they will see that we have traced the early history of Egypt to this point in order to show how his era synchronised with his contemporaneous brother kings. The city of his residence and rule was Thebes on the western bank of the Nile, and it was called Hermonthis. It had become the capital of an independent monarchy a hundred and eleven years before, and Nantef-aa had had five predecessors; the first was entitled, not king, but erpa, or prince, and his name was Nantef; then followed king Mentu-hotep, the first part of whose name agrees with the fact that Mentu was the tutelary god of Hermonthis, or Old Thebes, on the western bank of the Nile, as Ammon was subsequently the local deity of New Thebes or No-Ammon, on the Nile's eastern bank. Mentu-hotep was followed by Nantef the Second; and then successively by Nantef the Third, Nantef the Fourth, and our friend Nantef-aa, who was Nantef the Fifth; and Nantef-aa was followed by his brother, Nantef the Sixth. It may be as well to notice that after Nantef the Sixth nine or ten successors bring us down to the end of this kingdom; that none of the kings of this line attained to the suzerainty of Egypt, but that Nantef the Sixth recognised the supremacy of a king of a collateral branch, Sesortasen the First, B.C. 1974, after the suzerainty had passed away from Memphis; and that this monarchy, with the other contemporary monarchies, all recognised at last the suzerainty of the shepherd-kings, until Rasekenn (B.C. 1772-1748), the last of the successors of Nantef, struck the first blow, and the shepherd-kings were expelled. Then Egypt was constituted one native monarchy under Amosis, the first of that great Diospolitan dynasty which numbered Memnon and the great Rameses among its sovereigns, and distinguished itself by persecuting the people of God.

Let us now proceed to our monuments.

The mummy-case of Nantef the Fourth, the father of Nantef-aa, is in the British Museum, as we have already said, and is numbered No. 6652. His diadem, with its gold uræus or asp (the sign of kingly authority), is at Leyden. The outer coffin of Nantef-aa—that is Nantef, the elder (brother), who was Nantef the Fifth—is at Berlin. The inner coffin, or mummy-case, is in the Louvre. A little pyramid found in his sepulchral chamber, and inscribed with his name, is, as we have said above, in the British Museum, No. 478; and there is besides, at Paris, a manuscript which was found in his tomb, or in that of his brother and successor, Nantef the Sixth, and which has been described as the oldest book in the world. We will hereafter give its author's name and describe its contents.

The coffin of Nantef the Sixth, the brother of Nantef-aa, is in the Louvre. It was Nantef the Sixth who buried his brother, and his own coffin lies now by the side of his brother's.

But to enable our readers to read the name of Nantef on the monuments, we must impart to them such knowledge of hieroglyphics as we possess ourselves.

First, then, they must look for a *cartouch* on the monuments; and we must therefore tell them what a cartouch is, and what it is like.

In a *cartouch* is contained the name of a king. A cartouch is that oblong square with rounded corners, that oval or shield-like figure, which is constantly occurring on Egyptian monuments. The frequency of its occurrence will not appear strange when it is recollected that the usual method of assigning a date was by such or such a year of a king's reign. Take, then, almost any of the sepulchral tablets arranged on the walls of the Egyptian Saloon in the British Museum, or any one of the various monuments which fill the area, and somewhere or other, and over and over again, there will be seen the familiar oval or cartouch: for example, look at the singular column in the Egyptian Saloon, with its capital of lotus buds, No. 64; it is literally covered with cartouches containing the names and titles of kings. Look at the lions couchant of red granite brought from a temple at Mount Barkal, in Upper Nubia, numbered 1 and 34; on the breast of the former, and on the shoulder of the latter, may be found specimens of cartouches. Or go to the famous coloured tablet of Abydos, set up against the wall in the fourth bay from the end of the saloon, on the right-hand side, numbered 117, and whole rows of cartouches will accustom the eye to what a cartouch is.

The frequent occurrence of the cartouch and the name of a king

is accounted for partly by the prevalent custom of dating events by the year of the reigning king. Then again, many monuments were erected by the kings themselves, or by others in their honour, and royal cartouches will in such cases naturally occur. Sometimes, however, the reason for their use is less familiar to an Englishman, and it is this: the name of a king may form part of the name of the man to whom a sepulchral tablet is raised; and instead of the man's name being written simply in hieroglyphics, that part of his name which agrees with the king's name will be written inside a cartouch, and the rest outside. It is as though the survivors of John Coleman were to put up a gravestone to his memory, and, out of compliment to the illustrious sovereign celebrated in the familiar vernacular dithyramb, they were to have "John" and "man" engraved in ordinary fashion, and the syllable "Cole" engraved in letters of gold, or in a circle or cartouch. We will give our readers a specimen of this at once, as supplying at the same time the simplest possible first lesson in hieroglyphics. Let them go to the last bay on the right-hand side of the Egyptian Saloon downstairs, and look for No. 112. They will find a sepulchral monument in honour of an officer whose name contained in its composition the family-name of the famous king Moeris, king of the Central Memphite line and suzerain of Egypt in 1995, just about two thousand years before the Christian era—the king before whose time, as Herodotus assures us, nothing worth mentioning had been done in Egypt. The family-name of Moeris is generally written *Papa*. The officer's name is written in the Catalogue of the British Museum *Pepi-set-heb*; but our readers must make allowance for the variety in the vowels of the first part of the name. It is not our fault that the same Egyptian hieroglyphics for vowels are differently represented by Egyptologists. Of course it is a pity that it should be so; but we must take things as we find them, and remember the maxim of etymologists or their enemies,—that vowels count for nothing, and consonants for very little more. Let us look at the tablet No. 112: the cartouch shows itself at once, and in the cartouch certain hieroglyphics; there is a depressed square and another depressed square, and under these there are two feathers. The square, originally representing a shutter, stands for the English letter P, the other square for another P, and the two feathers for the vowel I or the diphthong EI. Hence we have P, P, I. In order to sound these letters, we must introduce another short vowel, like the Hebrew *shevâ*, between the two consonants, and the result is *Pēpi*, or, on the principle of the indifference of vowels, *Papa*.

These cartouches were of wonderful use in the first attempts towards deciphering hieroglyphics. Who has not heard of the

"Rosetta Stone"? It may be found in the Egyptian Saloon downstairs, in a conspicuous position in the middle of the room, and numbered No. 24. It has received its modern name from the fact of its having been discovered among the ruins of a temple near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. It was found in 1799 by a French officer; and on coming into the possession of the English in 1802, it was deposited in its present resting-place. On it is engraved an inscription in honour of Ptolemy the Fifth, surnamed Epiphanes. Its date is B.C. 196, and the inscription is in two languages, Egyptian and Greek; while the Egyptian is given in two forms—first in hieroglyphics, and then in the more popular cursive character. The recurrence of the name Ptolemy in the Greek inscription led to the discovery of the same name within the royal cartouch in the hieroglyphical Egyptian; and so the first step was made towards solving the great Egyptian riddle. Let our readers pay a visit to the Rosetta Stone, and look for the first cartouch that occurs; they will find it in the sixth line of the hieroglyphical inscription; and after a few more words on hieroglyphics, we will with them make out the name of Ptolemy.

We must forewarn them to bear in mind an invariable rule while they are attempting to decipher a king's name written on a monument in hieroglyphics. We English write from left to right; Hebrew is written from right to left; but hieroglyphics are written both ways, to say nothing of vertical columns of signs which are read from above downwards. How, then, are we to know the direction in which a name or an inscription is written? whether we are to begin from right to left, or from left to right? The rule is—and a useful rule it is in more cases than one—*Look your difficulty in the face*; face the animals or other objects that are used as signs whether of ideas or of letters, and read *into their faces*. Take, for instance, the vowels: Look the *eagle* in the face, and it will give you an aspirated A; let a *feather* look towards you, and it gives a soft A; when you see a horizontal *arm and hand*, catch hold of the hand, and you get E; *two feathers*, placed as in the way just mentioned, give the vowel I; a kind of *bow made with a ribbon*, or a *flower bending on its stalk* towards you, gives O; a duckling, or, again, a cord twisted in your direction, sounds like U; and if you face the *jackal's head* surmounting a staff, he will answer you with the sound O U, as in the name of the great suzerain Ousertasen, unless Mr. Palmer is right, who, arguing from the Greek name Sesostris, which is certainly derived from this, finds in the hieroglyphic the representative of the sibilant S, which is also expressed by a standing *goose*. For the *mutes*, front a *bowl* with an appendage which marks its *distal* side, and you get

K; the *flying-goose*, and it gives you P; seize a *hand* by the tips of its fingers, and the result is T; face a *nestling*, and you have G, as in *give*; a *viper*, and it sounds as G in *gentle*; face the *heron*, or take a *leg and foot* by the toes, and B is sounded. D is provided for by the hieroglyphic for T. Aspirates are found—KH, by facing a *calf couchant*; or again, a *lotus bud* bending towards you on its stalk; or once again, a kind of *fish*; PH or F, by facing a *horned snake*; and the simple H by the *forepart of a lion*. For the *liquids*, we look in the face an *owl*, or a *vulture*, and hear M. We front a *hatchet*, or a *pair of legs surmounted by a vase*, and get N; a *lion*, and the result is R, interchangeable with L. Some hieroglyphics are symmetrical, and cannot therefore determine the direction in which they are to be read. The point, therefore, must be settled by those which are not symmetrical, and occur in the same inscription. Thus, a zigzag horizontal line stands for N; a square is P; a cord symmetrically twisted, H; a bolt is S; a mouth is R; a semicircle resting on its base, said to represent a painter's muller, is T (but turned upside down, it stands for Neb, or Lord). The fact of several figures being used to express the same letter is to be accounted for by the fact that the figure was taken to represent the first letter of its name. It is as though we English were to represent B by a bull, a broom, a bench, a brick, a ball, and a boat, because all these things are called by names beginning with that letter. It is also to be remarked that hieroglyphics standing for letters are often accompanied by hieroglyphics which are called *determinative*; that is, which determine which out of several meanings capable of being conveyed by the letter is the one to be chosen. It is as though, if we found a mouth put for the letter R, and a bolt put for the letter S, and obtained from their juxtaposition the word RoSe, the meaning might be *determined* to signify the common noun *rose* by a hieroglyphical *flower* being placed with the R and the S, or to signify the proper name *Rose* by affixing the figure of a *woman*.

Let us now go to the Rosetta Stone and look for the name of Ptolemy. First of all we find the cartouch in the sixth line. Now the cartouch itself is a *determinative* in a sense like that which has just been given; if, that is, we found the word Victoria in a cartouch, we should know that it did not refer to any triumph over enemies, but that it was the proper name of a sovereign. The lion which we see in the cartouch looks from left to right; we therefore have to *face* him, and read the name from right to left. We begin with a little square at the right extremity, and this, as in the case of the sepulchral monument already visited by us, stands for P; under this square is a semicircular depression resting on its base, and this, as has been

said above, is the painter's muller and the letter T; then follows the bow or flower bending on its stalk towards the right, and this is the vowel O; the lion couchant is L or R, and in the present case it is L; under the lion is a figure which Mr. Birch, in Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, calls a *hole*, and is constantly used for M; then come two feathers, which, in the sepulchral monument, No. 112, stood for I or EI; and finally, the *back of a chair*, which stands for S. Hence we have got the letters P,T,O,L,M,EI,S, which is a very satisfactory hieroglyphical substitute for Ptolemæus. If we take the two feathers not as a diphthong, but as standing for two separate sounds, we may get the exact word *Ptolemæos*.

Thus prepared, let us visit the mummy-case of Nantef the Fourth, the father of Nantef-aa. We assign for the date of his death the year B.C. 2016, the year after Snefrou, of the Memphites proper, had succeeded Sahoura in the suzerainty of Egypt, thirteen years before the entrance of the shepherd-kings, and at the time when Abraham and Isaac were living together at Hebron. Abraham had buried Sara, and Isaac had just married Rebecca. The mummy-case of Nantef the Fourth was doubtless made by order of his son and successor, Nantef-aa. It was found at Gournah, which with three other villages cover the site occupied of old by the "hundred-gated Thebes:" Karnak and Luxor to the north of Karnak occupy that part of Thebes which lay on the right bank of the Nile; Medinet-Abou, and to its north Gournah, occupy the left bank; and, as we have already seen, the site of the monarchy of the Nantefs was Old Thebes, or Hermonthis, on the left bank.

We will leave our readers to moralise for a few moments on the ancient mummy-case that lies before them. There it is, No. 6652, in the Egyptian room upstairs in the British Museum; and there is all, or pretty nearly all, that remains to us of King Nantef the Fourth. Not quite all; for at Leyden there is a golden diadem with its gold uræus or asp, the sign of royalty, in which he took pride while he was king of Hermonthis, and which distinguished his majesty from the littleness of his fellow-men. Here is his mummy-case, with its eyes made to imitate the life, and its gilding half worn away; and little boys gather round it as a curiosity, and little men pride themselves on being able to read his name. Well, but all this might be said of Melchisedech himself, were relics of him like those of King Nantef in existence; and it is hardly fair to moralise down majesty because we know nothing of King Nantef but his name. It is quite possible that he might have been a good king, and used well the grace that God denies to none; and so we will hope that he rests in peace.

It is not so easy to make out the name of Nantef on this mummy-case, because it has only just escaped destruction, and, as it is, it is imperfect. After reading the name of Nantef-aa on the next monument which we shall visit, it becomes easier to decipher the name on this. Look at the mummy-case, and you will see the lower extremities covered with gilding: from the feet upwards there rises, engraved on the gilding, a kind of column up the central line of the mummy; just where that central column terminates, in consequence of the destruction of the gilding, we find a friendly cartouch announcing the name of a king. The cartouch is not perfect, but there remains enough of it to reveal the name of the deceased. We see that the hieroglyphics are to be read from right to left, because one of them—that one, namely, which lies at the bottom of the cartouch—is a horned serpent, or cerastes, looking from left to right. We begin, then, at the top of the cartouch, and find just enough of the lower extremities of a pair of legs, with their feet looking towards the right, to enable us to see that this is the same hieroglyphic as that which we shall see quite distinctly on Nantef-aa's monument, No. 478—viz. a pair of legs surmounted by a vase, which stands for the letter N: on its left side there is a feather, which, as already noticed, stands for A; under the pair of legs and the feather which have given us the two first letters of King Nantef's name, we find the zigzag line which is supposed to represent water, and which again gives us the letter N; under this is the painter's muller, the semicircle resting on its base, which gives us T; and finally, the cerastes, or the horned snake, completes the word by furnishing the letter F. Thus have we read the name of Nantef on the gilded mummy-case, and the cartouch tells us that he was a king.

Before quitting Nantef the Fourth we must draw our readers' attention to a jasper-beetle, or scarabæus, set in gold, which may be found in the British Museum in the room which contains the coffin we have been examining. There is an upright case near the door full of objects found in the cases of mummies: in the partition of the case numbered 70 are a number of beetles, or scarabæi, of various materials; the jasper one, in gold, just referred to, is marked No. 7876. The beetle, or scarabæus, be it known, was held in the highest esteem by the Egyptians: a proof of this would seem to be the enormous scarabæus of dark granite, which cannot escape observation, in the centre of the Egyptian Saloon downstairs, numbered 74. In fact, the scarabæus was taken as a special type of the Deity. It was supposed to be without sex and self-engendered, and therefore a fitting emblem of the self-existent God: its name too contributed to the same idea; for in Egyptian it was called *cheper*, and

cheper was also the Egyptian for the verb of existence, 'to be;' the beetle, then, was deemed a fitting emblem of the Being, uncreated himself and creating the universe. The name given by the Egyptians to the Ingenerate Creator was Phtha; and his symbol, the scarabæus, is constantly found with a ball in its fore-claws, which represents the world's egg created by Phtha; or it is found rolling it along, so indicating that He who created the world also maintains it constantly in motion.

This jasper scarabæus was found, according to the tale of the Arabs, in the same tomb as the body of Nantef the Fourth; and by this tale they hoped to enhance its value; but, in truth, they had taken out and destroyed the mummy of the king, and substituted for it that of a priest, taken from another tomb in the neighbourhood. Somewhere in the folds of this mummy the scarabæus was found; and were our readers able to examine it, they would find inscribed the name, not of Nantef, but of King Sebek-em-saf, one of King Nantef's successors, but at a distance of two centuries and a quarter, B.C. 1821, when Joseph was viceroy of the shepherd-king.

We shall have occasion to notice a similar trick played by the Arabs in connection with the coffin of Mycerinus, which may be found in the same room, and numbered 5547.

Let us proceed from Nantef the Fourth to his son Nantef-aa, or Nantef the Fifth. This king succeeded to the throne in B.C. 2016, and made way for his brother, Nantef the Sixth, in 1992. The sepulchral monuments, therefore, which relate to Nantef-aa must be as late as B.C. 1992. Abraham was at that date within eight years of his death; Isaac was in the flower of patriarchal age, in his sixty-ninth year; Rebecca had borne Esau and Jacob to Isaac, and the twins were now in their ninth year. The suzerainty of Egypt had passed from the Memphite line to the Central Memphite, and Snefrou had been succeeded in that supremacy by Papa Mai-re, the Mœris of the Greeks; the hykshos or shepherd-kings had entered Egypt, and had been living peacefully for eleven years in the eastern portion of the Delta, in their settlement of Hawar or Avaris, the site of Abraham's sojourn in Egypt ninety-one years before.

The outer coffin of Nantef-aa, or Nantef the Fifth, is at Berlin; the inner one, which immediately held the mummy, is in the Louvre. In the British Museum we have a little pyramid or pyramidion inscribed with his name; and it may be found (as said above) in the vestibule opposite the foot of the staircase, and under the cast of the colossal head of Rameses the Second. It is numbered No. 478.

We shall not pause to explain to our readers the nature of the internal evidence which proves the date of this pyramidion; at

present they must take it for granted that it was placed in the tomb after the death of Nantef the Sixth, Nantef-aa's brother, and probably by the royal lady whose dedication of it is found on one of the four faces of the pyramidion. We must, however, say as much as this—that kings took, besides their *family-name*, a *throne-name*, and both these names were enclosed in cartouches; they also took a *banner- or standard-name*—a name which we find inscribed on a flag,—the flag being represented by an oblong square, with the lower border so figured as to make it look like a fringe. The *family-name* and cartouch is distinguished by being surmounted by the figures of a goose and of the sun: the goose is the hieroglyphic for Si, and Si stands for *child* or *son*; the Egyptian for the sun in the heavens is Re or Ra; hence the two together, or Si Ra, mean *the son of the sun*; and in fact the Egyptian kings claimed the sun as the first of their royal predecessors. The other cartouch, that of the throne-name, is surmounted by a sprig and a bee, or in Egyptian by Souten Keb, meaning *souten*, king of the upper country—*keb*, king of the lower country.

To begin with the family-name, the Si Ra; it is on the side of the pyramidion best exposed to the light. We can just see a bit of the goose undestroyed; and we must take it for granted that the circular disk representing the sun was once behind it. In the cartouch itself we find a pair of legs surmounted by a vessel, which, as on the mummy-case already examined, stands for N; the zigzag line underneath is another N; then the painter's muller, represented by the semicircle standing on its diameter, is T, and the horned serpent is F: thus we have N, N, T, F, the consonants of the name Nantef. As for the vowels, we must supply them ourselves. The horizontal figure at the bottom of all, which looks something like a sword, stands for A A, and means *great*, or the *elder*, and indicates that this Nantef was an elder brother; the elder brother, in fact, of his successor, Nantef the Sixth, who buried him.

Now let us go round to the next cartouch,—the next *cartouch*, be it remembered,—and then the direction of our circuit will be ascertained. On this second face of the little pyramid we find the throne-name of King Nantef-aa; and with respect to the throne-name we will mention two peculiarities: first, that Ra or Re, which signifies the sun in the heavens, always forms part of it; and next, that it is, at least after King Papa Mai-re, *trilogistic*, or consists of three words. As examples we have Ra-cheper-kar, the throne-name of Sesortasen the Great, B.C. 1974; Ra-tsaser-ma, the throne-name of Rameses the Great, B.C. 1486; Ra-mes-out, the throne-name assumed by Cambyases on his conquest of Egypt, B.C. 525. The direc-

tion of the arm and hand at the bottom from right to left admonishes us that we have to read the inscription in the opposite direction, from left to right. At the top we have the circular disk representing the sun, and this gives us the word Ra or Re; the figure to the right is a *sistrum* or a *sceptre*, and is read *kherp*, and stands for *first*. It does not form part of the name, but indicates that the king who adopted the throne-name in the cartouch was the *first* who so used it. The hieroglyphic to the left is A; and we find an acquaintance in the square or shutter, which gave us the letter P in the name of Pepi. The cross only marks off the word AP from that which follows. The double figure below is M; the arm and hand is A; and so, in fine, we get for king Nantef-aa's throne-name RA-AP-MA. *Ap* means *working* or *judging*; *ma* means *truth*; and the whole name means, the sun that judges or operates truth; or more probably, supposing by a common inversion that the name of the god is put first merely for compliment's sake, AP-MA-RE, [the king] who judges truth (or gives true judgment) by the gift of the god Ra, the sun. *Kherp* tells us that Nantef-aa was the first to invent and assume this title.

On the third side of the pyramidion is the standard or banner. Here we find the same hieroglyphic for A as in the throne-name; the same for P; the same also for M and A; but there precedes these two last letters the painter's muller, which will be recognised as T, and is the feminine definite article before *ma*, or *truth*. The banner-title then is in meaning the same as the throne-name, namely, *worker of the truth*, prefixing the definite article to the word *truth*.

The fourth and last side remains. Looking at the hieroglyphics, we find a vulture facing to the left: hence we know that we have to read this inscription in the contrary direction to that in which we have read the other three. The uppermost sign, the zigzag line, we recognise as N, and it stands for the word EN,—a preposition which has various meanings, and here probably means *by*,—as though the pyramidion had been placed in the sepulchral chamber and inscribed by the person here mentioned. The sprig on the left of the second line is S, and the painter's muller at the end of it is T, and the two are the contraction for *suten*, or *royal*; while the vulture in the middle, supposed to feed its young with its own blood, stands for *mut*, or *mother*. The next line varies in substituting the sign of wife (*hiomi*) for that of mother; then a *bird* is the sound *oo*, and the *mouth* at the bottom is R, and *oor* means *great*. From all this we gather that the pyramidion was dedicated by a lady who was a royal mother and a royal wife, and that she was great; but what her name was, and in what her greatness consisted, deponent saith not. Perhaps we might

have known her name, had the pyramidion been unbroken; we just see enough of the last line to discover that beauty, as might be expected, enters into the formation of her name.

Enough of the pyramidion. There remains "the oldest book in the world" to engage our attention, and bring this article to a close.

This papyrus is in the Louvre; it was found in the same tomb with the mummy of Nantef-aa, or of Nantef the Sixth. Nantef the Sixth's coffin—both the inner and the outer case—is in the Louvre, by the side of the inner coffin of his elder brother. The manuscript was found by M. Prisse, in the course of his excavations at Gourneh, the north-west quarter of the ruins of Old Thebes, on the west bank of the Nile. It has therefore been called the Prisse papyrus. To be more accurate, however, we should say that one of the *fellahs* who worked for M. Prisse brought it to him as though he had procured it from some other quarter, and the poor antiquarian could not get possession of his rightful property without paying for it a good round sum.

This manuscript is the composition of a king's son or relative, named Phtha-hotep. It is a code of moral precepts, and bears a resemblance to the sacred books of Proverbs or Ecclesiastes. It consists of two treatises: of the first the two last pages only remain; the second is complete, and consists of fourteen pages. It concludes with the notice, "Thus ends the work, conformable from the beginning to the end to the original manuscript;" which words prove that the existing papyrus is a copy of an older original.

At the end of the first treatise the recent death of Ur-aan (that is, probably, Sahoura), and the recent accession of Snefrou, are mentioned, as is also the fact that Snefrou rewarded the author and advanced him to a considerable dignity. Since, now, Sahoura was the first great Memphite suzerain, and Snefrou succeeded him in that authority in B.C. 2017, the date of this treatise must be somewhere about the accession of Nantef-aa, when Isaac was about forty-three years old, and eighteen years before Jacob was born; three hundred and fifty-seven years before Moses led Israel out of Egypt.

The second treatise was written under the reign of Assa. Of this Assa the author, Phtha-hotep, was the eldest son, or if his expression is not to be taken as literally as it would sound in English, he was related to him. If Assa was his father, since he was still living when Phtha-hotep wrote the second treatise, we have another example of that longevity of which Holy Scripture gives so many instances in those early times, and in which the chronicles of Egypt are any thing but wanting. Phtha-hotep gives us his own age as being of a hundred and twenty years; his father, therefore, if still living,

must have been proportionately older. What Assa this was is not so plain: we might expect him to be a successor of Snefrou; but though we have in the monuments a king Assa as one of his predecessors, the name does not occur among those who follow him. There is, however, a king Assa who reigned at On over the eastern Memphites, and whose date might be found to correspond with the close of Phtha-hotep's life, if we knew for certain at what epoch the dynasty to which he belonged dated its beginning.

With respect to the first of the two treatises, as only two pages remain, we cannot expect to gather much from it. The author, however, did not set a slight value on his lucubrations; for he says at the close of them, "If men understand all that I have written in this book in conformity with fundamental laws and principles, they will treasure it in their bosom; they will read it over and over again; and its beauty will delight them more than any thing else in this whole land, whether they be engaged in active employment or enjoy the quiet of repose."

We have but scraps of this valuable doctrine; and the uncertainty of the translation sometimes disappoints us just when we are looking for the completion of some apophthegm. For example, Phtha-hotep says, "If you are in company with a number of people who are averse to what pleases you, it is a short instant of torment and a —," we know not what, for the translation fails us. He is more intelligible when he enunciates such dicta as, "a cup of water quenches thirst;" "a trifling misfortune brings out the poltroon's pusillanimity;" "a mouthful of *perseas*"—let us say of prepared ginger—"comforts the stomach;" "a merry heart makes a merry home;" "the head of a family can, even in the grave, influence his descendants."

At the end of the first treatise he says: "When it came to pass that the king of the upper and lower country, Ur-aan" (that is, Sahoura), "died, then Snefrou, king of the upper and lower country, was elevated, and became the pious sovereign of the whole land: then was I promoted to the dignity of high superintendent." Snefrou became king of Memphis and suzerain of Egypt, B.C. 2017.

The second treatise is that of a man who feels himself authorised by the privilege of experience and of age, not so much to teach the ignorant as to instruct those whose business it is to teach others.

It consists of a preface and of forty-two sections. These sections are distinguished into three classes: the first twenty-two are proverbs or apophthegms, similar in form to what we find in Holy Scripture; the next thirteen are imperative maxims; the rest are on the special subject of parental authority and filial obedience.

The preface consists of an invocation of Osiris, "the double-

crocodile god :” there is no reference throughout the treatise to any other of the Egyptian pantheon. The supposed answer of Osiris is also given.

This is the opening: “Prayer of the civil superintendent, Phthahotep, under the reign of Assa, king of the upper and lower country, who lives for ever.”

He represents his advanced age—he was a hundred and twenty years old—and his failing powers :

“O Osiris, my lord and master, the chieftain is growing old; decrepitude is taking the place of vigour, and day by day debility is compassing him about; his eyes are growing contracted and dim; his ears grow deaf, and his spirits fail; calm self-possession is no more; the strong voice is changing into a thin, weak cry; the heart no more expands with joy, but is straitened within itself; the fairest spot loses its charms; the palate is losing all sense of enjoyment; extreme old age renders men in every thing disagreeable; the nostrils contract, and fail to perform their functions; movement and rest are equally uneasy.”

He expresses his wish to form an eloquent teacher: “Ah!” he says, “to him will I announce the doctrine of those whom experience has taught; to him will I tell the secret counsels which are understood by the gods. It is for thee, O Osiris, to remove the hindrances which may impede the efforts of the wise.” The god answers: “Instruct him in the traditions of the past; they shall be the nourishment both of the child and of the formed man: he that shall understand them shall walk in gladness of heart; his teaching shall not cloy with satiety.” Good news for the reader!

The treatise then begins :

“The beginning of the work of the noble chief, beloved of God, son [or relative] of the king, eldest of his race, the civil superintendent, Phthahotep—for the instruction of those who need it, to guide them in the method of teaching well.” It may be remarked that “son of the king” may possibly mean nothing more than one set in certain high authority by the king.

The instructions are not confined to morality, but are extended to the precepts of good-breeding, and are, says the author, “more precious than the emeralds which the toil of a slave finds in the rocks of stone.”

As specimens of the moral teaching of Phthahotep, the following passages may be adduced :

§ 4. “Seek not to inspire fear into others . . . it is not the terror of man that worketh the will of God.”

§ 8. “If it humble thee to obey a wise man, yet thy doing so will

be good in the eyes of God, for that He knows that you are one of the little ones : lift not up thy heart in pride against Him."

§ 13. "Order thy conduct so as not to incur remorse ; direct thy intention to the profit of thy master."

§ 18. "Take care of thy family ; love thy wife, nourish her, clothe her, give her cosmetics, make her joyful while thou livest."

In § 23 Phtha-hotep urges the man of power and influence to patronise men of science.

The two first divisions of the treatise he concludes with a promise of all good to the docile reader. Wisdom and science, he says, will alleviate the discomforts of old age ; they will preserve health and vigour, and, above all, will insure to parents virtue in their progeny.

The conclusion of the treatise dwells on parental authority and on filial obedience. Paternal authority is exhibited as the foundation of all social order, and filial reverence is inculcated as the corresponding duty in the child.

"With these instructions," he says at last, "I engage to secure thee health of body and peace with the king under whatever circumstances ; if thou take heed to my words, thou shalt pass through years of life free from the deceits of falsehood."

It may be remarked that Phtha-hotep often puts his counsels under the patronage of the Deity, though the rewards he promises are all with reference to the present life : these rewards are, long and happy life, virtuous children, the approval of good men, and, that which in Egypt was so valuable, the favour of the king.

Such is the papyrus of Phtha-hotep ; such the contents of the "oldest book in the world:" and for the preservation of this we have to thank one of the kings, Nantef.

XL.

Saint Wilfrid and Rome.

LIKE the battle's strong music, how bravely it roll'd,
 The life of St. Wilfrid, the simple and bold !
 So leal to his Church, and so leal to his land,
 And so fit for the tools as they came to his hand ;
 So fearless to fight and so tranquil to bear,
 So easy to yield and so princely to dare :
 An outcast abroad or a captive at home,
 He but asks his assailants to meet him at Rome.

Ah, rude was the path by him trodden at times,
 When they jeer'd him for folly or charged him with crimes,
 When they thwarted with evil or cross'd him in good,
 When clients forsook him and patrons withstood,
 When churches and abbeys were wrench'd from his grasp,
 When souls that he cherish'd broke loose from his clasp :
 But stript of his fortune and chased from his home,
 He is sure of his welcome in turning to Rome.

Oh, loathsome the air of his dungeon might be,
 And weary his journeys by land and by sea ;
 And parting from true hearts a shadow might cast,
 And falsehood of cold hearts might chill with its blast ;
 And snares round his pathway, and kings for his foes,
 Make peril or thralldom wherever he goes :
 But little he recks them abroad or at home,
 For he trusts in his stronghold—Saint Peter and Rome.

He knew her by sense and he knew her by sight ;
 He lived in her beauty, he cleaved to her right ;
 He fought out her battles again and again,
 And whene'er he was worsted he cried to her then :
 And whoever was graceless, whoever was cold,
 Rome knew her own champion in Wilfrid the Bold ;
 And she bent full of fondness to welcome him home,
 When, a child to his mother, came Wilfrid to Rome.

'Twas the dream of his youth and the crown of his age
Her spirit to win and her battle to wage;
'Twas the love of the boy and the life of the man,
And the current went deep'ning as onward it ran,
Till the breath of her air and the glow of her skies
Was health to his spirit and light to his eyes;
Till, wherever he wander'd, his heart was at home,
And throned like a monarch in visions of Rome.

What wonder, as life was awaiting its close,
That visions of beauty all silently rose—
That voices came floating around and above
From the land of his worship, the shrine of his love,
Which had sooth'd him in exile and saved him from wrong—
Had won him so early and held him so long—
What wonder his spirit, in seeking its home,
Turn'd earthwards a moment to gaze upon Rome?

What wonder our hearts, as they silently cast
Their looks full of questioning thought to the past,
Should see in that Saint, full of labour and years,
An anchor to rest on in hopes and in fears?
Whether building his churches or singing his psalms,
Or helping his poor with his prayers and his alms,
A preacher abroad, or a pastor at home,
How helpful and hopeful he leans upon Rome!

He frets not at fortune he cannot command,
But whatever his tools are, he takes them in hand;
He gathers from all things what all can produce
To forward his purpose or serve for his use;
He stands by the block, a true martyr to be,
But cross'd in his purpose, a Confessor he:
They may tear from the bishop his flock and his home,
But the missioner still can be working for Rome!

O, lift up our hearts by the might of your own,
To tend to one centre, and seek it alone!
When clouds are above and when blasts are abroad,
To hear but our conscience and fear but our God;
To ask for no quarter if nature should fight,
To yield to no pressure when arm'd for the right;
In peril at peace, and in exile at home,
Still waiting for heaven, still working for Rome!

Personal Recollections of an old Oxonian.

II. CHRIST CHURCH UNDER DEAN SMITH.

BEFORE I had ended my undergraduate course at Christ Church, Dr. Hall was promoted to the golden deanery of Durham, and replaced in the headship of the College by Dr. Smith, one of the canons; a man who, I suppose, owed that important piece of preferment to private influence, as he was remarkable for nothing but his good nature. The removal of Dean Hall satisfied a growing public opinion, that in his bestowal of studentships, servitorships, and choristerships, he had looked rather to other considerations than to the merits of the candidates, or to the advantage of the society over which he presided; a society, be it remembered, partaking at once of an academical and ecclesiastical character. With regard indeed to choristerships, even his celebrated predecessor, Dean Jackson, seems to have shared somewhat of this indifference to personal claims, if credit may be attached to a story once told me by old Cyril's pupil, Bishop Lloyd. Lloyd said that once upon a time a boy appeared before the Dean as a candidate for a vacancy in the choir. "Well, boy," said the Dean, "what do you know of music?" "Please, sir," said the boy, "I has no more ear nor a stone, and no more voice nor an ass." "Never mind," said the Dean; "go your ways, boy; you'll make a very good chorister." Those who remember the musical portion of the service in Christ-Church Cathedral at the time of which I am speaking will not be disposed to acquit the successive deans of this indifference to the professional qualifications of those who took part in them. But Cyril certainly had one great advantage over his successor. In the disposal of studentships, at all events, he was often guided by a regard to merit; whereas in the days of his successor, more than one young man who would have done credit to the college was lost to it for want of being placed on the foundation. Bull used to lament this circumstance with all the energy of his characteristic *esprit de corps*. He had failed to secure a place on the foundation for his distinguished pupil Ewart, of whom I had occasion to speak in the last paper. But the loss to the college which he most deplored was that of John Carr, a very elegant and accomplished scholar, who gained a brilliant first-class, and afterwards became a Fellow of

Balliol. In fact, merit-studentships were never given in my time, except to such cases of literary excellence as could hardly have been overlooked without creating public scandal. It was thus that James Shergold Boone was made an exception to the general rule in consequence of his gaining both the Chancellor's undergraduate prizes and the Craven Scholarship in his first year; and that Augustus Page Saunders, the present amiable Dean of Peterborough, received an act of tardy justice in being placed on the foundation of his college as a reward for his success in the two first classes. The other distinguished men of my time had either come to Christ Church as Westminster students, or were not in circumstances to be placed on the foundation. This limitation of the most substantial college-rewards to cases of unusual merit left a considerable margin of private patronage to the Dean and Canons. It is needless to add that, in this matter of academical patronage, vast improvements have been made since the days to which I refer. While speaking of distinguished Westminster students, I must not forget to pay a tribute of honour to two men whom Bull once described in his annual censor's speech as "*pari apud juniores modestia, pari erga seniores reverentia.*" These were, my friend Robert Hussey, afterwards Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Edgerton Vernon Harcourt. Both of them were excellent scholars and hard readers, besides bearing a high character for their moral qualities.

After I had passed my public examination in the schools, I formed a resolution for which I have every reason to be grateful, since, in its remoter effects, it has been the origin of many valuable friendships, as well as a determining cause of those events in my after-life in which I have the most reason to rejoice. Instead of leaving Oxford for good, after my examination in the schools, I resolved upon remaining there to read for a fellowship, and thus to do all which was left to me towards repairing the neglect of my undergraduate life, and justifying the outlay which a generous parent had made towards the charges of my education. This resolution was kindly and warmly seconded by my tutor and the other college authorities, who, to do them justice, were always desirous of encouraging residence in the case of bachelors of arts whom they considered likely to avail themselves of its advantages. I had now been long enough at Christ Church as an undergraduate to obliterate the remembrance of my earlier breaches of college discipline, which my tutor, with characteristic kindness, was always disposed to attribute rather to weakness than wilfulness. I accordingly returned to Oxford in the Michaelmas term of the year in which I passed my examination, and never again left it, except for a short period, for

the next fifteen years. I entered upon my new course of residence under those advantages the want of which had been so serious an obstacle to my comfort at the beginning of my academical life. Before I took my degree of B.A., I had formed some pleasant acquaintances, with whom I was now able to associate much more habitually than when I was reading for the schools. I became a member of a social coterie, and we used to meet for wine in each other's rooms every evening. Among those who took part in these agreeable re-unions was the present Lord Stanhope and Lord Devon. I was likewise often invited to the Senior Common Room, the society of which was extremely agreeable. I read regularly, though not hard; and Oxford soon began to smile upon me. In the following year I gained the Chancellor's prize for the Latin Essay, and later on, the other also. These are honours of greater *éclat* than real worth; and though they have the name of University prizes, and are actually open to competition to all bachelors of art, they really represent little more than the competition of the resident bachelors. Yet such successes were of solid use to me, by giving me somewhat more of confidence in myself, and by qualifying me to become a candidate, without appearance of undue presumption, for the more substantial advantages of a fellowship on one of the open foundations. I had not long to wait for this opportunity, since in 1826 two vacancies at Oriel enlisted every bachelor of the slightest pretensions in the contest to supply them. The names of the twelve candidates who entered the lists were thus commemorated in Homeric verse by one of the fellows of Oriel; and I leave them to the interpretation of ingenious commentators:

"*Ἄνερες οἶδε δώδεκ' ἐς Ὀριελ ἦλθον ἀγῶνα*
Φρούδος, Τοξοφόρος, καὶ Ἀλέκτορες Ἰχθύος δα,
Κρίθος ἀμῶν, Κορύφαια πέτρη, Δρυοείκελος, Ἄγρος,
*Καλὸν ὕρος, Βιότου δ' ὕγ' ἐπώνυμος ἡμετέροιο**
Ὀπας δ' οὐνοῦ ἔχων, καὶ Ἐκων ἀεκόντι γε θύμῳ.

The well-known name of Mr. Froude will speak for itself in its Greek representative; and the very happy rendering of that of Mr. Wilberforce, with which the above list concludes, will suggest the remembrance of Mr. Froude's companion in success, the late lamented Archdeacon of Yorkshire, so early cut off from the promise of a useful and distinguished career as a convert to the Catholic Church. An examination for an open fellowship—at least the *viva-voce* portion of it—is a far more nervous affair than an examination in the schools, and that at Oriel was especially so. You were taken up into a sort of tower, from which you looked down upon your examiners, who

* "Cobham," the name of the poet's "living."

made their presence visible to your eyes by expressions of countenance too readily interpreted in an unfavourable sense; and audible to your ears in scratchings of the pen or pencil, which were multiplied in proportion as you felt yourself getting into a hobble with a crabbed passage of an unfamiliar author, left in your hands to manage as best you could. These disadvantages were of course common to you with all your fellow-competitors; but this was a conclusion of the reason which was not adequate as a relief to the pressure of such facts upon the imagination. I remember when I afterwards stood for a fellowship at another college, and was suffering under the real torture of this ordeal, how great an alleviation of my embarrassment it was to see the head of the college regaling himself over a basin of soup. I suppose that I had expected to see him feasting on nectar and ambrosia. As I did not succeed at Oriel, my residence at Christ Church continued without interruption during nearly the whole of my bachelor's career, and I continued to receive marks of kindness and favour from the college authorities, which I remember with sincere gratitude. The pecuniary advantages of a studentship were almost made up to me by the proceeds of an exhibition and constant advances of money, about which I am to this day ignorant how they arose, except that I know I was told to apply to the treasurer from time to time, and that I never came away empty-handed. This period of my Oxford life is that upon which I look back with the greatest human pleasure, though very possibly it was not that which was the most useful to me.

It was at this time principally that I attended Lloyd's celebrated private Divinity Lectures. Thither repaired all the *élite* of graduate Oxford,—Pusey, Newman, Edward Denison, Froude, Robert Wilberforce, William Churton, Moberly, and about twenty or thirty more. Lloyd was the very prince of college-lecturers—a master in that art in which I have known so many failures. Two qualifications are above all necessary in a college-lecturer, as will be better understood when we remember what college-lectures are. They are not like professorial lectures, in which the lecturer talks away to a body of silent hearers arranged in ranks before him; but partake far more of a free and colloquial character, where the lecturer rather converses than dogmatises, and the pupils feel themselves at liberty to propose to him as many difficulties as he is benevolent enough to receive. Hence it is in the first place necessary that the lecturer should have a sufficient command of his subject, since he is generally devoid of those resources which enable a man who is making a speech—and especially a speech he has often made before—to disguise his ignorance under a showy display of knowledge. In fact, tutorial lectures

bear just the same relation to professorial which paper examination does to *viva-voce*, the comparative advantages of which are so well described by Dr. Arnold in one of his letters on the London University. The next and no less important requisite in a lecturer is that he should not be afraid of his class, or of any one in it; and a part of this qualification is that he should not be ashamed of confessing his ignorance, or rather that he should know enough of what he is expected to know to allow of the confession of his ignorance of what is merely supplemental to the subject which he undertakes. He has to deal with the most critical, and even captious, of all possible audiences, by which his shortcomings and unavoidable defects are sure to be noticed and canvassed,—perhaps even drawn out by what is regarded as justifiable malice. There was once a tutor at one of the principal colleges at Oxford, who was a good scholar and a clever man, but he wanted the tact to manage a class of aristocratic and intelligent pupils. He had the misfortune not to be able to pronounce the letter *r*, to which he always gave the sound of *w*. Two of his pupils in whose names the proscribed letter happened to be prominent, entered into an agreement with one another, that whatever question he might ask as to the meaning of a proper name, they would answer in one of two ways—and always in the wrong way—by saying alternately that it meant “a noble Roman,” or “a river in Thessaly.” These replies produced the desired effect, in a burst of indignation from the tutor, giving opportunity for a reiterated employment of the letter which he was in the habit of mispronouncing. This only shows what might be the results of the system where the lecturer was no match for his class in point of tact and presence of mind. Yet its immense use was in point of fact independent of any possible abuse. Not merely did it give the opportunity of acquiring that deep and practical knowledge of the subject in hand which is peculiarly the gift of an Oxford education, but it encouraged those relations of mutual confidence between the teacher and the taught which constitute one especial advantage of the tutorial as compared with the professorial method.

Lloyd's peculiar excellence with his private Divinity class was, no doubt, the result in part of his former experience as a college-tutor; indeed, some of his pupils in that class had also been his pupils when he was tutor. As far as my recollection serves me, the tact and presence of mind which he showed with his class were characteristic of the Christ-Church lecturers in general; certainly of those which I attended as an undergraduate, as well as of his own. Never were there two men of more opposite characters than Bull and Short; yet all that I knew of Bull's lectures from personal ex-

perience, and all that I have often heard of Short's from his own pupils, convinces me that, however different might be the character of their several teaching, they had alike the same command of their subjects and of their classes. One of their merits was that they were perfectly self-possessed, and adequate to all those possible emergencies which no man in a public situation can foresee or control, but which may easily damage the influence of one who does not know how to deal with them in a befitting way. I have known college-tutors who met this difficulty by desiring that no message of any kind might be brought to them during the hour when they were occupied with their class. I do not wish to say a word against this mode of escaping awkward conjunctures; but I conceive that which was preferred by Bull and Short to have been the more heroic, and, upon the whole, the more successful. They used to run their chance of such interruptions, under a conviction that they were fully equal to the encounter. Thus it would sometimes happen that, while Short was engaged in illustrating the Fifth Book of Ethics by the laws of political economy, or while Bull was in a *furor* of classical enthusiasm over an ode of Pindar or a chorus of Sophocles, there would enter the manciple,—a pale, placid official connected with the culinary department,—who came to Bull as the senior censor, or, in his absence, to Short as the junior, to take their pleasure as to the dinner at the Master's table for the day; and the answer of each college authority used to be given with a courageous indifference to the criticisms and comparisons to which it might have been expected to lead, and actually did lead, among their respective pupils. To the manciple's interrogative Short would reply, with a slight manifestation of impatience at the interruption, "Oh, any thing you've got,—a boiled leg of mutton and a pudding." Bull, however, always seemed to have his reply at hand in some such form as the following: "A fricandeau, a pheasant, and an omelette *au sucre*." The respective classes of the two tutors used to agree that when they became masters of arts they would never dine when Bull dined out.

I hope the reader will pardon this little episode upon college-lecturers, which really bears more than he may be aware upon the subject in hand. And now to return to Lloyd. Some of his divinity-lectures were given before he became Bishop of Oxford, and some afterwards; but his elevation to the dignity did not produce the slightest difference in his demeanour, or even in his dress; the only symbol of it being his wig, which used to hang upon a peg in the door. He always wore a long loose coat, little removed from a dressing-gown, and carried in his hand a coloured pocket-handker-

chief, as a necessary accompaniment of his habits as a professed snuff-taker. Those of his class under whose eyes these papers may chance to fall will remember that he never sat down, but always instructed peripatetically, making the circuit of his large class once and again, and accosting its several members, or those at least whom he might choose to select, with a question which in its turn formed the handle of a reply of his own, full of information conveyed in a most attractive form. His treatment of his pupils, particularly of those with whom he was well acquainted, or who had established a claim to his favour, was familiar and free to an extent upon which few men but himself could have ventured. He generally accosted them by a kick on the shin, or by pulling their ears and noses to a degree which made them tingle; but these methods of address, far from being resented as a liberty, were received as the greatest of all possible compliments, inasmuch as they were rightly understood to be proofs of his especial confidence and regard. He had some peculiar phrases which will recall him to mind after many long years. When any one answered a question from his own imagination, or produced some strange piece of information on it, Lloyd would ask whether he had received a letter on the subject. The word "special" was a favourite with him, and he always pronounced it with peculiar emphasis; and he generally drew attention to what he was saying by a copious use of the interrogative "d'ye see?" Thus, for example, he would go up to some man to whom he considered he might suitably address himself on such a subject, and, after the friendly kick, would go on as follows: "I suppose, Mr. Woods, you have been taught from your cradle upwards that it is the special duty of a Christian to abuse the Roman Catholics;" then with another kick, "that, d'ye see? I hold to be a mistake." Then he would proceed to say, "When I was a youngster, I happened to know some of the French emigrant clergy, and a better set of men never existed; I got a great deal out of them about their religion, and came to very different conclusions about it from those in which I was brought up." Lloyd's method of lecturing exhibited with the happiest effect the peculiarly ethical character of the Oxford system, which has been often remarked by those best acquainted with it as one of its greatest advantages. There was not one of his pupils who did not feel that he was a friend to whom he might have recourse at any period, or in any case of difficulty, with an assurance that he would always be kindly received. Lloyd's death in 1829 was a great blow to the University; for although the precedent of private divinity-lectures set by him has been followed, I believe, by all his successors, he could not transmit to posterity those peculiar qualifications of personal

character and influence which constituted their chief attraction, and imparted to them their extraordinary value.

As a bachelor of arts living chiefly among those of my own standing, or with the very oldest of the undergraduates, I had no opportunity of forming any judgment of the moral and religious state of Christ Church during the period at which I have arrived; but I have every reason to believe that it was in a state of progressive improvement. Some young men of what was called the Evangelical party had now come into residence there; and as they were amiable as well as religious, and as there was sufficient good-feeling among their contemporaries to secure them against molestation, even if not to obtain for them a certain respect, they had an influence for good beyond the sphere of the small circle in which they lived. With this exception I do not remember that the idea of religion as a practical rule of life was ever suggested to me while I was at Christ Church, although dissuasions from immorality in one shape or another were occasionally put before me by those who had authority over me. More than this was certainly done at other colleges; for I remember that a friend of mine who was at Oriel used to tell me how great an impression had been made upon him by his excellent tutor Hawkins, the present Provost, in the course of walks which he had been asked to take with him. At Christ Church the only way in which religion, as such, was put before us was in the public prayers of the college, than which nothing could well have been more adverse to its proper influence. The services were so managed that it would have been hardly possible for any one to make a good use of them even had he wished it; and I do not think that such a wish was largely shared. Little or no care was taken to secure even the decent behaviour of those who attended chapel as a general rule; and it was only when that behaviour broke out, as was sometimes the case in the evening, into the most disgraceful irreverence, that authorities interposed to control it. The names of those present used, when I was at Christ Church, to be noted by the registering student during the time of the service itself; and the period chosen was especially during the Creed, when every one turned round towards the Communion-table. During the greater part of my undergraduate time the most irregular and unpunctual attendant at the chapel was the Dean himself. But an improvement in these respects was set on foot before I left Christ Church, and has, I believe, continued to proceed. One practice which existed in other colleges was unknown at Christ Church—I mean that of forcing the men to go to Communion once a term. This, as far as it went, was an advantage; though the alternative was, after all, one between profaneness and irreligion.

About this time the Union Debating Society, which was first established somewhere about the year 1823, had begun to assume much of the importance which afterwards belonged to it. I have no doubt that it has been in two ways of great use to Oxford; as a means of moral improvement, to say nothing of its advantages as a school of oratory and parliamentary practice to those of whom so many are likely to be called into positions where such a preparation must prove of signal use to them. The Union Society, by placing men of all the various colleges upon a footing of perfect equality, has operated more than any other single agency towards the removal of those invidious distinctions and college rivalries to which I adverted in my last paper. There can be no doubt also that it has been of great service in furnishing useful and innocent subjects of conversation and pursuit to many, who before it existed were led to seek pleasure in topics and interests of a less praiseworthy character. For a long time the authorities of the University discouraged the Union, and even after they ceased to discourage it, were unwilling to give it any thing like an avowed protection; but I believe they have learned by experience that its tendency to draw undergraduates from the characteristic studies of the University is far more than counterbalanced by its advantage in another direction; and that, even in the light of an academical institution, its benefit has been far from inconsiderable in widening the range of useful knowledge, and bringing the light of modern political experience to bear upon the history of ancient times. Need I add, that the great living representative of the benefits—both intellectual and moral—of the Oxford Union Society is to be seen in the person of Mr. Gladstone, who, as an undergraduate of Christ Church, was alike the foremost orator of the Union and an example to his companions of the possibility of combining youthful virtue with that deportment of humility and social kindness which is best calculated to win others to the imitation of it.

I now bid adieu to Christ Church, not without regret; and must reappear, if at all, in another neighbourhood.

Proposed Substitutes for the Steam-Engine.

THE present year has been remarkable for the large number of machines invented for the purpose of superseding steam, in at least some of its lighter tasks. Many of these are due to French engineers; being further proofs, if any were required, of the great activity now displayed in France in all matters of mechanical invention.

Two of these new engines are especially interesting, as illustrating that all-important law in modern physics, the correlation or convertibility of forces. By this is meant that the forces of inanimate nature, such as light, heat, electricity—nay, even the muscular and nerve forces of living beings—have such a mutual dependence and connection, that each one is only produced or called into action by another, and only ceases to be manifest when it has given birth to a fresh force in its turn. Thus motion (in the shape of friction) produces heat, electricity, or light; heat produces light, or electricity; electricity, magnetism; and so on in an endless chain, which links together all the phenomena of this visible universe.

As a metaphysical principle, this is as old as Aristotle, and may be found dimly foreshadowed in the forcible lines of Lucretius :

— Pereunt imbres, ubi eos pater æther
In gremium matris terræ præcipitavit;
At nitidæ surgunt fruges, ramique virescunt,
Arboribus crescunt ipsæ, fetuque gravantur,
Hinc alitur porro nostrum genus atque ferarum.
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Haud igitur penitus pereunt quæcumque videntur,
Quando aliud ex alio reficit natura, nec ullam
Rem gigni patitur, nisi morte adjuta aliena.*

But the rediscovery of this law, as a result of experiment, is due to English physicists of our own day; and it is so invariably true, and the produced force is always so perfectly proportioned to the force producing it, that some† have gone so far as to revive a very old hypothesis in philosophy, supposing that all the forces of nature are but differently expressed forms of the Divine Will.

As a corollary to this law, it follows that many a force of nature,

* Lucret. lib. i. 250-65.

† Dr. Carpenter, *Philos. Trans.* 1850, vol. ii.

hitherto neglected because of its position or intractability, may be turned to practical account by using it to produce some new power, which may be either stored up or transmitted to a distance, and so can be employed wherever and whenever it is required. Thus, in the first machine we propose to notice, a M. Cazal has just hit upon a plan by which to use the power of falling water at a considerable distance. He employs a water-wheel to turn a magneto-electric machine (of the kind used for medical purposes, on a very large scale), and the electric force so obtained may be conveyed to any distance, and employed there as a motive power. In this way a mountain-stream in the Alps or Pyrenees may turn a lathe, or set a loom in motion, in a workshop in Paris or Lyons; or even (as has been remarked), if a wire were laid across the Atlantic, the whole force of Niagara would be at our disposal.

The idea is at present quite in its infancy; but we are told that the few experiments hitherto made show that such an engine is not only very ingenious but perfectly feasible, and (most important of all) economical.

The second engine gave promise of considerable success when first brought out in Paris about eight months ago. It was invented by a M. Tellier, and proceeds on the principle of storing up force, to be used when wanted. It has long been well known to chemists that a certain number of gases (as chlorine, carbonic acid, ammonia, and sulphuretted hydrogen) can be condensed into liquids by cold or pressure, or both combined. Of all these gases, ammonia is the most easily liquefied, requiring for this purpose, at ordinary temperatures, a pressure only six and a half times greater than that of the atmosphere. A supply of liquid ammonia obtained in this manner is kept by M. Tellier in a closed vessel, and surrounded with a freezing mixture, so that it has but little tendency to return to the gaseous state. A small quantity is allowed to escape from this reservoir under the piston of the engine; and the temperature there being higher than in the reservoir, the ammonia becomes at once converted into gas, increasing thereby to more than twelve hundred times its previous bulk, and so driving the piston with great force to the top of the cylinder. A little water is now admitted, which entirely dissolves the ammonia; a vacuum being thus created, and the piston driven down again by the pressure of the air without. M. Tellier employs three such cylinders, which work in succession; and the only apparent limit to the power to be obtained from this machine is the amount of liquid ammonia which would have to be used, about three gallons (or twenty-two pounds) being required for each horse-power per hour. There is no waste of material; for the water which has

dissolved the gas is saved, and the ammonia recovered from it by evaporation, and afterwards recondensed into a liquid. M. Tellier proposed to use his engine for propelling omnibuses and other vehicles; but it would appear that it is too expensive and too cumbrous to be practically useful: there can, however, be very little doubt that the principle will be used with success in some new form. A patent has quite recently been taken out for such an engine in England. It will be perceived at once how the ammonia-engine illustrates the law of storing up force. It originates no power of its own, but simply gives out by degrees the mechanical force which had been previously employed to change the ammonia from a gas to a liquid.

Lenoir's "gas-engine" has been more successful; for, although but a few months old, it has been already largely adopted in Parisian hotels, schools, and other large establishments, for raising lifts, making ices, and even—for what is not done nowadays by machinery?—cleaning boots. In London, it was lately exhibited in Cranbourne Street, and is now used for turning lathes and for other light work.

This engine, like the ammonia-engine, is provided with an ordinary cylinder, into which coal-gas and air are admitted, under the piston, in the proportions of eleven parts of the latter to one of the former. The mixture is then exploded by the electric spark; and the remaining air, being greatly expanded, drives up the piston. When the top is reached, the gas and air are again admitted, but this time above the piston, and the explosion is repeated, so that the piston is driven down again. The most ingenious part of the whole thing is the mechanism by which the electric spark is directed alternately to the upper and lower ends of the cylinder. This cannot be satisfactorily explained without a diagram, but is brought about (roughly speaking) by connecting either end of the cylinder with a semicircle of brass, which is touched by the "rotary crank" in the course of its revolution. The crank is already charged with electricity, and so communicates the electric spark to each of the semicircles in turn. The cylinder is kept plunged in water, so that there is no fear of its overheating by the constant explosions.

This engine has cheapness for its main recommendation. A half-horse-power gas-engine (the commonest power made) costs, when complete, 65*l.*, and consumes two pennyworth of gas per hour; while the cost of keeping the battery active is about fourpence per week.

An engineer of Lyons, M. Millon, has since proposed to use, instead of coal-gas, the gases produced by passing steam over red-

hot coke. These gases are found to explode rather more quickly than coal-gas, when mixed with common air, and fired by the electric spark. They will probably be found cheaper and more efficient when they can be obtained; but in many cases coal-gas will be the only material available.

A. M. Jules Gros has recently invented an engine in which gun-cotton is exploded in a strong reservoir and air compressed in another, the compressed air being afterwards employed to move the pistons of the machine. This sounds more dangerous than it perhaps really is, since gun-cotton is now known to be more tractable than gunpowder, when properly used; but we very much doubt whether the machine can be regular or economical enough to be more than a curiosity.

To close the list of French inventions of this kind, we may state that Count de Molin has lately patented an electro-magnetic machine, which, he states, will be more powerful than any previously made. It is too complicated for a mere verbal description to be of any use; but is apparently not free from the fault of all electro-magnetic engines, of costing too much to be of practical value.

Dr. Pusey as a Controversialist.

THE work* of Dr. Pusey, of which we are about to speak with as much brevity as possible, is one to which it is difficult to assign a single definite object. It seems to be meant to serve at least two or three purposes, not quite consistent with each other. It is sent into the world with a variety of names, which indicates plainly enough the various or shifting aims of the writer. It is called an *Eirenicon*—a name which implies an attempt on the part of the author to bring together parties at present at variance by representing to each its points of agreement with the other, and by making as little as possible of matters on which they disagree. It was also advertised as an "Answer to Dr. Manning," who has lately put forward some statements as to the Establishment which seem to Dr. Pusey's friends to require a response. It is also a defence of the Church of England; for it is called in the title-page, "The Church of England a portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a means of restoring visible unity." It appears, therefore, that the author undertakes to prove the Catholicity and Apostolicity of the English Church; and further than that, to demonstrate that she has some particular mission as "a means of restoring visible unity;" which visible unity, therefore, according to Dr. Pusey, the Catholic Church has lost. This, we suppose, is signified by the title placed on the back of the volume, "The Truth and Office of the English Church."

It is but fair to Dr. Pusey to enumerate these various titles, because they indicate the multifarious scope of the volume in his own words. No one can complain of his not attending to the matter in hand, unless he travels beyond them. At the same time it is obvious that the aims indicated by these several titles might have been pursued with greater advantage separately, and that their conjunction may fairly be expected to produce somewhat of confusion in the mind of the reader,—not to say that of the author. This is more likely to be the case in a book in which the author rambles on, without any division of chapters, from one subject to another; and after winding-up when he has run through less than three hundred pages,

* *The Church of England a portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a means of restoring visible unity. An Eirenicon, in a letter to the Author of the Christian Year.* By E. B. Pusey, D.D. Oxford and London, 1865.

begins again in a postscript, and pours forth fresh matter for nearly half as many again. We are bound to add our impression that another object, not avowed in the title-page, and seemingly very inconsistent with its professions, has been distinctly and consciously aimed at throughout very large parts of the volume, which would not have been written without it. That object is, the representing the system of the Catholic Church in such colours as to deter people from submitting to it. And when we consider the amount of industry and ingenuity which has been expended on these parts of the volume, and the great proportion which they bear to the remainder, it will not seem unfair to think that the book is in reality, far more than any thing else, an attack on the Catholic Church.

This, as coming from Dr. Pusey, is no matter of complaint, except so far as it comes under the friendly name of an *Eirenicon*. He belongs to, and is perhaps the chief of, a set of Anglican ministers who probably employ themselves as much as in any thing else in the process of what is called "settling" persons who are inclined to join the Catholic Church. It has been the lot of most persons of the more educated classes who have in these last few years become converts to Catholicism to have some experience of the ingenuity of this class of men; for, somehow or other, it has happened that in a majority of cases (at all events in a great many) they have been unsuccessful, at least ultimately. It is very far from our purpose to affirm that their efforts are not conscientiously made. But it is obvious that such an occupation must leave its mark upon the mind and character; and, when those who follow it fall into the obvious snare of carping at Catholicism, or trying to divert people from considering its claims, instead of giving them solid and positive reasons for believing that the Anglican Establishment is the Spouse of Christ, it is not at all surprising that it should occasionally engender a narrow, captious, disingenuous, and ungenerous spirit. So it seems certainly to have been with some of the smaller minds among those of whom we speak. The rumours that reach us of their methods of argument—"borne, as it were, on the breeze," as Dr. Pusey says,—are sometimes very ludicrous, sometimes very saddening, and would probably create no small surprise and indignation if they were collected and published. We allude to them only to point out that it is a great gain to have some fixity about matters of this kind, and to know, as far as may be gathered from this book, what Dr. Pusey, at least, really says, and what right he has to say it. Now, at all events, it will be people's own fault if they are taken in by unmeaning phrases. It is no longer "the air is ringing with voices bidding us remain;" or "the Anglican position is, for the moment, in a

state of solution;" or "the Church appears to be in a kind of deliquium;" or "all the converts are coming back again, except those that have gone mad;" or "poor So-and-so is very unhappy;" or "you must be in a very bad state of mind to ask such questions;" or "who can be dissatisfied who sees the vestments at St. Mary Magdalene's?" or "Dr. A. has read the Fathers, and is quite content, especially when he considers the firmness of Mr. B.;" or "Mr. B. is not so learned as Dr. A., and rests entirely on him;" or "go to confession to Mr. C., and you will have peace;" or "act as you would if you were in the true Church, and you will be safe;" or "throw yourself into active work, like Mr. D., who has made a vow never to entertain a doubt;" or "you should see the letters I have received from a friend in Spain;" and so on *ad infinitum*. When people take a definite line in print, they can be answered. Catholics have long desired that the residue of the Tractarian party, who have not followed what Dr. Newman has pointed out as the Providential direction of the Oxford movement to individual submission to the Church, should explain where they stand, and what are their principles. Hitherto but little has been done to satisfy this legitimate desire. Dr. Pusey has now abundantly done this. We can now judge whether there is any novelty in his charges; whether he has a deeper acquaintance with Catholicism than is usual in Anglican controversialists, or whether, after all, he is no better informed than writers such as Dr. Wordsworth, Dean Alford, or Mr. Burgon. We must avow our opinion that the few new notes that he has contributed to the No-popery cry are quite insignificant when compared with the greater volume of well-known and time-honoured strains which are here repeated—Mariolatry, Smithfield fires, forged decretals, Liberius and Honorius, and a great many other things of the same kind. But we are glad that Dr. Pusey has spoken out his full mind; and we sincerely hope that no one will in future suppose him to be a whit less Protestant or more Catholic in opinion than he has now declared himself to be.

In a literary point of view, however, the exigencies of Dr. Pusey's position have forced on him a great blunder. A professed negotiator of peace between two Churches or two countries may perhaps be justified if he puts forward in his addresses to the opposite party every topic of conciliation that he can find, and sinks all that may aggravate differences, while in his private communications with his own side he may declare strong disapproval of the same opposite party, and in such a way as to show that peace is impossible. But no one in such a position ever thought before of playing on the two strings at once, or of disclosing to his opponents, whom he is endeavouring to conciliate, the terms in which he speaks of them to his

friends, whom he is trying to make averse to conciliation. This is exactly what Dr. Pusey has done in the book before us; and—perhaps from long habit—he appears to be much more anxious to blacken Rome than to whitewash England. And the truth of this conclusion will be self-evident to any one who takes the trouble to look even at the table of contents prefixed to the volume—a cursory inspection of which will show that by far the greater portion of its pages are occupied in remarks on the Catholic system.* The title of the book ought to have been “A Dissuasive from Popery.” And as we have already dealt with those parts of it in which whatever defence of Anglicanism it contains is to be found, we shall endeavour in our present article to consider some of its characteristics and chief features as a work of controversy: but, in order to proceed with perfect fairness, we must begin by some general account of the line of Dr. Pusey’s argument, as far as it is discernible through the mass of matter with which it is somewhat overlaid.

The book opens with some personal explanations as to Dr. Pusey’s relations with the Evangelical party. It seems that he has always loved, and sought to act with them. But his acquaintance with them would seem to be limited; for he “never met with any who held the Lutheran doctrine of justification, that justifying faith is that whereby a person believes himself to be justified.” We then come to his defence of the Church of England, of which we have already spoken. We need only repeat, that he defends Anglicanism on grounds which would probably be repudiated by every single bishop on the bench, by nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand of her clergy, and by the laity in the same proportion. He argues that the unity of the Church need not be visible; that the “English Church has not rejected a visible Head”—(true enough in a sense, some people will say—for she has a very visible and practical Head, settling her doctrinal disputes and arranging her discipline for her, in

* An Anglican critic, very friendly to Dr. Pusey, may be quoted to confirm this statement. “Incidentally, indeed, in reply to a distinct challenge on one or two minor preliminary points, altogether of a personal nature, some conclusive proofs of the substantial soundness of her position are recapitulated, and cleared from objections of a casual and temporary character. But the proposition, that ‘the Church of England is a portion of Christ’s One Holy Catholic Church,’ is stated not so much as a subject to be debated as an hypothesis or granted premise on which to ground an argument for the latter member of the title, that she is providentially ‘a means of restoring visible unity’” (*Ecclesiastic* for November, p. 521). We have been unable to find the argument, “that the Establishment is a means of restoring unity,” in the pages of Dr. Pusey; but the former part of the statement is perfectly true.

the person of the Sovereign, as Dr. Pusey has often had occasion to feel); "that she is not more independent of Rome than Africa in the time of St. Augustine." We come next to an argument to which we have already alluded, which is meant to prove that, according to the theory maintained by Dr. Pusey, the "perpetual Divine Voice" of the Church is not therefore denied by those who agree with him, because there is at present no infallible authority to which they can submit their own opinions. This ends, in form, the defensive part of the volume. We next find Dr. Pusey entering on the subject of the Catholic system, with the professed object of pointing out what it is that "the English" object to. Here, again, we must incidentally remark that he speaks without any warrant in his own and his friends' name, as if in that of the Anglican Establishment itself. He distinctly says that the points of which he complains might be made the subject of explanation in the case of "corporate union," as in a treaty between one Church and another, but could not be made the matter of any stipulation in the case of individual submission. But by what right does Dr. Pusey speak in the name of the Anglican authorities? He has not only represented the Anglican doctrine in a way which they would disclaim, but he has very far understated the number of points as to which they would require "explanation." This flaw technically vitiates the whole of the second part of his argument. What would be the use of considering proposals which would be at once disavowed by those in whose name they are made? Unless Dr. Pusey thinks and speaks as the head of a party in the Establishment, which would act for itself, it is difficult to see how he can suppose it to be of any use to make such statements. In that case many parts of the book would be more intelligible. Dr. Pusey should tell us whether he contemplates it. It is more easy to explain what will strike the Catholic reader at every page; we mean Dr. Pusey's very deep ignorance of the system of which he is speaking, and his frequent inability to understand even the words he uses. The only wonder is that Dr. Pusey should think that he understands what Catholics mean—better, as it will appear, than they do themselves. But he cannot be ignorant of the "practical system" of Anglicanism as distinguished from its formal definitions and symbols; and therefore he is surely aware that he has no right whatever to say that "our Church must accept" this or that Catholic explanation of a doctrine or a practice attacked in the Thirty-nine Articles. His theory is, that "the English"—that is, himself and his friends—do not object to any thing in Catholicism which is formally taught as a matter of faith. Here, of course, *he separates himself from all those in his own communion who object to any thing which is laid*

down by the Council of Trent. These, of course, are not "the English." But, he adds, there is a large, wide-spread, prevalent, quasi-authoritative system of Catholicism which he does object to; and this the Catholic Church is to surrender, or to explain. This brings him to what we venture to call the real matter of his book. For nearly a hundred pages—the whole letter, exclusive of the postscript and notes, does not extend to three hundred—Dr. Pusey attacks the devotion to our Blessed Lady, such as he conceives it to be, among Catholics in the present day. Part of this attack deals with the recent definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; part with other developments, as Dr. Pusey calls them, of the honour paid to and the language used with regard to the Mother of God. He seems to be quite unable to shake himself free from this subject, for he returns to it from time to time, after he has apparently gone on to other topics, such as Purgatory and Indulgences. Then we find ourselves in the midst of the Gallican writers, especially Du Pin and Fleury. Du Pin is invoked as having commenced a negotiation with Archbishop Wake, and his opinion as to the possibility of tolerating the Thirty-nine Articles is adduced. Fleury is called in to bear witness to the exaggeration of the Papal power in consequence of the "forged decretals." We then come to Dr. Pusey's views for the future. He seems to think that the Catholic Church is in the greatest danger from the widespread exaggeration, as he thinks it, of the honour due to our Blessed Lady. What if a time were to come when it should be discovered that "Antiquity" knew nothing about all this? He seems to suppose that there might be a collapse of faith, which it might be the "possible office" of the English Church to check. Then we have the well-known passage of De Maistre, in which she is called "precious;" and the letter concludes with the expression of Dr. Pusey's hopes as to her recognition by the Eastern Church, and his sanguine view as to her present condition. The postscript which is subjoined, and which occupies about fifty pages, is chiefly devoted to an attempt to deduce absurd conclusions from the views as to the infallibility of the Pope which have lately been put forward in the *Dublin Review*. The notes are three in number. The first contains a set of passages from the Fathers, to the effect that "Holy Scripture contains the faith;" the second gives a number of passages from the answers of the Catholic Bishops to the present Holy Father when consulted as to the definition of the Immaculate Conception, in which passages doubts are expressed as to its expediency; the third is headed "The Greek Church believes the Blessed Virgin to have been conceived in original sin."

Our readers will at once be struck with the great variety of points raised by Dr. Pusey; and if we were to take into account insinuations and *obiter dicta*,—with which his pages abound,—it would be very difficult indeed to say which of the current charges against Catholicism he has omitted to repeat, and of which of the well-used arguments of former Protestant controversialists he has neglected to avail himself. But if we ask ourselves what is the pith of the book, and what is Dr. Pusey's special contribution to the armoury of anti-Catholic writers, it is not so easy to find a satisfactory answer to the question. Let us begin by trying to knock off irrelevant matter. Here we shall find a good deal to do. It would be difficult to explain, for instance, the object of the long note filled with quotations from the Fathers about the faith being contained in the Scriptures, unless it be to give an impression that Dr. Pusey's adversaries—Catholics of course—differ from the Fathers on this point. It is quite as easy to prove from the Fathers—almost as easy from many of Dr. Pusey's own quotations—that they most fully recognised tradition, and the authority of the Church as the guardian of Scripture. Dr. Pusey knows, as well as he knows any thing, that the Fathers do not in the least support the notion that the "faith is contained in the Scriptures" in any sense in which Catholics deny it and Protestants maintain it. This note, therefore, is surely superfluous and illusory. We may almost say the same as to the other long note containing passages from the answers of Catholic bishops on the subject of the definition of the Immaculate Conception. These answers are, in many cases, not very fairly used by Dr. Pusey.* But granting his use of them as it stands, we are at a loss to see what they have to do in this book, as far as its argument is concerned. They may serve a purpose by creating an impression that the Catholic Episcopate was not unanimous in advising the definition, or they may show that he has had access to a copy of the *Pareri*. But his book ought to prove that the Anglican Establishment has valid orders; that her formularies are orthodox; that she is really within the pale of Catholic unity. These are the questions on which every thing is at stake; and his title conveys some promise

* Dr. Pusey gives wrong numbers; we give the correct statement as put forth in the official document. Dr. Pusey says, "the whole number" (of answers) was about 490. The fact is, that 546 bishops not only declared their devotion and that of their people to the Immaculate Conception, but earnestly begged for the definition. Fifty-six others differed in various ways. Four or five were against the definition in itself; the others were for the definition, but held various opinions either as to its opportuneness at that time, or as to the way in which it should be made. The answers of eight archbishops and nineteen bishops came too late for insertion in the *Pareri*—

of dealing with them. At all events, he ought to tell us whether the Immaculate Conception is a part of that formally defined Catholic faith to which he does not object, or of that "vast practical system" to which he does. In the former case he is inconsistent in attacking it; but how can he maintain the latter alternative? Even on Gallican grounds, and granting, to save time, that some bishops demurred to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as such, and not merely to the opportuneness of its definition, how does the matter stand? Eleven years have passed since the solemn definition by the Pope, in the presence of, and after careful consultation with, as many bishops of different parts of the world as have been present at several Councils of the Church; the decree has been accepted universally with joy and enthusiasm; nor can Dr. Pusey adduce a single Catholic bishop who has expressed his dissent from it. That long note, therefore, with the passages in the text to which it is appended, forms another portion of his volume which contains no argument whatever to his point. We may say the same of the many pages in which the name of Du Pin is conspicuous. It is one of the arts of controversy to select authorities craftily; to pass off upon the reader some name as of weight and moment which is in reality of no value at all. Du Pin was a man of learning, but so were Jansenius and Quesnel; and to know that any one of them was connected with an attempt to bring about a reconciliation between the Anglican Church and the Catholic Church would have been quite enough to stamp such an attempt, from the Catholic point of view, with the character of treachery and double-dealing. Du Pin was always being condemned, and then retracting in order to retain his posts. The Pope called him a man "of very bad doctrine;" and when at last his papers were seized, it was found that he was ready not only to concede the interpretations of the articles on which Dr. Pusey builds, but to go beyond, probably, what his modern admirer would like; for he would have surrendered auricular confession, transubstantiation, fasting and abstinence, religious vows, Papal supremacy, and the celibacy of the clergy,—which latter he was supposed, in his own person, to have violated secretly. Surely Dr. Pusey's readers might have been told that the man whose "large-hearted statements" were contrasted with the opinions of Dr. Manning, was a person of no sort of weight or character among Catholics. This part, therefore, of the volume is also illusory. We may say much the same about a number of pages that are occupied with quotations from Fleury about the false decretals. We have little doubt that the effect intended to be produced by these passages is an impression that the decretals were forged by Roman hands

to increase the authority of the Pope; that a new system of Church government was introduced by them, which remains to this day; and that it is this system which prevents the union of the Greek and Anglican Churches with the Holy See. Unless these things are true, Fleury is quoted to little purpose, save that of exciting prejudice by the damaging charge of forgery. What are the facts, according to modern criticism, even among Protestants? The decretals were not forged at Rome, or by Roman hands: they are of German-French origin, and what was new in them seems to have been forged mainly with a view to make appeals in episcopal causes difficult; and, as some say, with a view to raise Mayence to the rank of a patriarchal see. Forgery is an ugly name; but, after all, no one forges what is not current coin. The great mass of spurious matter which was passed off as the letters, &c. of Popes obtained credit for the very reason that spurious coin obtains credit: because it was not unlike what was the current belief and prevailing practice. The idea of a sudden revolution in Church discipline brought about by forgeries is too absurd for any but a controversialist blinded by prejudice. Few people ever wrote more against the false decretals than the Protestant Blondel. He says, that almost all the decretals were composed out of the acknowledged authors of the time, and the genuine works of contemporary or ancient writers, and that the deception consisted in attributing *words* to the Popes which they had not used, and the more modern discipline to ancient times. Nor, finally, if the false decretals had never existed, would the case of the Anglican Establishment be one atom more tolerable than it is on the principles of Catholic unity. That part of Dr. Pusey's volume, therefore, is in reality nothing to the point.*

In fact, as far as the body of the work is concerned, if we except

* Dr. Pusey is rather too fond of the words "forgery" and "spurious;" and we take this opportunity of dealing with another instance in which he has made a perfectly unfair deduction, from the fact that, in uncritical times, certain writings were attributed to certain authors which are now acknowledged to have been the works of later writers. He quotes (p. 113) a passage from a preface of his own to an 'adapted' translation of a Catholic book of devotion published many years ago. The passage is very instructive, as showing how entirely his own reading is to him the standard by which he decides what is Catholic, what not. He speaks in it of "passages as to St. Mary once attributed to St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Ephrem, St. Chrysostom, under the shadow of whose great names this system grew up," which are now acknowledged to be spurious. In another place (p. 186) he actually ventures to assert, without the slightest shadow of proof, that the glowing passages in St. Bernard about our Blessed Lady are to be accounted for in this way: that St. Bernard thought by mistake that the Fathers had written what they had not. "St. Bernard," he says, "has strong passages, grounded on what the

some pages in which the case of the African Church is handled, and a few more on Purgatory, Indulgences, and Transsubstantiation, in which Dr. Pusey has shown a very great misapprehension of the theology of which he is speaking, the real pith of what he has to say is contained

Breviary stated to be the language of St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, &c., which Roman Catholic critics have discovered not to be theirs."

This passage is really a tissue of misstatements, partly made, partly implied. It supposes that the value of a passage which witnesses to the devotion or belief of the ever-living Church in any age depends upon the individual name with which it is connected: that the Fathers are authorities to us as individuals, not simply as witnesses to the belief of the Church. It then supposes that the authority of a passage, as a witness of such belief, is destroyed if it be given to another name rather than to that of its author: or that it could ever, under whatever name, right or wrong, obtain currency in authorised books of devotion and the services of the Church, except on account of its complete harmony with her mind and feeling. These suppositions are all false. In old times works of different authors were written on the same parchment, or bound up together, and there is often an error in quoting; but it stops there. No number of passages from St. Austin or St. Chrysostom against the devotion to our Blessed Lady would ever have made St. Bernard or any one else falter for a moment in that devotion: passages in harmony with it came to pass current as from them because they expressed what the whole Church felt. Dr. Pusey's statement about the Breviary and St. Bernard is not only gratuitous but absurd, if he means the present Breviary, which did not come into use till after the time of St. Bernard. It so chances, moreover, that he has contradicted himself by forgetting what he had before said about that very saint. In the Preface to the *Paradise of the Soul*, of which we have spoken (p. 6), he distinctly *excepts* St. Bernard, as a "great mind," from the common run of men, who take things from those who go before them. It is a perfect absurdity, besides being utterly without foundation, to say that St. Bernard was led away into a dangerous exaggeration—for that is what Dr. Pusey must mean—because certain passages were attributed to the Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries which were in reality more recent. It is also absurd to speak of the system being built on the mistake. The mistake came from "the system," not *vice versâ*.

How much more natural would it have been for a person in Dr. Pusey's position—in the presence of the notorious fact that a great saint like St. Bernard, whose "devotion," as Dr. Pusey tells us, "was concentrated on Christ crucified," was so conspicuous also in his devotion to our Blessed Lady—to have allowed himself to suppose that it might be in fact possible that the one devotion was the fruit and complement, or rather an integral part, of the other, and that there must be something wrong and blind in his own mind which refuses to believe that it is so, in the teeth of the Catholic Church for so many centuries—and here, at least, he cannot pretend to have the Greeks with him—and against the uniform witness of the lives of the saints, who may have varied in character in many points, but never in this. Dr. Pusey may hunt for ever, he will never find a saint who did not carry out to the utmost devotion to our Lady in his own heart, and encourage it in others.

in the hundred pages or so in which he attacks the devotion of Catholics to our Blessed Lady. The question of the Immaculate Conception of course forms some part of this. With regard to this we shall only make one or two more remarks, with the view, chiefly, of showing Dr. Pusey's way of using the weapons of controversy. In the first place, then, we must point out two very careless statements. Dr. Pusey (p. 168) says that the mistaken reading of the Vulgate "*ipsa conteret caput tuum*" in the first prophecy in Genesis, "became the support of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception." This is not the case; the words are of course applied in that sense, but the strength of the passage, as far as it is used in dogmatic proofs, consists in the preceding words, "*Inimicitias ponam inter te et mulierem*," about which there is no dispute. Dr. Pusey himself quotes, as if built upon this mistake, the saying, "God has never made or formed but one *enmity*—it is between *Mary*, His worthy mother, and the devil—between the children of *Mary* and the children and instruments of *Lucifer*." How is a passage like this affected by a change of reading in the subsequent words? Again, as to the Greek Church, we have a statement which is simply astounding in its rashness. Dr. Pusey has said in his text, that the Greek Church "has protested against the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin" (p. 94). He refers us for proof to a note at the end, where we naturally expect to find the protest. There is nothing of the kind. Dr. Pusey says that Mr. G. Williams has furnished him with certain passages that illustrate the faith of the Russian Church. One is a Confession of 1642, in which it is said that all are conceived in sin: another is the similar statement of the Synod of Giasion, which condemned Cyril Lucar for saying that all (even the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist) had committed *actual* mortal sin: the third is a statement, like the first, coming from an individual patriarch of Jerusalem. It is obvious that these statements prove nothing, for they do not speak of *any* exception: strictly speaking, their words might be applied to the Conception of our Lord as much as to that of His mother. And, as a matter of fact, we understand that, as far as the question has been raised in the Russian Church, it has been maintained in the Catholic sense; and it is certain from the works of Passaglia and Ballerini—which are the classical works on the subject, and which Dr. Pusey does not seem to be acquainted with—that the Greek Fathers are even more copious in their testimonies to the ancient belief than the Latin.

Surely any thing like unscrupulousness of assertion is one of the greatest faults into which a controversialist can fall. Let us now instance another of Dr. Pusey's characteristics with reference to this

same subject of the Immaculate Conception. Any theological student will be struck with his very imperfect acquaintance with the common terms and distinctions of divines.* The distinction drawn between what are called the "active" and the "passive" conceptions—the one being the act on the part of the parents, the other the conception as it relates to the child—is very well known, and ought to be perfectly familiar to any one who undertakes to write about the Immaculate Conception. Dr. Pusey has heard or seen the words, but he does not understand them. He supposes this distinction to be the same as another, which was made by the scholastic authors, between the first and second moment or instant of conception in the child, in accordance with a belief then prevailing as to the possibility of the conception of the body preceding the creation and infusion of the soul into it. Not only does Dr. Pusey confuse the two in so many words (p. 331), but he founds one of his charges on the confusion. No one has ever thought of teaching, as far as we are aware, that the "active" conception, in the case of our Blessed Lady, was immaculate; but because the Pope has defined that she was immaculate in the first moment of her conception, Dr. Pusey maintains that the Holy Father has done more than the bishops asked for, because they only spoke of the "passive conception" (p. 148). On the strength of his own blunder, he not only tries to set the bishops against the Pope, but one Pope against another, because Alexander VII. spoke only of the *soul* of the Blessed Virgin "in the first instant of its creation and infusion into the body, in conformity with the distinction which Pius IX. rejects" (p. 332);—rather, which Dr. Pusey does not understand, though he talks so freely about it. In truth, we are obliged to say that we doubt whether he understands completely even what Catholics mean by original sin. He speaks of the "sanctification" of the Blessed Virgin as being the *contradictory*

* We may, in passing, add another instance of this to that given in the text. It is very significant, as showing—if the words are to be taken in their natural meaning—that Dr. Pusey has a view of his own as to the articles of the Creed itself. When speaking of himself (p. 7) he alludes to a time when he thought he was about to die, and says that he should have thus worded his confession of faith: "I believe *explicitly* all which I know God to have revealed to His Church; and *implicitly* (*implicite*) any thing, if He has revealed it, which I know not. In simple words, 'I believe all which the Church believes.' This is my habit of mind now—this I confess when I say to God, 'I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church.'" He seems to affirm that to say "I believe the Church," in the Creed, is not to say I believe the Church exists, but "I believe what the Church teaches." We fear that in reality his belief, like that of Bishop Ken, as expressed in his book on the Catechism, is *not* that there is one Church, *but that there ought to be*.

of her Immaculate Conception, which it certainly is not. The formal cause of the Immaculate Conception is the sanctification in that conception. The two gifts may be distinguished in this sense, that if Mary had been "sanctified" in the womb, but still *after* animation (as St. John Baptist), she would have been sanctified, but not Immaculate in her conception. As a fact, in the divine economy, the sanctification is identical with the Immaculate Conception, although there is a distinction *rationis*. Immaculate Conception cannot be without sanctification; but sanctification can be without Immaculate Conception, which is sanctification in a particular moment, that is, the first moment of conception. Yet Dr. Pusey founds an argument on the supposed contradiction, as if the fact that the Feast of the Conception was in some places understood as that of the sanctification implied that those who celebrated it under the latter title must have believed our Lady to have been born in original sin.*

* In an article like the present it is obvious that we cannot go into any detailed examination of the quotations of a book that is full of them. But we may give a specimen, in as few lines as possible, of the manner in which Dr. Pusey quotes. Let us take one of his apparently most triumphant passages (pp. 175-177), where he deals with this doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. It is full of references, the notes occupying all but one line of one page, and four of another. Yet we find hardly a single quotation accurate. St. Bernard is said to have opposed the *doctrine* at its appearance. What he opposed was the Feast—established in France without authority. It seems certain that he understood the *seminalis conceptio*: he acknowledges that he may be wrong, and refers to the guidance of the Holy See. Melchior Canus is then quoted, and Dr. Pusey has cited a great number of authors from him: but his words are, in reality, an *objection* he puts to himself, from Erasmus. St. Augustine is then asserted to have taught that our Lady was born in original sin: four places are given (not all rightly referred to), but they refer to the *activa conceptio*, which, as distinguished from the miraculous conception of our Lord, was natural and ordinary, *i. e.* by the intercourse of marriage. Then there is the statement about the Feast of the Conception having first meant the Sanctification, the "contradictory of the Immaculate Conception,"—only its contradictory in the minds of those who do not understand what it means. Bellarmine is here quoted, but not fairly. About this we have a quotation from Alvarus Pelagius—no great authority—in the fourteenth century. The words are not to be found in the ancient manuscripts of his writings: but they contain an assertion (de Imm. Conc. p. 103, n. 1) about the feast at Rome which has been proved false by Perrone. But Dr. Pusey has quoted the passage, or rather translated it, leaving out certain marks of *hiatus*, which alter the sense considerably. He seems to have copied it from Perrone, where the hiatus exists. Most of Dr. Pusey's other quotations are not to the point; and he ends his note by a long list of authors cited from Canus. But Perrone tells us that, on investigation, a great number of these citations turn out to be irrelevant or spurious; and Dr. Pusey, who certainly seems to have used him, ought to have taken some notice of the list of quotations adduced by him on the other side, as well

We are sorry to be obliged to say, that the remainder of Dr. Pusey's attack on the devotion to our Blessed Lady will fill any Catholic that may be obliged to read it with deep indignation; and we cannot but believe that it will shock many pious and sincere minds among Anglicans themselves, who may have been led by the instinctive love which Christians bear to our Blessed Lord to regard with singular devotion, reverence, and confidence her from whom none but heretics can ever separate Him. There have been some sweet notes struck by the author of the *Christian Year* on this subject, to which we have alluded in a former article; and we do not doubt that they have found their echoes in many hearts among the Anglicans. Dr. Pusey is, we fear, distinguished from Mr. Keble, and others like him, by a rooted hostility to these "instinctive reachings of the altar flame," as his friend has beautifully called them: he has ventured to take Catholic books of devotion, and leave out whole sections relating to this subject, and has treated even so practical and simple a book as the *Spiritual Combat* on the same principle. While he has thus branded himself with what to every Catholic mind is the prime and unmistakable note of the heretical spirit, he has won for himself the sad distinction of being one of the most prominent enemies of the devotion to our Lady in the nineteenth century. The portion of his work of which we are now speaking shows the amount of pains to which he has put himself to make out a case. It is more worthy of the Reformation Society or the pamphleteers of the Irish Church Mission than of one in Dr. Pusey's position. He has thrown together, without their context, a number of strong expressions used concerning the Mother of God by spiritual and devotional writers who have endeavoured to deepen and extend Catholic piety towards her; and he puts them forth in the most offensive way, as if to warn those who would embrace Catholicism. We should not quarrel with this in ultra-Protestants, who sincerely believe the Catholic Church to be anti-Christian; but Dr. Pusey can have no such excuse.

as of the great number of Fathers quoted by Passaglia and Ballerini. This specimen is enough. We are tempted by the importance of the subject of General Councils to add one more. Dr. Pusey says (p. 32), "Bellarmine, and indeed all Roman divines, affirm that General Councils have erred." There is no reference, and therefore no false *quotation*. But the statement is most false in the sense in which Dr. Pusey's readers will take it. Bellarmine says, "Concilium illud non posse errare (dico) quod absolute est Generale, et Ecclesiam universalem perfecte representat; ejusmodi autem Concilium non est, antequam adsit sententia Summi Pontificis" (de Concil. i. 4). He teaches that no Council is properly General, and therefore infallible, without the Pope. The Anglican Article, in support of which he is cited, of course speaks universally; its assertion is false, if Bellarmine's doctrine is true.

By the hypothesis on which he writes, he believes the Catholic Church to be, at all events, the largest and most active portion of Christ's mystical body—a portion with which he declares that he would gladly see the Church of England unite, after certain special “explanations.” It is difficult, then, to believe that he really thinks that Catholics hold the monstrous doctrines which he imputes to them; or has the spirit of heresy overmastered his pen, and made him inconsistent with himself? As for the charges themselves, we shall only make general remarks. They are of that kind to which we might well feel justified in applying a term which Dr. Newman used with reference to some of the imputations of Mr. Kingsley: “These are impertinences, and we cart them away” as such. Surely, the whole question as to matters of this kind turns on the sense in which words are used; on the habitual frame of thought and attitude of mind in those who use them. Not even Dr. Pusey can affirm that any single expression and sentiment regarding our Blessed Lady here adduced, however high-flown and fervent, in which the warmest devotion has vented itself, is really incompatible with the tenderest and most exclusive love for our Blessed Lord, or any thing but a fruit and evidence of such love for Him, *if* Mary is nothing in herself to Catholics except through and for the sake of Jesus. And yet this truth is the simple axiomatic foundation of the whole of Catholic theology and Catholic devotion regarding her. The question, then, between us and Dr. Pusey is simply this, Which of the two can judge the best of the sense of our words and the meanings of our thoughts? And we say a question of such a kind might fairly be met with the word “impertinence.” Dr. Pusey himself plaintively says, “It is somewhat hard that when I, *who ought to know myself best*, have denied that I have shifted my ground, the statement that I have should be reiterated. It is sowing mutual distrust.” He complains, then, when in a matter of which other people *may* be judges he is not taken at his own word. Mutual distrust! What is it, then, when Dr. Pusey tells the whole Catholic world that he knows what they mean better than they do themselves? and this not on some point of light moment, but on a matter that involves the most momentous accusation that ever was made against the Church. Dr. Pusey tells us that, say what we will, he knows that by our devotion to the Mother we are interfering with the mediatorial office of the Son, and that we are, in fact, bringing on the reign of Antichrist by extending that devotion.

There we might fairly let the matter rest; for there are some charges which defeat themselves by their enormity, and no controversialist has a right to explanation who starts by saying that he will not believe any but his own. If we understand Dr. Pusey

rightly, he implies more than once that he will not accept the explanation that Catholics give of their own meaning in their devotions. He mentions some explanations, and then says, "This is not all." At the same time there are many among his readers who will doubtless be as much shocked as Catholics themselves at the imputations made against the Church, without being able for themselves to see the mingled ignorance and unfairness with which they have been made. For their sakes we are glad to see that the subject of the devotion to our Lady is to be handled by one who will speak with real authority on the matter, and who will put before Englishmen, with a clearness and precision which they will not be slow to appreciate after their experience of the book before us, the grounds on which the language and opinions with which Dr. Pusey has tried to startle them are in reality based, as far as they have any existence at all. Many of them are so utterly unknown to the great mass of Catholics, so entirely peculiar to their authors, out of whose books they have been dug, as it were, by Dr. Pusey, without the slightest regard either to the immediate context or the nature of the work in which they occur, as to require nothing more than a simple explanation as to their accordance with Catholic doctrine. Again, there are many mere *ad captandum* statements, which ought not to have been put into print. Thus Dr. Pusey, on the authority of an anonymous letter from Rome, inserts a statement (which he does not venture to say that he believes himself, but which will be quoted on his authority) that the "poorer people" in Rome believe that in the Holy Eucharist not only our Lord but His Mother is present.* This way of argument may serve a momentary purpose; for Dr. Pusey knows that a large body of his countrymen is unfortunately ready to believe any thing that is thrown in their way against the Catholic Church on the subject of the Blessed Virgin; but it strikes us as quite unworthy of a writer who sincerely seeks truth and peace.

We shall spare our readers any special remarks on the remaining portions of Dr. Pusey's volume. The case of the African churches cannot be gone into except at some little length, though there would be no difficulty in showing that there is no choice before Dr. Pusey's

* In another place he has a statement, without a shadow of authority, that the natives in Southern India call "our Churches" (i. e. Anglican) Jesus Churches, and the Roman Catholic Churches Mary Churches. Does he know any where of a population calling Anglican Churches by the name of Catholic?

† We understand that this and other questions, which require handling in detail, are likely to be fully discussed in the forthcoming volume of Essays which is announced in our Advertisements.

critics but that between saying that he has forgotten the history, or that he has very much misconceived its bearing. On the questions of Purgatory and Transsubstantiation he has shown the same misunderstanding of Catholic theology as in that of the Immaculate Conception, and his quotations all through are very far from being exact. He seems to us to have taken them at second-hand from books, or to have trusted to the researches of others without verifying them. One more characteristic of Dr. Pusey as a controversialist we must mention with pain. It consists in the way in which he speaks of others from whom he may happen to differ. He is an eminently personal writer. If our readers have ever looked through his book on Daniel, they will remember the freedom with which he has scattered the epithets "infidel," "unbeliever," and the like, on all sides. In his present volume he has had occasion to deal with men with whom he was once associated,—men of learning and high character,—who have shown the sincerity of their convictions by giving up their position in the Anglican Church for the sake of what they believe to be the truth. Nothing could be more courteous and affectionate than the tone in which Dr. Manning addressed Dr. Pusey. The latter has spoken of him certainly with respect; but we consider that he has not done justice to Dr. Manning's views about the workings of the grace of God among members of religious bodies outside the Church. This, however, is little in comparison with the way in which others have been treated. Some words of Mr. Palmer, written before he became a Catholic, are quoted with the remark that "no one is responsible for the bold imagination of one who had as yet joined neither Greek nor Roman Communion, though he despised our own;" and Dr. Pusey, in using the first work of Mr. Allies on the question of Schism, which that writer himself has answered in his second, declares that the former is to be preferred to the latter, as having been written when the author was indifferent to the issue, and did not write as a partisan (p. 237). This seems to us hardly tolerable. The difference between Mr. Allies at one time and at the other was, that he wrote in defence of Anglicanism when he had a large living, and was still in possession of every thing that he would have to give up if his argument failed; and that he wrote against Anglicanism after he had surrendered his whole worldly position because he believed communion with the See of St. Peter necessary. Dr. Pusey may think as he likes about the comparative value of the two works; but he has no right to insinuate a lower motive in the one case than in the other.

It must always be a matter of sincere pain to any Catholic critic to

have to point out features such as these as characteristic of Dr. Pusey as a controversialist. Incorrectness of quotation; great misunderstanding, if not misrepresentation, of the matters in debate; over-readiness in assertion on his own side of the question; the frequent use of charges and insinuations which imply a want of generosity to those from whom he dissents,—these are faults, as he himself must be aware, which have usually been found on the heretical rather than the orthodox side in religious discussions. It is not our province or our purpose to charge him with having fallen into them consciously. He will perhaps think it no bad compliment to be told that he is not made for controversy. He shows little capacity of understanding his adversary's argument. We are very far from undervaluing either his abilities or his erudition; but his grasp of dogmatic truth is at the best very unsteady, and he seems to us never to have made any systematic study of theology as such. He defends his own position with intense tenacity, but also with that heat, and, we must say, recklessness, which give the impression that his wishes stand to him in the place of reasons, or that he has other grounds for his conviction than those which he produces. We have before remarked on the fatal mistake of thinking that the Fathers and the monuments of the ancient Church can possibly be understood except by those acquainted with the Catholic system, which alone gives them their proper interpretation; which fills up the outline where they give nothing more, and gives to every thing mentioned and hinted at in them its due place, proportion, and relation. Dr. Pusey has not avoided the further mistake of thinking that he can fairly catch the spirit of the Catholicism of the present day without communication with those who daily breathe its atmosphere. No French traveller laying down the law about English manners and institutions, after a fortnight's visit to London, is more entirely at sea than Dr. Pusey in his picture of the state of opinion among Catholics,—for instance, as to the devotion to our Lady.

We are very far from saying that Dr. Pusey's book would never have been written if he had first talked over its contents with any Catholic friend, because we believe that he starts in reality from the principle of private judgment. The difference between him and Catholics is therefore one of principle. But if we pass to matters of detail, as to which he thinks that "the English" have a fair right to ask for explanations or concessions from the Catholic Church, no one at all familiar with theology can fail to see that in nine cases out of ten his difficulties are such as do not require any more authoritative explanation than could be given him by any professor of dogma in any Catholic college. It seems idle enough, certainly, to call upon

great ecclesiastical authorities to answer questions as to doctrine which may be found answered in ordinary manuals, and to explain difficulties about devotional ideas and practices which a little personal intercourse with those who are familiar with them would dispel. But it is one of the characteristics of a certain school of Anglicans to believe that they understand the meaning of our words better than we do ourselves, and "to sow mutual distrust" by never accepting as really meant the interpretations which Catholics themselves put upon their own usages; and their grand weapon of controversy, when they have to "settle" individuals with Catholic leanings, is to prevent them from testing what they are told about Catholicism by intercourse with those who profess it. It is not unnatural that, when a leader of such a school comes to write about Catholicism, he should show that he is as unacquainted with it as he would fain have others be.

It is, however, a good sign that such a book should have been elicited from Dr. Pusey. It cannot but create discussion and arouse a spirit of inquiry among his Anglican brethren; and Catholics ask for nothing more. It is hardly possible but that it should call forth answers from Catholic writers, which may make an impression on the public mind more lasting and beneficial than the mere argumentative victory, which is already secured to them by the controversial defects of Dr. Pusey's volume. In his sanguine way, he tells us of the good which he conceives to have been effected among the Anglicans by the assaults made on Christian truth by the authors of the *Essays and Reviews*: "They have already done more to remove misconceptions and prejudices than twenty years of efforts of our own" (p. 285). We are not quite able to see the gain of which he speaks; for the union, such as it is, between Dr. Pusey and the Evangelicals, can only be made real and lasting by a growing indifference to sound doctrine, and the judgment in the case of the *Essays and Reviews* has become part of the permanent law of the English Church. But we may take Dr. Pusey's words, and apply them with a firm hope to his own attack on Catholicism. We believe that the real immediate tendency of the book will be, with intellectual minds, to help on infidelity and indifference; for, without bettering the anomalous condition of Anglicanism, it will furnish many who will inquire no further with excuses for turning their thoughts away from the Catholic Church. This is a grave thing to be responsible for; but Dr. Pusey has shown that he is not afraid of it. So far, then, he may destroy with one hand while he is trying to build with the other. But we are full of hope that his book is an indication that the higher Anglicans are beginning to turn their

attention to that great and vital controversy on which their whole position depends, and from which they have yet so resolutely turned their faces away for many years past. Their neglect has thrown the polemics of their party into the hands of the men who peep into St. Alfonso, and play the eavesdropper to the devotions of the Italian peasantry. Let us hope that the time may be at hand when they will acquaint themselves with Catholic theology, and not shrink from free intercourse with those who can inform as to the meaning of the details of a system, which would never be the habitual atmosphere of so many millions if it could be understood by a stranger through the study of a few old books. Certainly Dr. Pusey's work is not encouraging; for he has done so much to transplant Catholic devotions, and even Catholic rules of life, into English soil, that he might be supposed to be somewhat better acquainted with the rest of the Catholic system than many of his brethren. But future controversialists need not be so strange to their subject as he has shown himself to be; and discussion implies mutual confidence as well as partial division. The victory of peace will be far more than half won when the language used by one party is understood by the other, and when it shall come to be considered as no extravagant concession of charity to believe that Catholics are what they profess, and mean what they say.

γ.

The Windeck Family.*

CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A SWEET summer evening was falling on the banks of the Maine, and the white villages and towers were gleaming through vineyards and orchards. On the right bank rose the monastery of Engelberg, where the poorest of St. Francis's children, the Capuchins, serve God and their brethren night and day. On the other side stood Schloss Windeck, a building in the Renaissance style, under the shade of ancient chestnuts and linden trees, with its terraced garden gay with fountains and flowers. A little girl sat there, watching the dancing water with her great dreamy eyes; and from the opposite bank of the river a boat was making its way from Engelberg to Windeck. It was occupied by an aged man and a young girl; and deeper than the peace of the evening sky, or the quiet river, or the whole tranquil scene, was the peace which rested on their faces, for it was the peace which is not of this world.

Within the castle, Damian, Count Windeck, was walking up and down the drawing-room opening on the terrace—an occupation rendered somewhat difficult by the multitude of ottomans, chairs, tables, &c. of every imaginable sort, which crowded the room,—not a very convenient fashion certainly, especially with regard to this pacing up and down, which is a kind of occupation to idle people; but it *was* the fashion, and that reconciled the Count to it. Presently he glanced at the clock, stepped to the window, and looked rather crossly towards Engelberg; then seeing the little maiden sitting like the nymph of the fountain among a clump of arum lilies, he called her.

“Corona!”—she ran up to him,—“where is Regina?”

“She will be here directly, dear father.”

“Now, how can you tell that, when she is not back yet?”

“Because you told her to be back by seven, father,” said the child, simply.

Regina came into the room as she spoke, kissed her father's hand, and gave a smile and a nod to her little sister.

* This story is a free translation (abbreviated) from a beautiful tale of the Countess Hahn-Hahn.

"Run back to the garden, Corona;" and the Count motioned his eldest daughter to a chair, and began:

"Regina, I have been considering matters, and I have decided not to send you back to the *Sacré Cœur*. You are seventeen now; time to have done with lessons, and to see something of the world. Aunt Isabella will continue living with us, and I must get a governess for Corona. Why, you have been at the convent ever since your poor mother died—five years, I declare; and if you stayed longer, you would get no good there. I should have you coming back with notions I have no fancy for; you would be wishing to stop there altogether, and I can't have that."

"No, dear father, I should never wish that."

"No! Come, that's good news; I began to be afraid you had a fancy for a convent-life."

"*Afraid*, father dear?"

"To be sure; I can't stand romantic whims."

"But you do not call it a whim to want to serve God?"

"What else do you call it?" he said sharply.

"I thought," was the gentle answer, "that it was a duty."

"Regina, do not provoke me."

Just then the Angelus-bell rang at Engelberg; she stepped back, and turned towards the church. While she prayed quietly and reverently, the Count looked at her.

"Where does the girl get her beauty from, I wonder?" he said to himself; "her poor mother had none of it."

His daughter's beauty consoled the good Count; and when she gently begged his pardon, if she had vexed him, he said:

"My child, you must get clear notions of things. You said you had no wish to stay at the *Sacré Cœur*, and now you speak as if you were hankering after a convent."

She summoned all her courage, and said:

"My wish is to go to the Carmelites, dear father."

"Carmelites! who are they? where do they live? what do you know about them?"

"Only that with them I could learn to love and serve God alone."

"Nonsense, Regina; the Fathers over there have put this in your head. I won't have you going to them to confession any more; you can go to Uncle Levin, and not so often. What on earth you can have to confess every Saturday, I can't conceive. Carmelites indeed! And may I ask if they are like those new-fangled orders where they feed and teach beggars? or perhaps they are beggars themselves? I saw a couple when I fetched you home from the *Sacré Cœur* going

from house to house with an alms-box, and they told me one of them was a rich countess! A pretty fool her father must be to let her make herself into a beggar-woman!"

He stopped to take breath, and Regina said:

"Dear father, you said yesterday that singers and dancers were made countesses and princesses nowadays; if rank counts for so little that actresses can gain it, why may not persons of noble birth give it up if they like?"

"Why? because one scandal does not justify another. I don't quarrel with the stage-princesses; on the contrary, they are charming in the theatre, but let them stay there: and so let the ladies of birth and standing keep to *their* sphere, and not run about the streets begging."

"Well, dear father, the Carmelites do not beg."

"I will hear nothing about them; and recollect, Regina, no more confessing at Engelberg, and no going back to the *Sacré Cœur*. I shall take you about, and show you the world; that will cure you of these overstrained notions, and keep Corona from catching them. Now, you understand?"

"Yes, father dear." And she kissed his hand, and left the room as calmly and cheerfully as if all these arrangements were just what she most wished.

"A capital girl!" said the Count, looking after her. "Now she is disappointed in her heart, I know, not to go back to the *Sacré Cœur*, and not to go on confessing to the good tedious old gentleman over the water; and yet, not a look of annoyance—not a word of objection—not one single tear over the business! Dear, dear! how her poor mother did worry me with her tears!—for what is a man to do when a woman begins to cry? A splendid girl, Regina! I can't have her turned into a nun. I wonder what the little one's notions may be."

He stepped out on the terrace. The western sky was all flushed with the sunset-glow, while in the east the pale stars began to show themselves. A gray shade hung over the landscape: only the monastery still caught the rosy warmth, and the river gleamed like silver between its darkening banks.

Corona was leaning on the balustrade of the terrace. As she heard steps on the gravel, she turned round, and running to her father, said, in that ringing voice of a thoroughly happy child:

"O father dear, it is so sweet here!"

"That's right, little one. So you don't want to go into a convent, like Regina?"

"Oh, no!—I want to stay in the world; it's such a beautiful world."

"Little goose!" said the Count, laughing; "and what will you do in the world?"

"Oh," she said, "I will serve God in it."

Count Windeck immediately went back to the house, to the lights and the newspapers, muttering to himself about the *idée fixe* that his children seemed to have about serving God.

"I understand," he said to himself, "what the service of God means,—Low Mass, High Mass, and so on; but with these girls it is something more: I can't get into it. Do they mean that it is always praying? How that may be managed in a convent, I can't say; I only know it is out of the question in the world."

And the Count took up his papers.

And Regina? Regina had gone to the chapel, the dearest place in the castle to her. It was a very humble little chapel: not a trace there of the lavish expenditure which had furnished all the rest of the castle. The sanctuary-lamp and the altar-candlesticks were of common metal, the flower-vases of cheap glass; but the flowers were fresh and plentiful; and there were embroidered hangings, and all that a woman's hand could offer. And Regina never thought of the poverty of the chapel; she saw it with the eye of faith, bright with unearthly glory, and she missed no outward adornments. She laid two wreaths at the feet of the crucifix—one of pomegranates, the other of blue iris. The first spoke to her of her Saviour's sufferings, and of the fruits of grace hidden in His wounded Heart; and the deep-blue iris, of the sorrows of that mystical Lily, who stood with the seven swords in her heart beneath the Cross of her Son.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE LEVIN.

REGINA was not alone in the chapel. The same old man who had been her companion in the boat knelt there. Neither noticed nor disturbed each other, for both were at home, and alone with God.

This old man was the "Uncle Levin" of whom Count Windeck spoke to his daughter. He had been educated for the priesthood from the most unworthy motives; he was a younger son, and what better could be done for him? But he entered into it with an earnest desire to make himself worthy of his calling, and through life he had had but one master-passion, the love of God and of souls. He had been installed at first in a family benefice; but the chapter to which he belonged was broken up by the French wars and the changes consequent on them in Germany, and he had been obliged to return to his father's home for an asylum; and there he had found

the mission for which he had been destined. His fervent prayers, his patient loving labours, had obtained his mother's conversion at the eleventh hour. Seven years he had prayed and waited; they were the best years of his youth. It was a time of trial which only God knew. The poor old Countess was ending a life of vanity, and even worse, in the agonies of a lingering and mortal disease; her only society was furnished by a worldly *dame de compagnie*; her only occupation was listening to bad novels and hearing of the last Paris fashions. Her husband, whose irregular life had perhaps been the cause of hers, never troubled himself about her; he sought his pleasures elsewhere, and sometimes never saw her for years. Matthias, the eldest son, for whom Levin had always been neglected, was married, and living at a distance; and the younger son was scarcely welcome to his dying mother. But he had his reward. She died penitent, and reconciled to God; and her last words to Levin were, "If I see His Face one day, then, my child, I will thank you." And this was not all: the old Count arrived just before the end came; and the shock of witnessing those fearful sufferings was one from which he never recovered. But God gave the father's soul as well as the mother's to the prayers of the son; and soon the peace of the grave united the two who had been so utterly divided in life.

Then followed years of a different trial. Levin's brother was as careless as to religion as might be expected from his parents' example; and though sincerely attached to Levin, life was not easy for the latter under the sway of Countess Juliana, his brother's Protestant wife. It was harder still when Count Matthias fell at Waterloo, and Levin was thwarted and harassed in his guardianship of the two boys by his cold unsympathetic sister-in-law. In due time Damian and Gratian offended her mortally by choosing two portionless sisters as their brides; so she took her revenge by leaving Windeck (greatly to the relief of the two young wives, who were in constant terror of her), and, like many a clever woman before her, perpetrated a wonderful piece of folly at last. She married a retired lieutenant, much younger than herself. This proceeding she characteristically endeavoured to represent as a magnanimous act of self-sacrifice. "She had lived for others too long to be able to live for herself now: she did not so much expect to find as to give happiness," &c. &c.

So the brothers and their children lived together at Schloss Windeck, with Uncle Levin for their guardian angel; and when an infectious fever made Gratian's three boys orphans, Damian and his gentle Cunigunda took them for their own. Regina was like a sister to Uriel, Orest, and Hyacinth; but her father fully intended her to be something more to the first, and Cunigunda shared her husband's

wishes, for it had been her dead sister's pet scheme. Uriel was as dear as a son to both; and when little Corona was born she was all the more welcome for her sex: a son would have robbed Uriel of his rights.

After a few more years Count Damian's gentle wife died, and there was sorrow in Windeck such as had never been known there. The banks of the river were crowded with genuine mourners as the coffin was borne across the water to the family-vault at Engelberg. In the eighteen years she had lived at Windeck her heart had been often heavy and sad; but she had always had a kind word for all, and no one who came to her in sorrow had ever left her un comforted. Things went on at the castle, but in a mechanical lifeless fashion. Now that she was gone, all saw how, in her quiet, humble, loving way, she had been the life of the house. When he first saw his children in their deep mourning Count Damian kissed them passionately, exclaiming, "What will become of you without a mother!" And Regina whispered, "Take comfort, dear father; God's dear Mother is ours too." He almost envied the child her faith and trust; and then, as men of his stamp often do, because he reproached himself with having so often grieved Cunigunda in matters of religion, he resolved to make it up to her, so to speak, in her children, and to send them to a convent-school.

"Only not to Vienna, Uncle Levin. You must inquire about the *Sacré Cœur*; poor Cunigunda often spoke of that. I have three objections to Vienna."

"And what are they?" asked his uncle.

The answer was characteristic:

"First, it is so far off; next, poor dear Cunigunda had not a true Parisian accent in speaking French, and she and her sister were brought up in Vienna; and lastly, I should like to keep the girls clear of a certain German sentimentality, a sort of overstrained way of looking at things, which would be sure to be found in a German convent."

Levin smiled:

"All religious orders which undertake the education of the young do so in the same spirit. It is with all of them, 'Suffer the children to come to Me.' But, dear Damian, there are imperfections in every human action, and a weak side to every character. Promise me not to expect too much, and not to lay the blame of every future shortcoming on the convent-education, and then I will make inquiries at once. You know the nuns of the *Sacré Cœur* are famous for turning out brilliant women of the world."

"The very thing!" cried Damian. "Depend upon it, uncle, if

that is the line the children take, you will have me become *entêté* for the *Sacré Cœur*. But how dull, how unbearably dull it will be without them !”

As if Levin did not know it !—the children were his one delight; but he said, consolingly :

“It was settled long ago that the two boys must go; and we shall have Hyacinth for the present.”

Poor Count Damian ! He travelled about—went from one watering-place to another; spent one winter in Paris, another in Vienna; and when the holidays brought his sons, as he called them, to Windeck, the place was alive again. And the chilling influence of the world told on him in this aimless, superficial life. What little he had learned from Cunigunda—from her warm heart and pure spirit—was lost in the self-worship of egotism; and this was the state of things when he announced his intention of showing “something of the world” to his daughter Regina.

Literary Notices.

MISS CARPENTER ON OUR CONVICTS.*

MISS CARPENTER'S labours in connection with reformatories are so well known to all who have turned their attention to the subject of the "perishing and dangerous classes," that a book from her pen treating of convicted criminals is sure at once to attract notice. As the space at our disposal is so limited, we shall confine ourselves almost entirely to a brief account of what will be found in her pages.

After an introduction, in which the claims of our convicts to attention are set forth, we are met with the question, What are they like? They are much more formidable than the isolated inmates of an ordinary gaol; much more repellent than the wretched creatures brought up before a police-court. It cannot be denied that they are worse. The absence of any good or hopeful expression, the general air of settled wickedness, leaves only so much variation of expression as allows speculation on the particular class of criminals. Are they coiners, burglars, garotters, or murderers? This special population, inhabiting a well-constructed and scrupulously clean edifice, is compacted into a solid mass of crime. The sight of the file coming from morning worship can never be forgotten; so dogged, so crafty, so malignant do they look. Will they be any different when they again reënter the world? If not, what may be expected at their hands?

Now who are these people, flesh and blood like ourselves? and how came they to be convicts? Not all at once could they have become the slaves of sin. What was the nature of the temptation, what the circumstances which plunged them into such a depth of wretchedness? This can only be learnt by picking out individual cases, and endeavouring to learn how far the unhappy criminal, how far a careless and selfish society was to blame. Sadly incomplete must such inquiries be. But Miss Carpenter has carefully collected numerous histories, to which we must refer our readers. Here is a brief account of an offender, given by himself to the chaplain of a gaol: "I was sent to gaol for two months, when a boy, for stealing a loaf of bread, and no one cared for me. I walked to the seaport, but in vain. I tramped, sore-footed, thousands of miles when I was a lad, in order to get honest employment, but it did not answer. I was tempted to steal. I stole. I was imprisoned; I was sent to Bermuda. I have learnt the trade of a professional thief, and now I intend to follow it. I believe all philanthropy to be a mockery, and religion to be a delusion, and I care neither for

* *Our Convicts.* By Mary Carpenter. London, 1865.

God nor man. The gaol, penal servitude, and the gallows are all the same to me."

Here is another case which came within Miss Carpenter's personal knowledge. A woman came to her in deep grief, to ask how she might learn any particulars of a son who had lately committed suicide in a convict prison. The poor mother told her story, how she had made an unhappy marriage, her husband being drunken and cruel. The child early showed signs of great irritability, and of a violent uncontrollable temper. "The poor have not the means of correcting such a disposition which are within reach of the rich." They cannot change the scene, place the boy under proper control at a boarding-school, or engage a special tutor. "What can a poor mother do with a wilful rebellious boy, when she has her own household work to attend to, her family to manage, and, besides, a heartless drunken husband, who, far from controlling his son, sets before him a bad example?" The lad got into gaol for some months, came out worse than he went in, and was eventually sent to the Juvenile Prison at Parkhurst, where he conducted himself in such a violent, audacious manner, that he was passed to a convict prison. There, unable to endure the confinement and solitude, he put an end to his life.

A third case is that of D——. He had vicious associates as a lad, but professed an intention of emigrating. Persisting in first visiting his native city, and having 2*l.* in his pocket,—more money than he had ever before possessed,—he fell in with his old companions, spent it nearly all, and barely left himself enough to proceed to Liverpool. There he drank, behaved otherwise badly, and then disappeared with a large sum of money from his lodgings. Was next heard of in gaol, subsequently enlisted, and again got into prison. From the first days of his ragged-school life, when his wild appearance and close-cropped hair suggested a recent sojourn in gaol, to his last appearance as a government convict, his life had been a series of sins and disgraces. "Yet he was not hopelessly bad, for he has been now for some years in the army in a distant colony, doing well. He has ever retained the most grateful remembrance of the kindness which was shown him, and of the instructions he received in the school, which at the time seemed like seed sown on stony ground, which would never bear fruit."

Such are three representative convicts. "What," asks Miss Carpenter, "would any of the children of the upper classes become if so tossed about in the world?" Others, of course, there are of a different stamp,—men of education, who have yielded to temptation, to self-indulgence, to desire for popularity, to a love of external show, and a recklessness of the means of gratifying it. But such are exceptions to the mass. This wickedness lies at their own door, or that of their families. It is with the crime that is engendered, like malaria, in low places, that we have to do; with its nature, conditions, and means of cure.

Still sadder is the chance of female children. A girl committed to prison is exposed to association with bad people, of whom only a small

proportion will ever regain a place in society ; and the convict women themselves shudder to see her come among them. At Bristol astonishment was created a year and a half ago at the committal for four years' penal servitude of a young girl of thirteen. She had stolen various articles of property from her mistress, which were restored by *her own father* ; yet though it was her first offence, she was prosecuted, and condemned by a jury. The Secretary of State, however, obtained for her a conditional pardon from the Crown, to enable her to be sent to a reformatory instead of to a convict-prison. Nor is the training to vice always accidental. Female Fagans exist ; the mother of one of the reformatory scholars in Bristol having boasted that she had trained at least fifty girls to be pickpockets. She lived at inns with these wretched girls, dressed as young ladies, and travelled with them in first-class carriages. This woman complained to a lady who had obtained admission for her two daughters into an asylum, that she should be deprived of their services, which was unjust, as she had gone to great expense in having them trained by a first-rate London pickpocket !

Miss Carpenter then enters on the English convict-system as at present administered, which dates from the discontinuance of transportation, owing to the refusal of our colonies, except Western Australia, to receive our refuse population from the hands of the home government. Our system professes to be reformatory ; and as it by no means answers, it has created a certain amount of prejudice against the principle of reformatory schools, apparently under the erroneous supposition that the same leading features exist in them as in the government-prisons. The term "reformatory system" in reference to the convict-prisons is inapplicable. Not only have they entirely failed in effecting reformation in their inmates, but the principles on which they are conducted are totally at variance with those, of which the soundness has been tested by the important experiments of the managers of reformatories. As regards industry, Miss Carpenter says that competent witnesses express their opinion that there is not half as much work done in a day by a convict as would be performed by an ordinary labourer ; as regards schooling and divine worship, we are actually informed by a director that the schooling at the public works would be better done away with, and that a great objection is felt to the evening-service at the chapel, as being rather mischievous than otherwise ! Moreover, the system has attracted the attention of a French writer, M. de Marsangy, Conseiller de la Cour Impériale de Paris. In his work entitled *De l'Amélioration de la Loi Criminelle*, he specifies several reasons why the English method of dealing with convicts is notably defective : such as, the uncertainty and insufficiency of the punishment ; the impossibility of ascertaining the previous career of the accused (so that the said punishment may be proportioned to their incorrigibility) ; and lastly, "*la déplorable exécution donnée à la mesure des tickets of leave.*" And again, "*le rapport de la commission royale de 1863 prouve que le système pénitentiaire anglais a été éterné au delà de toute expression.*"

That the present ticket-of-leave system has in England failed, is generally acknowledged. Miss Carpenter believes that it is chiefly to be attributed to the want of a provision for the regular police supervision of all prisoners who are thus conditionally discharged. And the question of police supervision involves much in it little consonant with the tone of English feeling; and has thus excited considerable discussion. A *résumé* of replies to inquiries made by our Government to many Courts of Europe was published by the Committee on Transportation in 1856. This information is reprinted by Miss Carpenter; and the reader will find short proof of the general acceptance of the principle, that discharged prisoners should be placed under special surveillance, and of the carrying of it out in Belgium, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, Nassau, Baden, the Hanse Towns, Wurtemberg, Sweden, Norway, and Tuscany.

Into the extensive subject of transportation we will not enter in these pages. Miss Carpenter devotes to it a long chapter, the last in her first volume; and half of her second is devoted to the history and working of the Irish convict-system, of which she is a warm adherent. We will turn to the "female convicts," concerning whom she has recorded many suggestive details.

The inquirer into the condition of female convicts will soon discover many special circumstances which apply to them only. In the first place, they are much fewer in number than the males. In the United States it is rare to see women in prison, and in our own country the proportion is not usually one-third of the whole number of convicts. Thus, the women in our prisons are very bad indeed, or they would hardly have got there; and they generally, "perhaps always," spring from a social level of the lowest description. During an acquaintance of sixteen years with the very lowest families that could be brought under the notice of a City missionary, a master of a ragged school, only one case of a woman being in prison had ever been heard of among them. But among the girls in a reformatory many cases of wretched mothers in prison were disclosed. Thus Miss Carpenter has been led to believe that such women belong to a "pariah class." She also says that, while in the upper ranks the intellects of girls are seen to develop more rapidly than those of boys, and in good schools for the labouring classes there is an equality between them, in the lowest ranks of all the girls cannot be induced to learn, while boys show positive pleasure in the culture of their minds. When this stolid ignorance is combined with strong passions, the result is very awful, and reformation from a vicious career next to impossible.

To make the slightest impression on such natures, firm steady control, and a strict and vigilant discipline, and an abundance of useful active work is necessary. The importance of these have been fully proved in reformatories for girls: they are even more essential to women; and no labour, no expense should be deemed too great to secure them. Miss Carpenter cites two instances, which came within her personal knowledge, of the enormous cost to society of a bad wo-

man who is a mother. Mrs. L—— was left a widow with three sons and three daughters. These latter were all in gaol together some ten years ago; while the elder brother was under a ten years' sentence in Parkhurst Juvenile Prison, the second boy also in prison, and the youngest in the workhouse. This was the eighth conviction of her three girls, of whom the youngest was only fifteen! The two younger daughters were finally rescued, and emigrated; but the eldest is still in prison. The youngest boy was maintained for some years in a workhouse industrial school, but ran away and was lost sight of. The second boy, after five or six imprisonments, was placed in a reformatory, and is now reported to be doing well in Australia. The eldest son, having been discharged with a ticket-of-leave from Parkhurst, and his conduct having been good there, his fare was paid to enable him to emigrate. But he left the ship, returned to the scene of his former life, and after living at large on the fruits of crime for some weeks, he was taken up for burglary, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. Thus for many years the whole of Mrs. L——'s large family were supported by the tax-payers, and some members are so still.

The other case was that of two young girls, brought from gaol to a refuge, in the hopes of saving them from their mother. The youngest daughter, sent as a voluntary to a distant reformatory, was followed and removed by her parent. This girl and a brother soon got into trouble again, were arrested, and sent, under sentence for five years, to reformatories. Even there the mother's evil influence pursued her; and when at last her period of detention expired, she carried her off to plunge her again into crime, from which she has only been stopped by a sentence of six years' penal servitude! The elder daughter in the mean time first corrupted all the girls in the refuge, taught them various methods of picking pockets, and then went out to practise them again. She pursued her trade so successfully that, being a good daughter, she *six* times, as she once told a lady, set her mother up in business!

Miss Carpenter proceeds to describe the system adopted in England for female convicts, as derived from official sources—how all such are first sent to Millbank, where they go through two stages of discipline; then to Brixton, where they go through three more stages of discipline; and then a proportion of them come to Fulham, and go through two stages. These three prisons work together, but the system carried out in them is far from satisfactory. The discipline is not sufficiently steady; the staff of officials is not adequate; the prisoners are not made clearly enough to understand that their future prospects depend on their own good conduct; there is not enough active employment provided for the women after they have passed through the first and solitary stage.

We must forbear from speaking of the manner in which these difficulties are met in the Irish convict-prisons. Miss Carpenter has reprinted in the volume now under notice an article first published in

Once a Week, describing her own visit to Golden Bridge. We must content ourselves also with a passing reference to the interesting chapters, with which the work concludes, on the improvements suggested by the authoress with regard to our present prison-system, the principles on which sentences are given, and the means by which crime may be prevented; such as temperance, reformatories, industrial schools, and last, but not least, the *coöperation of society*.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON'S HOLY LAND.*

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON is a practised and skilful penman, and, as such, is tolerably sure to make a good book upon any subject that he may take up, provided that he has materials enough to work upon; and he seems also to have the faculty of making a little, in this respect, go a good way. We cannot gather from the two goodly volumes which he has produced on the Holy Land that his acquaintance with it has been of any long duration. But he gives us all that he saw in very forcible and attractive language, and has the happy knack of making us feel as if we were in Syria with him; almost as if we felt the heat, the glare, the thirst, of his ride, for instance, amid the "hill country" of Judah. He gives pictures of scenery, when he does give them, better than most travellers who have written on the same subjects; and yet the travellers in Palestine who have published books on their return during the last twenty or thirty years have not only been very numerous, but have made themselves, in some cases, great and lasting reputations by their works. To speak only of one of the latest, Dean Stanley's descriptions, graphic as they are, are more laboured than those of Mr. Dixon: the latter has none of the dash and coolness of the "model Englishman" about him, while the Dean seldom shakes off completely the academical and literary style. But of course the work before us is quite slight and ephemeral in comparison with Dean Stanley's volume. Mr. Dixon gives us a good deal more of modern Syria; the Bedaween, the aga, the pasha, the monks, the peasantry themselves, are all admirably sketched, though there is something too much of the air of a "*Times* Special Correspondent" about the whole to make us feel that it is entirely trustworthy.

The special characteristic of the book is the great admixture of the historical element. Mr. Dixon tells us that it is in a good measure the fruit of reading his camp Bible (with the help of Philo and Josephus) on the spots which it describes. We suspect, however, that his acquaintance with Philo and Josephus was made before his expedition to the East, and that the notes which have been enlarged into the historical chapters have been at the best looked over on the scene of so many wonderful events. A good deal of scenic colouring has been thrown over the narrative, and that seems to be all. We have a rather long account of the Maccabees and their rising, made no doubt more graphic and telling by the author's visit to Modin and its neighbour-

* *The Holy Land*. By W. Hepworth Dixon. 2 vols. London, 1865.

hood; but Mr. Dixon's account of the tendency and influence of the national movement which took its origin from that part of Judea is often far from accurate. It is hardly fair to put it forth in its present form, without references and authorities, in a way that might induce the unwary reader to believe that every detail here given is of equal authority with the rest. Then we have, in the second volume, what almost amounts to a life of our Lord, and a history of Judea under the Herodian princes and the Roman procurators. The brilliancy of the sketch, and the Oriental air thrown over it, might be envied by M. Renan. Mr. Dixon is not by any means amenable to all the grave charges that have been brought against the French writer; but he has not always been superior to the temptation of improving on the Gospel narrative. He mixes up his own conjectures far too much with what is certain from the Evangelists, and does not always adhere to their order. The book therefore may be useful to those who can correct it for themselves, but for others it is untrustworthy; though the power of the author in telling a story graphically cannot be questioned, and he is sometimes very happy in a conjecture or a minute touch. The whole history of Herod Antipas and Herodias, the flight of the daughter of Aretas, the reproval of the adulterous king by St. John the Baptist, and the banquet-scene which ended in his murder, is a good instance of his ability. As an instance of a happy touch, we may notice his account of the question of Nathanael of Cana,—Can any good thing come out of Nazareth,—“*with the local feeling of a neighbour*,” Cana and Nazareth being four or five miles apart, and probably in some sense rivals. It seems to give a new meaning to the words. There are many such passing remarks in these volumes. The whole work is in some respects a most provoking one: its author displays qualities so much too valuable to be wasted upon a mere book of the season, and yet, though he has a great amount of information and erudition on the subject of Jewish antiquities and the history of Gospel times, it is used in so negligent a way as to be almost useless.

On one set of subjects Mr. Dixon shows, ordinarily, great good sense and judgment. He does not question the sites; and in this respect he but anticipates, we feel sure, the verdict that will be more and more universally pronounced as men of learning become more and more really acquainted with the Holy Land and its inhabitants. Mr. Dixon in one place disposes of Robinson—a great enemy of old sites—with the simple remark, “Unhappily for his purpose, Robinson could not speak a word of Arabic, and he had consequently no means of asking the natives a single question, or of sifting the evidence of any story that he might be told” (vol. i. p. 338). In this case Robinson had argued against the old site of Cana of Galilee because he *thought* he heard a native call another place Kana-el-Jeuil. One of Mr. Dixon's best chapters is that in which he proves the truth of the traditional site of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and its probable identity with the house of Jesse and, afterwards, Chimham, and the inn of Jeremiah.

The argument is simply drawn from the knowledge which an Oriental traveller gains about the Syrian towns, which, if not larger than Bethlehem, would never have more than one khan, or inn, which would, with almost absolute certainty, stand just where the shrine has been visited,—certainly, since the time of St. Helena; between whom and St. Justin Martyr, who was familiar with the spot, only about a century intervened. We trust that we may take Mr. Dixon's conclusions on this and other similar questions as an indication that common sense is gradually beginning to prevail over the absurd desire to criticise every tradition, which Robinson made fashionable, and from which even Dr. Stanley is certainly not free.

Mr. Dixon's account of modern Syrian life and politics, as far as he came across them, is as picturesque and striking as any part of his volumes; but we must forbear to speak on this point. We hardly know whether his countrymen will thank him for his great fondness for comparing them with the Turks. He even tells us—and it is in an account of the Holy Sepulchre—that “the beautiful Moslem service in St. Sophia—simple, fervid, pathetic”—is “a service chaste and decorous to eye and ear as that of an English abbey or cathedral church.” He goes on: “A common feeling for the decencies of public worship—a sovereign power of tolerating rival creeds—are but two out of a hundred points in which there seems to be an approach of character between the Saxon and the Turk.” This resemblance, he says, is perceived by the Syrian. “A Syrian notices that a Turk is never mean; that he never lies or goes away from his pledge; that he is personally brave; that he is haughty yet reserved, masterful yet kind; that he speaks few words; that when pressed by danger, he will fight rather than parley. And does he not find the same things in a Saxon?” Again, a few lines further on: “Many a smart Arab in Palestine believes that we English are Moslems, of a Western sect, as the Persians are Moslems of an Eastern sect; whom pride alone prevents from kneeling in the mosques of a humbler and darker race. A clever Bey, who spoke French very well, said to me, in substance, ‘You English are not Nazareans. I have watched you very closely, and you have none of the signs by which we know them. If you meet a bishop, you do not dismount from your horse until he is gone. When you pass a Greek or a Latin priest in the streets, you never make the cross. You never kneel before idols. When you are at prayer, you neither screech in the voice, nor foam at the mouth, nor bump your head against the wall. When you walk into the Holy Sepulchre, you do not kiss the great stone at the door; you neither light a candle, nor tear your hair, nor begin to fight. You smile at the Christian singers; you part them when they quarrel; you pity them, just like an Arab. When I go up to your grand house on Mount Zion, what do I see? A mosque. You build no minaret; for every Englishman keeps a muezzin in his pocket to tell him the time of prayer: but you have built a mosque. A Nazarene church is painted with pictures, and lighted with candles when it is day: a wax image on this side, a wooden image on that;

with friars carrying dolls, and young men tinkling bells. You have no pictures and candles, no images and bells. You have no friars on Mount Zion. Your priest does not shave his head, nor wear any gown. Your house has no cross on the top. Your priest is a mollah, and your people pray like the Moslem.* Mr. Dixon tells us that this observant Bey meant his remarks as the very highest compliment; which is not so wonderful as that they should seem to have been received as such.

THE BUCKLYN SHAIG.°

CRIME must be on the increase, if it be true that the manners of the day are reflected faithfully in its literature. Some statistical society should overhaul our novelists, and set down to each his or her proper amount of murders within the year. The twelve months on the last of which we are now entering have been, we think, unusually sanguinary. Of course in every novel there are a certain number of characters to be got rid of. They must move off, in order that the "young people" may arrive at their desired bliss. One of the most celebrated instances of this is at the close of *Rob Roy*, when the whole set of the Osbaldistoun brothers is killed off in a page, in order that the impediments between the marriage of the hero with Diana Vernon may be removed. That was certainly not the most skilful stroke of the pen of the great Magician of the North. In ordinary cases disease shares with violence the power of extermination. But even disease may be too frequently called in. In some of the more faintly-coloured stories of the *Heir-of-Redclyffe* school, the characters seem almost to take it in turn to go to bed, though of course comparatively few never rise again. If the best novels are those which are most like ordinary life, in which startling and violent catastrophies are rare, it would seem to argue a want of skill in the writer to be always drawing on the bank of extraordinary occurrences. But there has been a great "recklessness of human life" of late; as if the war-fever which has saturated so many fields in America with blood had infected our literary coteries. Even Mr. Trollope, who has invented a way of his own—or rather, been content with the natural way—of moving off his characters by simply dismissing them with a line,—“Here we have done with Mr. So-and-so,”—even he has not let his last villain, George Vavasor, vanish across the Atlantic without first attempting the life of Mr. Grey. This is a sign of progress not to be mistaken. He had already arrived at a peer's life being endangered by a mad bull, and a black-eye given to one prominent character by another at the Paddington station: in his next serial perhaps we may have a poisoning or two. But when Mr. Trollope attempts murder, who can wonder if the "sensationalists" kill off two or three characters in a chapter?

The author of the novel before us has many very promising quali-

* *The Bucklyn Shaig*: a Tale of the Last Century. By the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery. 2 vols. London, 1865.

ties, and there is no reason why she should not hereafter attain the highest success. She conceives and draws character with penetration and delicacy. Her scenes are well arranged and gracefully described. She has an eye for natural beauty, and has evidently considerable command of the resources which literature and foreign travel place at the disposal of a novelist. Her line of thought is pure and high, and, most happily, she does not make her readers shut their ears against her by preaching at them. The main plan of her work is admirable, and there is no single character on her canvas that is not worth a study, and that has not been skilfully-traced in its influences on the rest as well as in its intrinsic features. And here and there we come upon touching scenes, and still oftener upon bits of writing which put a charming picture before us. We shall open any future work of Mrs. Montgomery's with high anticipations of pleasure, and with a certainty of finding that the best and purest functions of a writer of fiction have not been neglected by her.

If we speak thus of Mrs. Montgomery's future, it is not because the *Bucklyn Shaig* itself is in any sense a failure. It is, in reality, a very good novel; but we think that it has defects as a story which are chiefly to be traced to the exaggeration of the sensational element in it. A castle with an old well hidden under the floor of one of its rooms, into which murdered corpses can be thrown; an Italian valet, ready to murder the guest who has ruined the master of the castle at play; a young gentleman who poisons his sister by mistake, when he was about to murder his cousin; the lord of the castle aforesaid, who can allow his valet to suggest, and then execute, the first murder, and help him to throw the body down the well; the Bucklyn Shaig itself, a phantom supposed to appear from time to time as crimes are committed or misfortunes happen, in the shape of the Author of Evil riding behind a wicked ancestor of the family along a certain part of the road;—all these are elements which belong more properly to the Mrs.-Radcliffe period of literature. No doubt, in order to bring out the healing influence of Teresa, the most beautiful character in the book, on her father, it was necessary that the latter should have his conscience burthened and his life darkened by some great secret crime; but this is hardly enough to justify the copious use made of melodramatic machinery, especially in the whole development of the character of Robert, who attempts his cousin's life once before the final scene in which she escapes him by chance, and in which his sister dies. The "*Bucklyn Shaig*" itself might also have been omitted with advantage; it has no real part in the story, and only serves to make it less like actual life. Probably we owe this feature in the tale to some accident of local connection; as many of the Italian scenes seem rather to have been adapted to the story than written for it. They are very pleasingly drawn. Here and there we observe inaccuracy or carelessness, as when the Pope is made to give his benediction from the balcony at *St. Peter's* on the Feast of the Assumption. The authoress speaks of the many "acts of attainder" that had gradually worn away the wide

possessions of the Clifford family; does she know what an "act of attainder" is? But these are mere occasional mistakes, only worth noticing in a writer like Mrs. Montgomery, because she is capable of the highest success in the line of fiction, and may therefore fairly be asked to spare no pains even in little matters of detail.

GREY'S COURT.*

CHARLES GREY, the heir to Grey's Court, is brought up at home with his cousin Lora, it being understood that they are to be married as soon as the due time arrives. The estate has come to his father in consequence of an entail on the male line: for Lora was the only child of the elder brother. However, while they were still too young to marry, Charlie, as he is called throughout the novel, suddenly disappears, and is thought to be dead. He was last seen near a cliff overhanging the sea. Just at the same time another cousin, Audley Grey, appears on the scene: he is the heir in the case of Charlie's death, and after some time he succeeds not only in ingratiating himself with his uncle and aunt, but also in winning the affection and the hand of Lora. The first part of the novel before us is taken up with a diary of the latter, in which these changes, her own marriage, and subsequent misery in consequence are related. Audley is fascinating and clever, but unprincipled, and in the hands of low associates; he has also a secret which does not transpire till nearly the end of the novel. He becomes embarrassed, and makes away with his wife's money; and arouses her suspicions of him to such an extent, that she thinks he has been at all events an accomplice in the poisoning of her uncle, and that he has tried to get her removed in the same way. Of course, Charlie is not dead; he has fallen from the cliff, injured himself severely, been taken on board a smuggling vessel, and at last lodged in a French prison as a Bourbon spy. He remains faithful to his attachment to Lora, and after his return to England, is unwilling to declare himself as alive, that he may not interfere with her happiness. There are various turns in the story which we cannot here follow out; but at last, of course, Audley is removed from the scene,—killed in a duel,—and the novel ends by the union of Lora and Charlie. It turns out that Audley saw Charlie fall from the cliff, and might have saved him from being carried off, and had thus put himself in the power of the ruffians present. The tale is well written. Much pains have been bestowed on the delineation of the principal characters, Lora and Audley. Charlie is more slightly drawn. Some of the scenes are beautifully drawn; and the whole book has that complete and, we may almost say, scholastic air which might be expected from the editorship of Lady Chatterton. Its faults are, that the most prominent characters have something disagreeable about them, and that the story is told in a disjointed way, partly in the form of a long journal, partly in a simple narrative, with one or two long letters interspersed.

* *Grey's Court*. Edited by Georgina Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. Lond. 1865.

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